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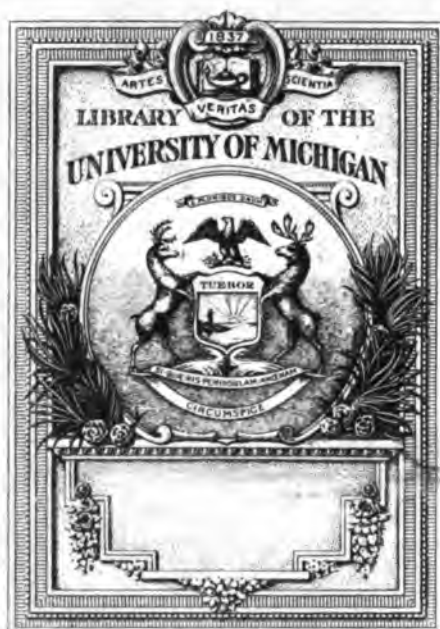
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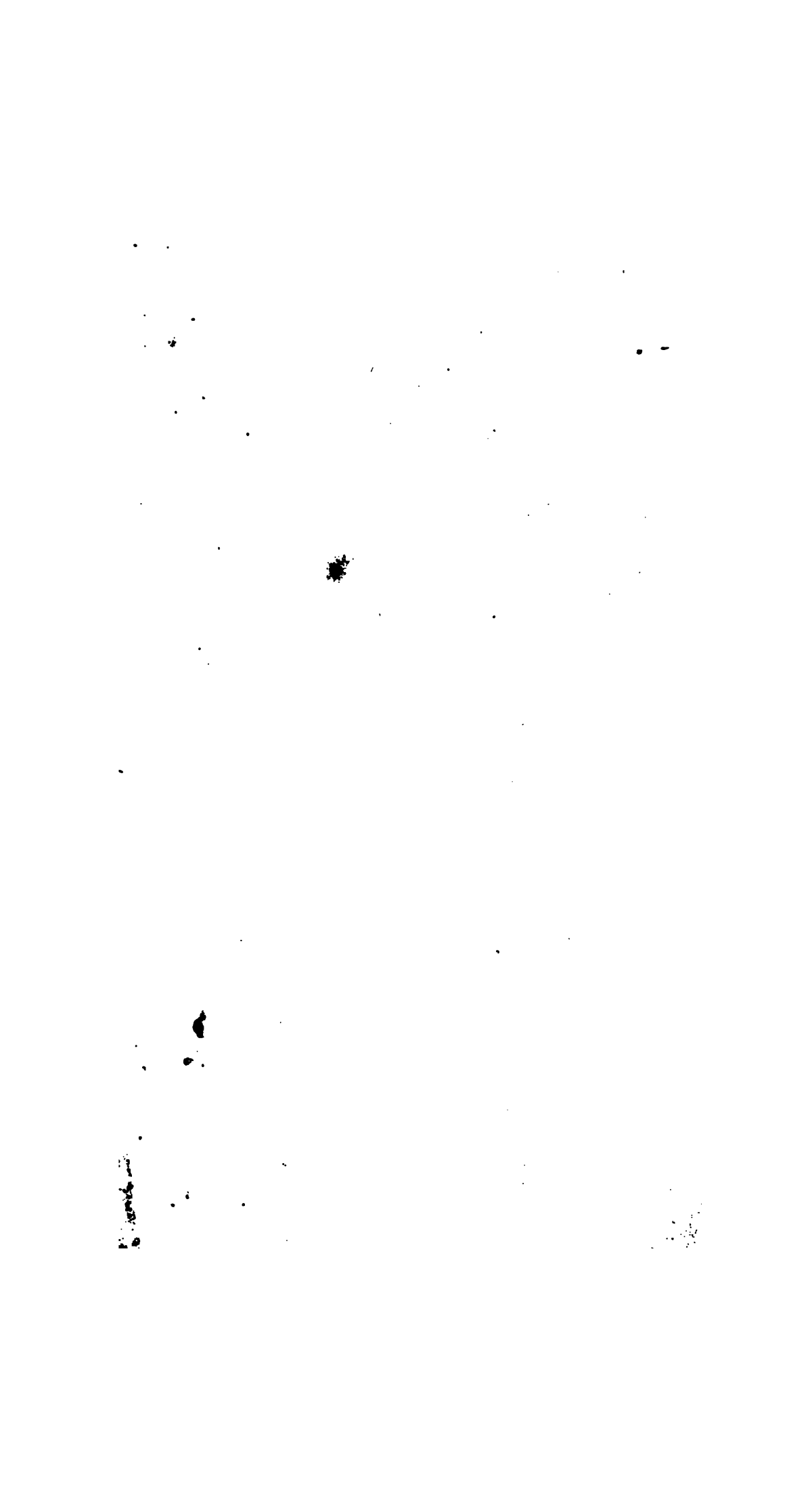
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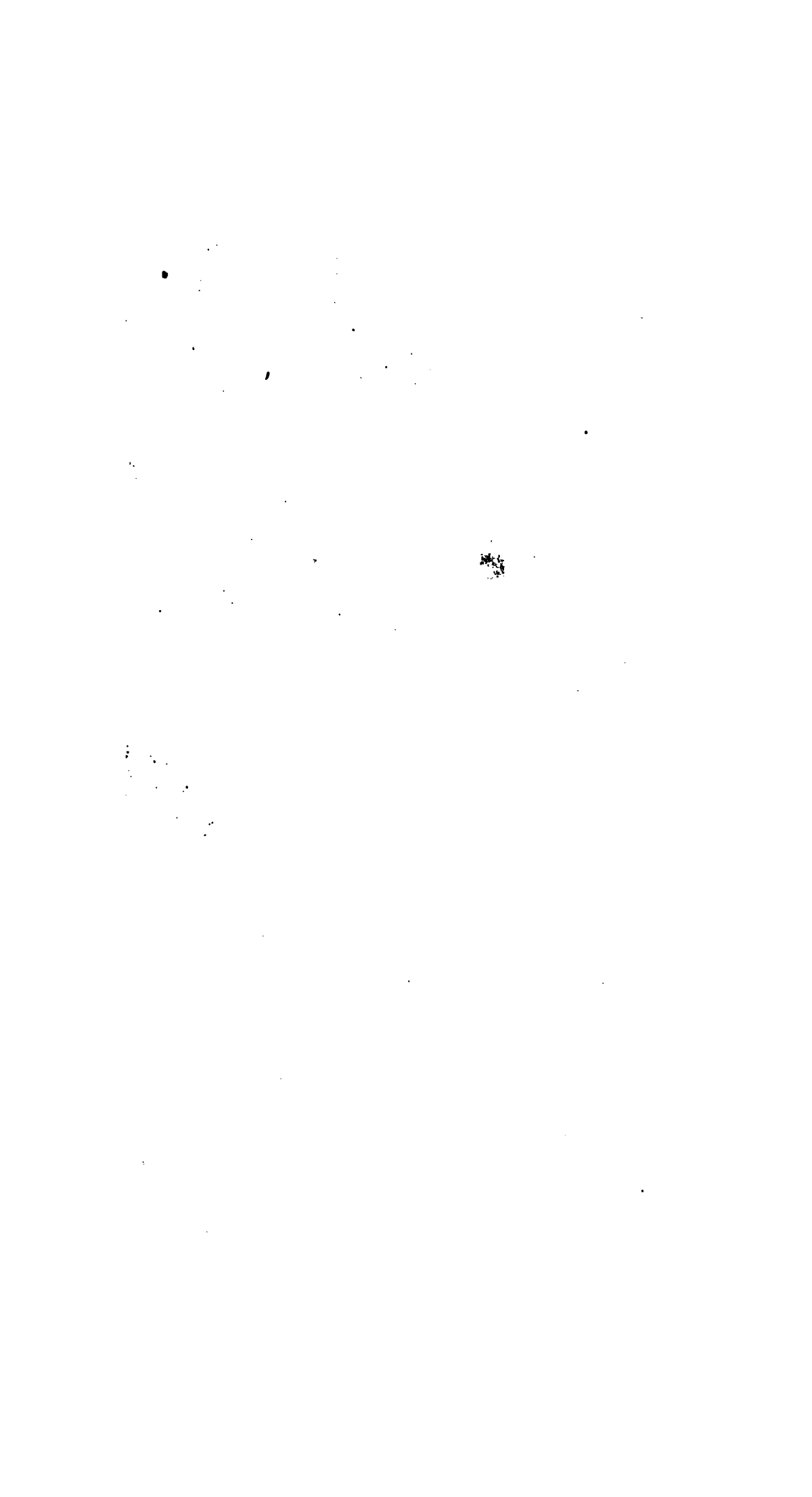


THE GIFT OF
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THE
AMERICAN QUARTERLY
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SEPTEMBER AND DECEMBER, 1836.

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* * By some accident, a passage in Art. VIII, commencing at the last line but three of page 191, has been transposed at the press. It should have been printed as follows:—"The improvement of Bean Creek has carried many a scrupulous senator into the outermost region of metaphysics, and over all the mazes of the social compact. The theory of state rights—in *omne volubilis ævum*—never begins this side the deluge, or stops short of doomsday."

And at page 211, line 10, for "*aere*" read "*ære*."

AMERICAN QUARTERLY REVIEW.

No. XXXIX.

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- ART. I.—1. *Report made in the Senate of the United States, on the subject of an Exploring Expedition to the Pacific Ocean and South Seas.* By Mr. SOUTHARD, Chairman of the Committee; March 21, 1836.
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The origin of the population of America is a problem which has exercised the ingenuity of the learned from the period of
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Columbus's discovery to the present day. It is a problem, too, which is not yet satisfactorily solved, though much light has been thrown upon it by modern discoveries; and the question is certainly, at the present time, embarrassed with fewer difficulties than it has been at any former period.

It is not our intention, however, on the present occasion, to pursue as our principal subject the simple and precise question of the original population of America. As connected with that question, we propose to invite the attention of our readers to a quarter of the globe which has hitherto received little notice among literary and scientific enquirers; but which is, nevertheless, highly deserving of investigation, and, independently of its importance to the United States in a commercial view, is full of interest as a subject of philosophical speculation; and, when taken in connection with the continent of America, becomes an indispensable element in the solution of the great problem above mentioned.

The region of the globe to which we allude, is that vast collection of islands which fill a large portion of the Pacific and Indian Oceans, particularly between the tropics, and which seem to form the connecting links, though much broken, between the shores of Asia—the cradle of the human race—and the western coast of America; islands, that in the fabulous ages might have been imagined to be the stepping stones, by which the giant race of those days passed from their domain on the old continent to the shores of the new; from

“The barren plains
Of Sericana, where Chineses drive
With sails and wind their cany wagons light”—

to that new world, where

“Columbus found the American, begirt
With feather'd cincture, naked else and wild,
Among the trees on isles and woody shores.”^r

To the general considerations above mentioned, we might add, if any further motive were necessary to excite our attention to this subject, that, as Americans, we have a particular interest in it, arising from circumstances to which it may not be amiss to advert. One of these is the fact, that an important group of the intertropical islands is properly an American discovery; we mean the group originally named, after their discoverer, *Ingraham's Islands*, and since that time, the *Washington Islands*; which are now well known, to every reader of voyages,

^r Milton's *Par. Lost*, iii., 438; ix., 1115.

by the Journal of an American commander of some celebrity in our naval history. Another circumstance, which gives this part of the globe a particular claim upon our attention, is the American Missionary Establishment at the *Sandwich Islands*, which was begun in the year 1819, by missionaries from Boston; and which, apart from the praiseworthy religious objects of it, will be of incalculable importance to the United States in many respects. This group of islands, now the most important of all in relation to the civilized world, has long been known as a place of resort for American whaling ships; and, until the establishment of the American mission, the savage inhabitants of them led such a life as would be the necessary consequence of a native ignorance, that was enlightened only just enough to be trained to the most disgusting licentiousness and depravity by an unrestrained intercourse with the profligate part of their civilised visitors.

Since the establishment of the American mission, now about sixteen years, a most material change has taken place in this people, in many respects; and when we state that reading and writing—aye, and printing too—have been introduced by the missionaries, and are now extensively diffused, and that the natives feel the most intense interest in those precious arts, we have said all that an intelligent reader will desire to know, in order to form an estimate of their future prospects. For these advantages, of which the grateful natives are fully sensible, they have been indebted to Americans. Their curiously constructed language, of more than Italian softness, was first reduced to writing by American missionaries, according to a plan originally proposed by an American, and by which their children and adults learn to read in a vastly shorter time than it is possible for us to learn our language. They have their elementary books of all the most useful and necessary kinds—primers, spelling books and reading books; and among these we cannot omit to mention a book of *Arithmetic*, the study of which is almost a passion with them, and, in the opinion of the missionaries, has done more to excite their thinking powers than has been effected by any other work ever published for their instruction. The Gospels and other parts of the New Testament have been for some time in common use among them—the types set up and the work done by native printers, but, of course, not without the aid of Americans—and, what will more surprise our readers, we have now lying before us two different *newspapers*, published in the language of the island; yes, two newspapers, one on a whole sheet and the other on a half sheet, of the large quarto size, and quite as respectable in their external appearance as the average of our own gazettes. Our readers, we are sure, will not be displeased

to have a brief notice of these two journals, the first fruits of what we must call, however strange it may sound to our civilized ears, the *literature* of the Sandwich Islands!

The names of these journals will be found at the head of this article (Nos. 4 and 5); and their contents are the same with those of our own country; as, European and American news, letters and communications from correspondents, both natives and foreigners—obituary notices of deceased natives and others; an extensive list of vessels arriving at the islands, with statements of their cargoes, &c.; scraps of poetry; scripture extracts, and numerous articles on natural history (in which the natives are much interested); accompanied with wood cuts of the most remarkable animals, engraved, as we understand, by one of the American missionaries.

In their "Shipping List" an American reader will be struck with their mode of writing our difficult names. It is well known, that all the syllables of their language end with a *vowel* sound, and that they cannot pronounce the harsh combinations of two or more consonants, which occur so continually in the European languages. We accordingly see our English names all softened in conformity with this principle; *New-Bedford* becomes *Nu Bedefoda*; *Boston* is made a word of four syllables, *Bosetona*; *Nantucket* is *Nanetuketa*; *Philadelphia* becomes *Piladelepia*; and *Britain*, *Beritania*. The letter *s* is one of their stumbling blocks; they cannot pronounce it, but always change it into *k* or *t*; hence Mr. Ellis, the missionary, was called *Elliki*. From a similar cause, it is said (though we will not vouch for the fact) that their celebrated prime minister, *Boki*, derived his name from an attempt to imitate the sound of the English word *Boas* (or *Bose*) the sailors' abbreviation of *Boatswain*, which was the name of a dog, that was a great favourite with *Boki*.

We add one further remark, which is suggested by the subject of language. Our English tongue is now, beyond all question, destined to be the language of *commercial intercourse* throughout the Pacific ocean and the adjacent coast of America, if not of Asia also. The enterprise and activity of the two greatest commercial powers—England and the United States—will defy all competition; and the common language and the commerce of these two powers will mutually co-operate in giving additional interest to that region of the globe. We might also add to this list of countries, where our language is to go hand in hand with our commerce, the coast of Africa, hitherto impenetrable to civilization, but where we at length have a newspaper printed at an American press.

But we must forbear any further observations upon this point, and return to our principal subject.

The immediate occasion of our attention being directed to these "isles of the sea" has been, what may properly enough be called the late discovery of a new people, inhabiting one of the very smallest of all the islands of the Pacific and Indian oceans; we mean *Lord North's Island*, sometimes called *Johnstone's* and sometimes *Neville's Island*, which is the subject of the little "Narrative" enumerated among the other works at the head of this article. We speak of this as the discovery of a new people, because, though the natives of the island in question had occasionally been seen from ships passing by their shores, and, though there had been some intercourse with them, yet so little known was the island itself, that in our popular books of geography it was generally described as uninhabited; and no particular or authentic information had been obtained of the islanders, until the recent account of them brought home by two American seamen, both natives of New-England, who were detained as captives among them for two years, and have lately, after long-continued sufferings and misfortunes, been permitted once more to rejoin their anxious and despairing friends.

Of this little island and its inhabitants, we shall presently give a very brief account, as the facts have been furnished by the unfortunate captives, whose "Narrative" we have just mentioned, and to which we shall again recur.

The region of the globe which comprehends the vast body of islands in question, has been described by some writers under the name of *Polynesia*; by others, under that of *Oceania*, from the French *Océanie*; and by the celebrated geographer, Malte-Brun, under the name of *Oceanica*, the inhabitants being called in conformity with that, *Oceanians*. It extends from about the 95th degree of east longitude to the 110th west, and from the 25th degree of north latitude to the 50th south.

The first English writer, who brought this region under the notice of European readers, was a gentleman, whose name is well known to every mercantile and seafaring man, and to every scholar, in our country—we mean, William Marsden, Esquire, the author of the invaluable history of Sumatra—who, more than fifty years ago, published the first edition of that admirable work, and is, we believe, still living to witness the importance justly attached to that part of the world, which his sagacity so ably displayed at that early period, and so long before any other individual had taken the trouble to study it. The same zeal in the cause of science and philanthropy, has continued unabated in him; and it is but little more than a year since he published the new and valuable work, on the general subject of the *Polynesian Languages*, contained in the volume, under his name, which is at the head of this article,

and to which we shall again refer. Indeed the publications of this able writer are so intimately connected with that quarter of the globe, that we shall be pardoned for interrupting the course of our remarks, in order to advert to a few circumstances in his life and character, which are not so generally known to American readers as they deserve to be, and one of which, for the honour of our race, ought never to be forgotten.¹

Mr. Marsden was born in 1754, in Ireland; and was first employed in the service of the English East India Company, at Bencoolen, so long ago as the year 1771. While in that employment (about nine years), he began his investigations into the history of the Malay nation, the most important people of the eastern archipelago. His *History of Sumatra*, already mentioned, has been translated into other languages; and we have now before us the *third* edition of the English original. This publication immediately brought the author into notice, and he was soon appointed chief secretary to the Board of Admiralty in England. In 1807, he retired from office, with the usual pension of £1500 a year; and—what is particularly worthy of notice, when disinterestedness and public spirit are not the predominant virtues of the age—this enlightened scholar and patriot most liberally relinquished the pension, which he had so well earned by his substantial services to his country. The English journals of that day characterized this noble act as “a good example which would not be imitated;” a prediction which has been almost literally verified.²

The general extent of the Oceanic region has been already stated; but so little importance is attached to this part of the globe in our ordinary geographical studies, that few readers acquire any precise notions respecting it. Those persons, therefore, who take sufficient interest in the subject to induce them to obtain accurate views, and to accompany us in our hasty survey of it, will do well to have before them a good map, or, what is still better, a good marine chart of the Pacific and Indian oceans; of which, we believe, the best extant is the large chart in six sheets, by Norie, published in London, corrected to the year 1835, which is used by the intelligent masters of our whale ships that are continually traversing that whole region.

Upon inspecting the chart, we shall discover within the limits before mentioned, extending many thousand miles in each direction, innumerable islands scattered over an immense ocean, in the midst of which, as Malte-Brun observes, we find

¹ We are indebted, for a part of our information, to the *Foreign Quarterly Review* for 1834. See also the *Encyclop. Americana*.

² Just as we were writing this paragraph, the newspapers announced one new instance of this public spirit in England; but we do not recollect the name of the individual.

a score of extensive countries resembling minor continents, and one of these, New Holland, or Australia, which is well entitled to the name and rank of a continent.¹ To these islands, in order to complete the view, we should add the territory called the Malayan Peninsula, which is also of great extent.

The principal portion of the land, in this region, lies between the 95th and 160th degrees of east longitude, and comprehends territory partly without and partly within the tropics. South of the equator and without the tropics we find the greater part of New Holland and the whole of New Zealand; but the remainder of the Oceanic region is intertropical, and of this the principal part lies not more than ten degrees from each side of the equator. The whole quantity of land has been variously estimated; while some geographers have reckoned it at 3,500,000 square miles,² others have reduced it to 2,500,000. New Holland by itself is nearly equal to all Europe; and the several islands taken together present a surface considerably larger than Europe.

Here, then, as an able English writer observes, we have countries greater in extent than China and Hindostan put together. Australia itself is more extensive than the Chinese empire; Borneo, three times the size of Great Britain; and Sumatra larger than Great Britain and Ireland put together.³

These regions, says Malte-Brun, "present in every quarter scenes fitted to move the most frigid imagination. Many nations are here found in their earliest infancy. The amplest openings have been afforded for commercial activity. Numberless valuable productions have been already laid under contribution to our insatiable luxury. Here many natural treasures still remain concealed from scientific observation. How numerous are the gulfs, the ports, the straits, the lofty mountains, and the smiling plains! What magnificence, what solitude, what originality, and what variety!"⁴

It is not within our view, in this article, to speak of the geological character of the Oceanic region farther than to observe, very briefly, that it contains objects of the highest interest, among which may be reckoned a greater number of volcanoes than are known in any other part of the world. The island of Java alone, according to some writers, contains at least fifteen; of which, that of Geté is estimated to be 8000 feet above the level of the sea; Sumatra has a number of them;⁵ and the

¹ Malte-Brun's Geogr. Book 53. Part 1.

² Encycloped. Americana, Art. AUSTRALIA.

³ Foreign Quart. Rev. 1834.

⁴ Malte-Brun's Geogr.

⁵ Marsden's Hist. of Sumatra, p. 29.

Philippine Islands and the Moluccas are full of them.¹ Many of the islands themselves are of volcanic origin. Buffon, indeed, and some other philosophers have accounted for the existence of islands by supposing a violent convulsion of nature, which submerged a vast continent, and left the tops of the mountains projecting above the surface of the waters; those mountain tops thus constituting the islands now found there; and Malte-Brun, following out the same idea, calls them "the magnificent fragments of a former world, scattered over the mighty ocean."

However just this hypothesis may be in respect to some of the islands, it is most certain, that others are formed by a different process; that is, not by the disappearance of portions of land already existing, but by the actual formation of *new land* in places where all was ocean before. All over the tropical regions of the Pacific ocean the coral animal is still incessantly employed in forming numberless islands and in rearing piles of building, as a late British writer justly observes, "far loftier and doubtless far more durable than the pyramids of Egypt, in the midst of the fathomless sea."² These minute animals, as naturalists inform us, pursue their gigantic labours with that unerring sagacity, which is the peculiar attribute of what we call instinct. It is said that they cannot work above water; and, as they chiefly inhabit an ocean where the wind generally blows from one quarter, they raise their structure in a perpendicular direction on the *windward* side, so that, when they approach the surface of the water where the rolling of the ocean would at times leave them naked, the waves are thus broken, and they can continue their labours to the *leeward* without any embarrassment. After the windward side has been protected, the next part raised to the surface of the ocean is at some distance to the leeward. The whole, when first seen, consists of a chain of detached rocks usually placed in a circular form, including an area which is often of several hundred feet in diameter. In the progress of the work, the intermediate parts, whether circular or straight, are gradually filled up; so that on the outside the walls are perpendicular and the water deep; but within, the water grows deeper from the margin towards the centre, producing a solid mass of rock, the upper part of which is in the form of a basin. This cavity is at first a kind of salt lake, but is gradually filled up by the animals, until finally the sea is so far excluded, that during calm weather the rain freshens the water in it, and thus at once end the labour and the lives of these industrious little animals.

¹ Malte-Brun's Geogr.

² Lang's View of the Polynesian Nations: London, 1834.

It is easy to perceive how the islands thus formed will, in the course of time, be covered with vegetation. The sea, casting sand and slime on the top of these rocks, raises their surfaces above their level; the seeds of plants are known to float thousands of miles and still retain their vegetative powers; and these seeds, taking root in the crevices of the rocks, produce plants, which, in their turn, by annual decay, together with the decomposed coral, soon furnish a soil for others. By a process of this kind, these new islands are gradually supplied with the cocoa nut tree and other valuable products for the sustenance of those hapless natives, who are so often driven to them from the other islands in their frail canoes, which become the sport of the same winds and waves that have already drifted the fruits of the earth before them for their reception.

We ought not to omit adding, that if the formation of this class of islands were not now well ascertained, yet many of them are so far from having the appearance of any thing like the sloping sides of mountains on land, that they are perpendicular elevations, with bold shores, and water of the deepest blue surrounding them on all sides. The little island which we have before mentioned, (Lord North's,) though scarcely more than three quarters of a mile long and half a mile in width, stands, if we might use the comparison, like a tower or monument, just raising its head a few feet above the surface of boundless waters, alone, in sight of no other land, with its coral reef encircling it like a diadem, and washed on all sides by the ocean, of darkest blue, and in which the sounding lead of the mariner

———"Drops plumb down
Ten thousand fathom deep."¹

Of all the countries in this vast region of the globe, it has been justly observed, that the greater part remains, to the present day, unchanged by the hand of man, and clothed with the native perennial verdure of the innumerable forest trees and other vegetable productions which the Creator originally bestowed upon them. The animal kingdom is hardly less various than the vegetable; and it has been remarked as a fact particularly worthy of notice, that in the tropical parts of the Oceanic region the larger quadrupeds are found only in the larger islands; and that the smaller quadrupeds are comparatively few. The elephant, for example, is known only on the Peninsula, Sumatra, and a small district of the northeast part of Borneo; the tiger is not found in any of the smaller islands, even when these are near to larger ones which abound with that animal; and

¹ *Paradise Lost*, b. ii. 933.

this, and other animals of the same tribe, though numerous in the larger islands to the westward, disappear as we go eastward. In Australia proper we find that phenomenon of quadrupeds, the kangaroo, which is the largest of this region, and at the same time has the particular form which in other parts of the globe nature has given to the smallest race of quadrupeds—the rat and the dormouse; here also we have the no less extraordinary flying phalangers, ornithorynchi, and other anomalies, which, as Cuvier observes, have been found to astonish naturalists by their strange conformation, which broke through all rules and overthrew all systems!¹ The varieties of the monkey tribe in the Oceanic region, generally, are wonderful, and almost all differing from the species of that family in the other quarters of the world; the ourang-outang, however, apparently the least intelligent of the race, though so strongly resembling man in form, seems to be confined to two spots, Borneo and Sumatra. The birds present no less remarkable features than the quadrupeds; their varieties, singularity of form, and splendour of plumage, are unrivalled; and there is among them a vast proportion of suctorial birds, or such as derive their principal support from sucking the nectar of flowers. This peculiar organization, which in Africa, India, and America, is restricted to the smallest birds, is here given to species as large as any of the thrushes. Fish of various kinds are found in this region; but it is worthy of notice, that the cod, herring, and salmon are unknown. This abundance of fish has rendered the occupation of the *fishing* life the common condition of the inhabitants.

These general remarks must be taken with many limitations, so far as respects some parts of the Oceanic region. In the Pacific or South Sea Islands the quadrupeds are very few, and those small; the large ones found there at this day are carried from other countries. Bougainville and Cook found on them, generally, only a small species of hogs with long heads and small erect ears, dogs, lizards, and an animal larger than a mouse but smaller than a rat. No noxious or poisonous reptiles are found there, except centipedes, which, however, are neither large nor numerous.²

We shall detain the reader but a moment longer on this branch of our subject, to mention a singular fact in relation to the *tides* in the Pacific ocean; and we do this, in order to draw

¹ Cuvier's *Revolutions of the Globe*, p. 41, Amer. ed.

² See Lardner's *Cabinet Cycloped.* vol. 66, Nat. Hist.; Cuvier's *Revolutions of the Globe*; *Foreign Quart. Rev.* for 1834; Ellis's *Tour through Hawaii* (Owhyhee); *Encycloped. Americana*, Art. *Australia*, &c. for further particulars respecting the natural history of these islands.

the attention both of practical navigators and philosophical observers.

It is stated by the intelligent Mr. Ellis, the missionary, who resided several years in Tahiti (Otaheite) and the Sandwich Islands, that the rising and falling of the tides, (in the South Sea Islands,) if influenced at all by the moon, appear to be so only in a very small degree. "The height," says he, "to which the tide rises, varies but a few inches during the whole year; and at no time is it elevated more than a foot or a foot and a half. The sea, however, often rises to an unusual height; but this appears to be the effect of a strong wind blowing for some time from one quarter, or the heavy swells of the sea, which flow from different directions and prevail equally during the time of high and low water. During the year, whatever be the age or situation of the moon, the water is lowest at six in the morning and the same hour in the evening, and highest at noon and midnight. This is so well established, that the time of night is marked by the ebbing and flowing of the tide; and in all the islands the term for highwater and for midnight is the same."¹ The same thing is stated by Messrs. Tyerman and Bennet, in their *Journal of Voyages and Travels*: "It is generally known," they observe, "but may be repeated here, in connection with the aforementioned periodical but irregular inundations of the sea, that the tides throughout the Pacific ocean do not appear to obey the influence of the moon in the slightest degree. It is always high water about twelve, and low about six o'clock, day and night."² The fact has also been noticed by a few British navigators. Captain Beechey, after describing the harbour of Papiete and some others on the north side of Otaheite, says—"It is generally high water at half an hour after noon every day, and low water at six in the morning;" at the same time he observes, in language which might mislead the reader if not understood with some qualifications—that "the tides in all these harbours (of Otaheite) are very irregular."³ These irregulari-

¹ Polynesian Researches, by the Rev. W. Ellis, vol. i., p. 28.

² Tyerman and Bennet's Journal, vol. ii., p. 225, Amer. edit.

³ Beechey's Voyage to the Pacific and Beering's Strait, vol. ii., Appendix, p. 648, London edit. 1831. We should apprise all those persons who read voyages and travels for the sake of acquiring knowledge, and not merely to beguile an idle hour, that they will look in vain in the American reprint of Beechey's Voyage, for this and many other important facts; they are contained in an "Appendix" of 150 quarto pages, the whole of which, beside twenty-one plates and three charts, is suppressed in the American edition, and without any notice to the reader (that we have observed) of this mutilation of the original work! That Appendix contains—an account of Fossil Remains in the Arctic Regions—The habits of Mexican Bees—Vocabulary of the Western Esquimaux—Nautical Remarks—Geographical Position of Places—

ties are, doubtless, what Messrs. Tyerman and Bennet call "irregular inundations" of the sea, which, according to Mr. Ellis, are occasioned by the strong winds blowing for some time from one quarter, or the heavy swells of the sea coming from various directions. The fact is also confirmed by an intelligent correspondent in Professor Silliman's *Journal of Science*, (Mr. John Ball, of Troy, New York,) who states, that during his "three weeks' stay at Tahiti the tide was observed to rise about one foot, and always highest at twelve o'clock noon and midnight;" and, he adds, "I was informed that this is always the case."¹

Another writer, whose remarks are republished in that *Journal* (from that of the Franklin Institute), adds to the testimony on this point the following—that Professor Whewell states, that Lieutenant Malden, who accompanied Lord Byron on his voyage to the Sandwich Islands in the British ship *Blonde*, in 1824–25, "gives a similar account of the tides at Owhyhee." But the language of Lieutenant Malden is, that "the tide was observed to rise about four feet, and to be high water at sunset and low water at daylight, being influenced by the sea and land breezes. This regularity would probably not take place in the winter months, when they do not prevail."² This statement can

Meteorological Observations—On the Aurora Borealis—Specific Gravity of the Surface of the Sea—Temperature of the Sea at Different Depths—Dip and Intensity of the Magnetic Force—Variation of the Compass. All this important information is withheld from scientific readers, in order to make a book cheap enough to suit the general market. If, however, we have not national pride enough to encourage good editions of valuable works, we cannot blame the booksellers. A similar mutilation was made several years ago in the American reprint of Capt. Hall's *Loo Choo Islands*.

¹ *American Journal of Science*, vol. xxviii., p. 8. We stop to make a single remark here, to show how difficult a matter it is, in the investigation of facts, even to *quote* an author correctly. A correspondent, cited in the same *Journal*, (vol. 28, p. 312,) says—"Mr. Whewell quotes the observation of Capt. Beechey, that at Papiate, one of the Society Islands, it is high water every day at half an hour *before* noon," &c. Here are two errors: 1. Captain Beechey says half an hour *after* noon; and 2. Papiate is not one of the *islands*, but a *harbour* in one of them, (Otaheite) as above stated in the text.

² Byron's *Voyage of H. M. Ship Blonde*, Appendix, p. 256, Lond. edit. 1826. We quote this statement from a paper, published in the Appendix to the *Voyage of the Blonde*, purporting to be an "Extract from Lieut. Malden's Official Account of the Sandwich Islands." Whether the "extract" is faithfully made or not, we have no means of determining; the "Voyage" itself is unworthy of confidence in many particulars. This meagre and wretched volume is not the work of Lord Byron, but is made up from disjointed scraps and notes of different individuals, and published without a responsible name; and is, it seems, the work of a Mrs. Graham, to whom, unaccountable as it may appear, the task was assigned of preparing the narrative of a voyage performed in a public

hardly be called "similar" to that of Captain Beechey, as Professor Whewell supposes; on the contrary, it is materially different, both as to the height and time of the tides.

We have brought together these statements of different writers, with a view to draw the attention of our nautical and philosophical enquirers; and in their hands we now leave it.

Of the remaining parts of our subject, the most important in every point of view, is—the race, or rather *racés of men*, inhabiting the different portions of the Oceanic territory. And, when we are reminded of the fact, that this region is peopled by not less than fifteen, or, according to some writers, twenty millions of human beings of various physical and intellectual endowments, of habits and modes of life essentially differing from our own; of various degrees of cultivation, from the merest brute-like ignorance to a very considerable advance in the arts of civilized life—this vast subject assumes an importance which cannot fail to command the attention of every man who has the natural desire to know something of the different members of the human family. If, moreover, the farther investigations of the learned should lead us to the conclusion—which some philosophical enquirers maintain—that the population of the southern parts, and perhaps all others, of America, is to be traced, through the Oceanic islands, to the coast of Asia, the interest of the subject, to *Americans* at least, will be incalculably enhanced.

ship and by order of the British government! Her entire ignorance of the subject rendered her wholly incompetent to the task; but this was not so much her own fault as the fault of those who employed her; and it might be pardoned if she and her coadjutors had had honesty enough to perform the task with a just regard to truth. So far from this, even after she was informed by an American gentleman in London, previously to the appearance of her work, that various particulars she mentioned were mis-statements, she suffered them to go out to the world uncorrected! Yet this farrago of blunders and misrepresentations was gravely relied upon as authority by the London Quarterly Reviewers; who further countenanced its misrepresentations by publishing a *forged* letter, purporting to be written by the celebrated Boki, governor of Oahu, though it was well known that Boki could not understand or speak English, except in short, broken sentences, on the most common subjects; and that as to *writing* English, the thought had never entered his mind! To add to the meanness of adopting this fabrication, it appears that the letter (which was manufactured at the islands) was so clumsily framed that poor Boki was made to write his wife's name "*Mrs. Bockey*" with two letters, *c* and *y*, that are not used in the Sandwich Island alphabet—and two lines below, to sign his own name, *Boke*! And, as this gross inconsistency in the pretended original would have instantly exposed the fabrication, another forgery is superadded, by altering both these names in the letter (as published by the reviewers) to the usual orthography, *Boki*. For these facts, we refer to an able article published in the North American Review, No. 58, for January, 1828, and afterwards in a pamphlet, with additional remarks.

In that hasty and general view, which we take of the population of Oceania, as we skim over the books of superficial travellers, or, what is more common, the superficial reviews of those books, we are apt to consider the inhabitants of that whole region as one race of men. A nearer and more careful view, however, soon shows us, that they are composed of two, at least, if not three different stocks.

The first, and that with which we are most familiar, is described by Mr. Marsden and other writers, as having complexions of a yellowish brown, long, lank, jet-black hair, thin beards, wide nostrils, and high cheek bones; of a stature somewhat less than that of Europeans. These compose the population of Sumatra, Java, and other Indian Islands, the Malayan Peninsula, and most of the *South Sea Islands*.¹

The second race approach in their physical character, though they are not identified with, the African negroes, having skins of a sooty colour, wool-like hair, flat noses, and thick lips. These inhabit not only New Holland or Australia, and the group of New Guinea, but also several islands both in the hither and further division [of Polynesia], and even the interior of the Malayan peninsula. By the Malays they are called *Papúah*, but they have other national appellations in different parts. By the Spaniards, who first made them known to Europe, they were called *Negritos* (a diminutive of *negro*), which is, literally, blackish or negro-ish men; and by the early navigators, New Guinea negroes. In their persons, they are said to be smaller than the first, or yellow race, and are considered, on the whole, as among the most puny and ill-favoured of the human species.²

To these two principal races, some writers add a third, which they suppose (on what ground we know not) to be an admixture of the two; their lips are thick, their hair neither woolly nor lank, but crisped and curled, and their complexion of an intermediate shade between the other two races. These are found in the island of Timor and its vicinity, in New Caledonia (east of New Holland), the Feejee islands, and some others, which need not be particularized.

We ought not to omit one other circumstance, which is stated by Mr. Ellis, in respect to the physical character of the islanders. He mentions it as a singular fact, that "the *chiefs* and persons of hereditary rank and influence in the islands, are, almost without exception, as much superior to the peasantry or common people, in stateliness, dignified deportment

¹ See Marsden's *Miscellaneous works*; Craufurd's *Indian Archipelago*; *Foreign Quarterly Review* for 1834; Malte-Brun's *Geography*; Virey's *Hist. Nat. du Genre Humain*; Ellis's *Polynesian Researches*.

² See the authorities last cited.

and physical strength, as they are in rank and circumstances; although they are not elected to their station on account of their personal endowments, but derive their rank and elevation from their ancestry. This is the case with most of the groups of the Pacific, but peculiarly so in Tahiti and the adjacent isles. The father of the late king was six feet four inches high; Pomare was six feet two. The present king of Raiatea, is equally tall Their limbs are generally well formed, and the whole figure is proportioned to their height; which renders the difference between the rulers and their subjects so striking, that Bougainville and some others have supposed they were a distinct race, the descendants of a superior people, who at a remote period had conquered the aborigines, and perpetuated their supremacy Some individuals among the lower classes exhibit a stature equal to that of the chiefs, but this is of rare occurrence, and that circumstance alone does not facilitate the admission of its possessor to the higher ranks in society."¹

Of these various people, some have made advances in civilization, beyond what existed among the most polished nations of America at the time of its discovery by Columbus. The Malays, and some others, have an agriculture equal to the Asiatics generally; they domesticate the common animals used by man, have manufactures, and use silver and gold as currency; and, what is particularly worthy of notice, they have had a systematic calendar (as indeed the Mexicans had), and the art of writing, for a long period. But this advanced state of civilization has existed only among the principal nations; the smaller ones are still in a very different condition; generally speaking, they lead a roving life, depending not upon agriculture, but upon the products which the bounty of nature has provided for them. Some are now known to be cannibals, and living in constant warfare with each other; and—what is most revolting to our feelings—they have a passion for amassing the greatest quantities of the skulls of enemies slain in battle, which, as civilized warriors do trophies of other kinds, they pile up in their rude huts as honourable memorials to be transmitted to their descendants.²

After this general but very brief survey, of the different people inhabiting the Oceanic islands, we are naturally led to ask—what was their origin? How are they connected with the population of either of the two continents between which they are situated?

These are questions not merely of speculative curiosity, but

¹ Ellis's *Polynesian Researches*, vol. i. p. 82.

² See the authorities above cited.

having an important bearing on the history of the human race; and they are questions which, in the absence of all other proofs, cannot be answered, with any degree of satisfaction, except by a careful investigation of *languages*; the only witnesses (to use the homely but emphatic expression of Horne Tooke), the only witnesses "that cannot lie."

Our readers, however, need not be apprehensive that we shall fatigue them, by an examination of those languages, with a view to support any one of the theories which have been formed by different writers on this subject. If we had the requisite information, the enquiry would demand more space than can be allowed to that single subject. We may, however, be able to exhibit some of the more interesting results that have been obtained from the materials already in possession of the learned.

And here we must, as in regard to the languages of the American continent, do justice to the labours of that illustrious people, the Germans, by acknowledging how much we owe to their industry and genius, for having successfully prosecuted the study of the languages, and, we may add, the literature, of the Oceanic nations. In the present instance, this acknowledgment is not made without the melancholy recollection of the late death of one of the most successful of their students, in this comparatively new subject of investigation—we mean, Baron William Humboldt. That eminent statesman and scholar, by means of correspondents in this and other countries, had begun to amass, with truly German enthusiasm and labour, the requisite materials for a general survey of the Oceanic languages, beginning with Madagascar and pursuing the investigation quite round to Easter Island, which is the last of the islands in question, and is not very distant from the western coast of America. But, unhappily for the cause of science, while this illustrious man was prosecuting his enquiries, with that energy and zeal which ever animate those noble minds, that pursue knowledge for its own sake, his career was suddenly arrested by death; an event which will, in some degree, retard our progress towards the solution of the various problems involved in this great and interesting subject.

It seems to be agreed, except by a few writers, that the inhabitants of the South Sea islands, even those nearest to America, originally came direct from *Asia*; and some persons—particularly Mr. Ellis, whose "*Polynesian Researches*" are well known to every reader—proceed one step farther, and confidently pronounce the Indians of America to have originated from Asia, *through these islanders*; or, at least, that *a part* of the islanders came to America, though it may also have happened, that

others of them originally went *from* this continent and peopled some of the islands in their turn.

The hypothesis of this Asiatic origin, is maintained with great confidence by Dr. Lang, whose work is among those at the head of this article; and he has given a very good summary of the arguments in support of it; some of which we shall very briefly state, without however intending to adopt his conclusions.

1. The distinction of *castes*, the most remarkable, and probably the most ancient peculiarity of the social order in Asia, prevails also to a great extent in the South Sea Islands. In the Friendly Isles, the brahmin or priestly caste takes precedence even of the king; and in this group of islands Dr. Lang finds four castes, corresponding to the same number of them in India. This distinction, as in India, is kept up with such rigour, that if an individual of a higher caste has children by a wife of a lower one, the offspring must be put to death, in order to prevent the degradation of the family. Mr. Ellis, however, we ought to add, says that the distinction of ranks or castes, is not so strongly marked in the islands as it is in India.

2. That extraordinary institution called the *taboo* (pronounced *tah-boo*), which prevails universally in the islands, is thought by Dr. Lang to be indisputably of Asiatic origin; Mr. Ellis, however, says it has not been met with in any other part of the world than the islands. Most readers now know, that the word *taboo* corresponds to the Latin word *sacer*, which is sometimes equivalent to *sacred*, and sometimes to *accursed*. Accordingly, when any person, place, or thing is *taboo'd*, they cannot be touched, and in some cases, even under the penalty of death. The taboo seasons are either common or strict. During a common taboo, the men were only required to abstain from their usual avocations, and attend at the *heiau*, when the prayers were offered morning and evening. But during a strict taboo, every fire and light on the island must be extinguished; no canoe must be launched on the water, no person must bathe; and, except those whose attendance was required at the temple, no individual must be seen out of doors; no dog must bark, no pig must grunt, no cock must crow—or the taboo would be broken, and fail to accomplish the object designed. On these occasions they tied up the mouths of the dogs and pigs, and put the fowls under a calabash, or fastened a piece of cloth over their eyes; and nothing was suffered to disturb the death-like stillness of the scene.

3. The rite of circumcision, which is considered to be indisputably Asiatic, is practised in several of the groups of

islands, as the Feejee, the Friendly, and the Society islands; and, according to Dr. Lang, not as a religious observance, but as an ancient custom.

4. In some islands their idols, and other images, are said to bear a striking resemblance to those of Eastern Asia, particularly to those of the Burman Empire.

5. The islanders, in their physical conformation and general character, strongly resemble the Malays, and have the same cast of countenance.

6. Various Asiatic customs are found among them; as the custom of not allowing women to eat with their husbands, nor to partake of the food reserved for the latter; the practice of sitting cross-legged on the ground; and in the Friendly Islands, as in Siam and some other countries, it is deemed most respectful for the subject to sit while in the presence of his sovereign; the custom of saluting each other by touching noses, which is known also in Eastern Asia. In the Feejee Islands, when a man dies, his principal wife must be strangled and buried with him; a barbarous custom which seems to be borrowed from the cruel *sultees* of Hindostan. According to a well known navigator, Captain Hunter, on one of the islands called the Duke of York's Island (east of New Ireland), "most of the natives chew the betel nut, with the chunam and a leaf, as practised in the East Indies; and this island is twenty degrees eastward of the Pelew Islands, which are commonly supposed to be the most distant country from Asia, to which this custom could be traced."

7. The islanders, particularly of the South Pacific, have a tradition, that their first ancestors came from the *north west*.

8. According to Mr. Marsden, and some other writers, the original clothing of the Sumatrans is the same with that called Otaheitan cloth.

Such are some of the principal arguments derived from physical resemblances and corresponding customs of the people of Asia, and the islands of the Pacific and Indian Oceans. These coincidences might be multiplied; and some of those here mentioned are certainly remarkable.

The identity of two people, however, is not to be inferred with so much certainty from the mere similarity of customs and usages, as from their languages. Strong resemblances in the former may exist between nations who have had no intercourse with each other. But when we find two different nations, even if on opposite parts of the globe, speaking the same language, or whose languages are substantially the same, we feel at once assured that they are all of the same stock. To take a strong case: if all historical records had been extinguished relating to the settlement of the American colonies, from our

mother country, and some voyager—as new nations are from time to time discovered in other parts of the world—should have found a people here, speaking the same language that he knew to be used in England, he would seek no further proof of a common origin.

So when, among the remote islanders now in question, we find that the natives of Otaheite can converse with and be understood by those of the Sandwich Islands, each using his own language, though the two groups of islands are 2500 miles apart, (nearly as far as we are from England), we are obliged to consider them as members of the same family, however they may happen to differ in any particular customs, and however difficult it may be for us to conceive that they could have navigated over such an extent of ocean, in the frail canoes that have been used by them, as long as they have been known to us.¹

This evidence of identity, it is true, will be stronger in proportion as the instances of resemblance are more numerous. To illustrate the subject again, by our own language; because we happen to find in English a single French word *grandeur*, or a Spanish word *cargo*, or an Indian word *wigwam*, we are not to infer our relationship to all those nations, and thus prove that we are at the same time Frenchmen, Spaniards, Indians, and English. Particular words will find their way, from one people to another, by means of commerce and otherwise; but these serve only to prove, that the people who use them in common have had some intercourse with each other. Of this we can give a striking instance, from the little island which has been the more immediate occasion of our discussing this subject.

Upon accidentally enquiring of the captive seamen above mentioned, whether the natives of Lord North's Island wore any kind of hat or covering for the head, he informed us that some of them did occasionally, though very seldom, and that their name for it was *shappo*. We immediately remarked to him, that this could not be a native word, but must have been borrowed either from the French, or more probably, from the Portuguese, who have so long had an extensive intercourse with the east. On our again enquiring, whether they had no other name for it, our informant, upon further recollection, said, that they sometimes called it *shambaráro*, which again is a European word, being evidently a slight corruption of the Spanish word for a hat, *sombrero*.

Again, if we had no memorials whatever, of the mixed aboriginal and English race, which has grown up, in our own

¹ See Ellis's *Polynesian Researches*, vol. iv. p. 36.

day, on that ever memorable spot in the Pacific, called Pitcairn's Island, we should, notwithstanding their yellow complexions and Otaheitan physiognomy, recognize them instantly to have English blood running in their veins, when we read in their history the interesting fact, that upon the approach of an English ship towards their little kingdom, they ran down the hill-side, and darting through the surf in their canoes, vociferated, to the inexpressible amazement of their visitors, the electrifying *English* exclamation—"Won't you heave us a rope."

It is further deserving of our notice, that although we cannot with certainty infer the *identity* or common origin of two nations from a very small number of words that happen to be common to their two languages, yet the *differences* between different stocks, or the various branches of the same stock, may be detected even by the pronunciation of a single word. Of this every reader will immediately call to mind a memorable instance, mentioned in the Old Testament, where the pronunciation of a single syllable was made decisive of national character.—"The men of Gilead said unto him, Art thou an Ephraimite? If he said nay, then said they unto him, say now *Shibboleth*; and he said *Sibboleth*, for he could not frame to pronounce it right."¹

But, without pursuing these illustrations any farther, let us for a moment survey the ground already explored by the learned,—so far as the imperfect materials in our possession will enable us—and see what results have been obtained through the medium of languages, tending to show a connection between the Asiatic nations and the South Sea Islanders, and between either of these and the people of the American continent.

In a very general view of this question, it may be stated, with sufficient exactness for our present purpose, that the languages which are spoken by the yellow complexioned or Malay race, through an extent of more than two hundred geographical degrees, that is, from the coast of Asia to Easter Island (which is about forty degrees from the western coast of America), are dialects of the same stock; and that if either of the *Insular* races of men in question is to be traced to the continent of Asia, it must be some one nation of the Malay stock. Accordingly, some writers, confidently relying upon the assumed identity of language, assert, that there is no difference between the two races of men designated, by Blumenbach, as the *Mongolian* and *Malayan*.

Now, whatever resemblances in physical appearance may be brought in support of this hypothesis, it happens, that the lan-

¹ Judges, xii. 5, 6.

guages, so far as our present information extends, present formidable objections to it. The received opinion of philologists, particularly of Mr. Marsden, to whom we have so often referred, is, that the languages of the *islanders* are to be considered as *polysyllabic*, or at least that they cannot be reduced by analysis to the class of *monosyllabic* languages; whereas, on the contrary, the languages of the eastern *Asiatics* are admitted to be monosyllabic. If, then, the Islanders and those Asiatics were of the same family of men, the question arises—what has occasioned this radical difference in their modes of speech?

One late writer of ingenuity and research, Dr. Lang, endeavours to obviate this difficulty by boldly denying the fact, and unhesitatingly asserting that this difference in the languages does not exist; on the contrary, he maintains, that the languages of the South Sea Islands are as truly monosyllabic as the Chinese, or any other languages of the continent; and, though he admits, that the words are now actually used in a compounded form, which gives them the appearance of being polysyllabic, yet he is of opinion that they may, by a just analysis, be reduced to pure monosyllables.

To those persons, who have not given much attention to questions of this nature, it may, perhaps, appear extraordinary, that any doubt can exist as to the mere fact, whether a language is, or is not, polysyllabic. But an illustration from our own language will make the matter intelligible. Every one will immediately perceive, that many English words, which by mere custom we join together as one, may be analyzed into monosyllables; for example *penknife*, *inkstand*, *husbandman*, *statesman*, &c. In our own language, it is true, we find no embarrassment in this analysis; but in *unwritten* dialects, of which we have so little knowledge as is the case with those now in question, the process is incomparably more perplexing, and our results proportionably unsatisfactory.

We ought to add, that the author just mentioned certainly differs from philologists in general on this subject, though he adduces many facts in support of his opinion which deserve attention.

Without following out the arguments on either side, therefore, let us assume for the present, that the languages of the Islanders are derived from Asia, and that this affords proof of the identity of these people with the Asiatics. Our next enquiry will be, how far the settlement of the American continent can be traced to the same source, by the same mode of proof.

At this stage of the enquiry, the very circumstance which has just been adduced to prove the connection between the Islanders and the Asiatics, that is, the supposed monosyllabic character of the languages of both of them, becomes one of the

most formidable obstacles to the establishing of the like connection between the Islanders and the aboriginal Americans. It happens, that the American languages are particularly distinguished from those of the old world by being much more highly compounded than any of them—the Indian languages of *North America*, in particular, being proverbial for their long words. So strongly, indeed, does this peculiarity show itself in those American dialects which we have hitherto had the means of examining, that our great philologist, Mr. Du Ponceau, has heretofore held it to be well established as a general proposition, that, for the purposes of philosophical enquiry, they might all be considered as having the same character; and if this were indisputably the case, it would prove an insuperable objection to their having an affinity to the Chinese or other monosyllabic languages of Asia. But this general proposition, it seems, is now to be taken with some limitations; and for this further advance in accurate investigation, we are indebted to the same eminent scholar, who has again been the first to bring under the notice of our philologists the fact, which we are now about to mention—a fact, which is one additional instance to show, how slow and difficult a process it is to arrive at the truth.

Just at the moment when we had assumed it as a sound conclusion, that *all* the languages of the American continent were to be considered as *polysyllabic*, we are suddenly astonished by the fact, recently communicated through Mr. Du Ponceau, to the Philosophical Society in this city, by a learned *native of Mexico*, Don Manuel Naxera (or Najera) that one, at least, among the American languages, is, properly speaking, *monosyllabic*. How many others may hereafter prove to be so, no man will at this time venture to predict.

Mr. Najera, an accomplished scholar, speaks five or six Indian languages of his own country; and he has, at the request of Mr. Du Ponceau, translated into the *Othomi* language, the Lord's prayer, and the 11th ode of Anacreon; and, into the *Turascan* idiom, the first psalm of David; all which are accompanied with grammatical notes, and will appear in the Transactions of the Philosophical Society. He has also engaged to prepare grammars of the *Huastecan* and some other idioms.

The *Othomi* language, then, according to Mr. Najera, is strictly monosyllabic; and, what will no less surprise the reader, the general structure of it resembles that of the Chinese, and various words are actually found to be alike in both languages. This last fact is so novel and extraordinary, that our readers will not be displeased to see a very short specimen of the two languages:

<i>Othomi.</i>	<i>Chinese.</i>	<i>English.</i>
Yē, (pronounced yèng)	Jin, . . .	Man.
Nga,	Ngo, . . .	I (ego.)
Ni,	Ni, . . .	Thou.
Tē,	Ti, . . .	What, which.
Hia,	Hoa, . . .	Discourse, speech.
He,	Ye, . . .	And, also.
Ma,	Man, . . .	Full.
Tsi,	Tsoui, . . .	Ebriety.

The resemblances are certainly remarkable; they are not, however, yet ascertained to be very numerous; and no affinity is found between the *numerals* of the two languages.

By this new view of one of the American languages we are again compelled to re-examine our former conclusions respecting them, before we can with certainty make a general classification of them, with a view to apply the results to the solution of the great problem of the connection between the inhabitants of the two continents, and their connection respectively with the intermediate people of the *South Sea Islands*.

Here we should conclude our remarks on the subject of the South Sea Islands, but for our purpose of giving some account of the handful of human beings that reside upon the little island before mentioned, and which originally drew our attention to this curious and interesting subject. Our account of it must be brief.

The little spot in question, called Lord North's Island, is now rendered interesting to us by the two years' captivity of our countrymen, whose simple *Narrative* is among the works enumerated at the head of this article, and who have again reached their native shores, covered in every part except their hands and faces, with marks of a part of their sufferings, in the indelible *tatowing*, to which they were compelled to submit—a most painful, and in hot climates, most dangerous operation. The island, which, according to the estimate of the two captive seamen, is about three quarters of a mile long, and half a mile wide, as we have before observed, just rises a few feet above the level of the ocean, on whose surface it appears like a mere speck of earth, a mere lighting place for human beings, out of sight of all other land, and containing three or four hundred miserable, half-famished savages, who have never seen any other country, and have only had occasional intercourse with other people, when European ships have casually passed through those seas. It will be found on the charts in about 3° north latitude, and 131° east longitude; but those readers, who may not happen to have access to good marine charts, will have a sufficiently correct idea of its geographical position, by knowing that it lies south westerly of the Pelew Islands, and about half

way between that group and Gilolo, one of the Molucca or Spice Islands.

This island has been described as uninhabited in works of authority; but the more accurate works on the navigation of those seas describe it, correctly, as having inhabitants, who sometimes come off in their canoes to visit a passing ship. No white man, however, had been upon the island, before the two seamen and their captain and surviving companions.¹

The simple and unpretending "Narrative" just published by one of these men, Horace Holden, gives a minute account of the manners and customs of this people, who may be justly called a newly discovered nation, because nothing has before been known of them, except the mere fact of there being such a people. The voyage and disasters, which led to our knowledge of them, are full of interest.

The newspapers have already informed the public that the ship, to which the seamen in question belonged, was a New England whale ship, the *Mentor*, owned by an eminent merchant of New Bedford, William R. Rodman, Esq. This gallant ship's company, consisting of twenty-two persons, equipped for the pursuit of that gigantic game of the ocean, so strikingly described in the well known language and imagery of Burke when he was displaying the enterprise and spirit of New Englandmen—this gallant ship's company left their native land in the month of July, 1831, animated with the hopes naturally excited by their noble and perilous enterprise, and little anticipating the reverses they were destined to experience.

In the course of the following summer, they were driven, by long-continued storms, upon the Pelew Islands; where, upon the ship's striking, ten of the crew immediately took to the boat, and were almost instantly swallowed up in the furious sea, and disappeared for ever. The remainder of the ship's company saved themselves upon one of the reefs which surround those islands, and many miles from the shore. In this desolate condition, they were obliged to pass the dreary night; sustaining life by taking a single eel, a few crabs, and a species of snail. At daylight they were discovered by some natives of the islands, and after being severely treated, they escaped from their hands in the ship's boat, and steered for the land, which they ascertained to be one of the Pelew Islands. Here, after some very rough and uncereemonious treatment at first, they met with a more humane reception, and staid several months, hoping from day to day to be taken off by some passing ship. The particulars of their residence there will be found

¹ See Horsburg's *India Directory*.

in the "Narrative;" but one little circumstance, which we do not find in the book, will amuse the reader.

It happened, that among the few articles saved from the ship, was a copy of *Bowditch's Navigator*; an article of as little use as we can conceive any one thing to have been at that place. But the ingenuity of the females, who also have their passion for ornaments, tore out the leaves of the book, and making them into little rolls of the size of one's finger, wore them in their ears, instead of the tufts of grass which they usually employed to give additional attractions to their native charms. We cannot forbear adding one extraordinary incident which occurred to them on their landing among the Pelews, which we extract from the Narrative:

"Just at the time when the servant of the prophetess brought out the materials for our repast, we observed, at a little distance, a singular looking being approaching us. His appearance was that of a man of sixty. His hair was long and gray, unlike that of the natives. His legs, arms, and breast were tatowed. His step was firm; his motions indicating that he felt himself a person of not a little importance. His teeth were entirely gone, and his mouth was black with the use of the *kabooa*. Judge of our emotions, on hearing this strange being address us in broken *English*! His first exclamation was—"My God, you are Englishmen!" He immediately said, "You are safe now;" but he gave us to understand, that it was next to a miracle that we escaped being killed on the water.

"This person was by birth an Englishman, and had been on the island about twenty-nine years. He told us that he had been a hatter by trade, and that his name was Charles Washington; he had been a private in the British naval service, on board of the *Lion* man of war. Cruising in those seas, he had, while on duty, been guilty of some trifling offence, and, apprehending that he should be severely punished for it, had left the ship, and taken up his residence upon the island. He seemed to be contented with his situation, and had no desire to return to his native country. He had attained to great celebrity, and was the sixth chief among them. His authority seemed great, and he exercised it with exemplary discretion."

A residence, however, in such a place soon became insupportable to the survivors of the ship's company, and they determined to quit it; an arrangement was made with the natives, who assisted them in making a large boat, as well as they could, for the purpose; and, leaky as it was, they set sail in it, with three Pelew Islanders in the place of three Americans, who were kept as hostages. Their expectation was to fall in with some of the islands to the southward, and to obtain at the European settlements the means of ransoming themselves. But during their voyage in this crazy boat, they experienced bad weather, lost nearly their whole stock of provision by a heavy sea, and at last, after being on the ocean a fortnight, reduced to skeletons and debilitated beyond belief,

they discovered land. Their joy at this event, however, was soon embittered by sufferings exceeding any before experienced.

As soon as they were in sight of the land—which proved to be Lord North's Island, called by the natives *Tobee* or *Tobi*—a fleet of canoes made towards them, filled with savages, who displayed the most brutal ferocity, and to whom, in their feeble state, they fell an easy prey.

We have not room for particulars of their treatment during their stay at this island. The captain and a part of the crew had the good fortune to obtain their release in about two months afterwards; but the two seamen Holden and Nute, were compelled to remain there two years. The "Narrative" gives a particular account of their adventures, and of the manners and customs of the natives, who seem to be in a lower and more miserable state than any that have yet been visited in the Indian or Pacific oceans.

The island produces no food but cocoa-nuts and a species of roots resembling yams; and of these there is such a scarcity, that many of the natives die of famine; it being their unnatural custom, as soon as any one becomes enfeebled by want of food, to turn him off from among them and let him perish.

There are no animals in the place, except small lizards and a small species of rats; but these have something sacred about them, and cannot, ordinarily, be used for food. Now and then a straggling sea-turtle finds his way to the island; but this animal also is sacred, and the meat is served out in minute pieces, under the direction of their priests or sorcerers. The Americans endeavoured to induce them to take fish, which they might have done; but their indolence and stupidity could not be overcome by any persuasion.

The condition of these miserable islanders would, if our space admitted, give rise to the most interesting reflections. The situation in which we find this little band of human beings—placed on a spot of earth in the midst of a boundless ocean—having never seen any other inhabited land than their own little domain—in a state of society not having numbers or territory enough to afford room for what we should call wars between different nations, but yet not free from collisions and actual conflicts between different clans or families and individuals—having some regulations which we may properly call laws, and punishments for crimes, all founded upon the master principles which the Creator has implanted in the bosoms of his children, even the most unenlightened—these, and a thousand other reflections, crowd themselves upon the mind on contemplating the case of these islanders, themselves but a mere fragment of the millions, whose condition is hardly better than their own.

It was our original intention to make some remarks upon the Oceanic Islands in relation to the subject of national and commercial intercourse—availing ourselves of the materials contained in Mr. Southard's able *Report*; but our limits do not permit it. In that important paper, the reader will find a greater fund of information on those subjects than is to be obtained (as we believe) in any other book extant. We rejoice that the subject is in his hands, and that it has been brought before congress; and we earnestly hope they will adopt the suggestion of equipping an *exploring expedition* to the Pacific and Indian oceans, for the purposes of commerce as well as of science. Those persons who may read that report will, we are sure, be astonished at the vast amount of American capital and lives employed in the whale fishery alone; to say nothing of other branches of trade, which are daily growing in importance.

But, apart from the mere question of interest, as is justly and forcibly urged in the report, Americans owe something to the general cause of science. Our ships of war and our merchantmen at present navigate those seas by English and other foreign charts, imperfect and faulty, it is true; and yet, as we conclude from the statements accompanying the report, none of those imperfections and faults have been corrected under the authority of the American government, notwithstanding the numerous materials we might obtain by means of our extended navigation, particularly from our whalers, and the science of our naval commanders, if they were only permitted to bring into exercise those talents which we know them to possess.

We submit one other consideration to those whose duty it may be to attend to the subject. It appears from the Narrative of Holden, that three Americans were left in the Pelew Islands as hostages for the ransom of the ship's company; other cases of this kind have occurred; and who can say, how many of our shipwrecked countrymen, at this moment, stand with aching eyes, anxiously looking from the shores of many an unfrequented island to discern some friendly sail on the boundless waters before them! In the name of humanity, let the country no longer delay in discharging a solemn duty to those who have a *right* to its paternal assistance and protection.¹

¹ Since this article was written, the hostages left at the Pelew Islands (or the two that remained) have been recovered, by an amicable arrangement made with the native chiefs, and have been taken away by the United States' sloop of war Vincennes. An exploring expedition has also been authorized by congress.

ART. II.—*Commentar zum Evangelio Johannis.* Von Dr. A. THOLUCK, Consistorialrath und ord. Professor der Theologie an der Universität zu Halle. Vierte verbesserte Ausgabe. Hamburg, 1833—pp. 360.

A *Commentary on the Gospel of St. John.* By A. THOLUCK, D. D. Professor of Theology in the University of Halle. Translated from the German by Rev. A. KAUFMAN. Boston and Philadelphia, 1836.

The history of universal literature is the history of the human mind, putting forth its energies and revealing its inward workings, under the different influences which have been brought to act upon it in different ages. The productions of the pen are but the visible manifestation of the invisible spirit, which, at different periods and in different countries, pervades the higher classes of human society; and they may be taken in the general, as a comprehensive index to the predominant character of the age or nation, in which they make their appearance. The study of literature is therefore the study of *humanity*, which, though always the same in itself, is perpetually changing its complexion and presenting to the eye of philosophic observation some new or modified aspect.

Regarded in this light, literary productions are far more valuable to the historian and the philosopher, than they have usually been considered. They are a most important medium, through which to examine the nice, distinctive shades of character, peculiar to an age or nation. For ourselves, were we to attempt a history of any particular period in the past, we should first of all seek an acquaintance with the writers who in that period were most read and most admired, and then pass to an examination of the principal authors whose talents were called into exercise by the taste and exigencies of the times. And were we to assume the responsibilities of a prophet, and modestly attempt a sketch of the future, we should go back at least a century, and follow the general track of cultivated intellect up to the impassable point of the present. Here we should of course find ourselves at the Ultima Thule of certain knowledge—we could tread upon *terra firma* no longer—but as the past and future are parts of one accordant whole, and, like the opposite hemispheres of our globe, arched by one continuous firmament, we should be able to lay our course upon the unexplored ocean before us, with some good degree of confidence. The stars and constellations which we had left behind, and those shining from the zenith, would continue to guide us for many a league, until a storm had overspread the heavens, or distance had caused them to sink below the horizon.

Casting our eyes back to the reformation, and taking in at a single view the general course of the human mind from that time to the present, we find that there has been a constant and manifest tendency towards the practical. Imagination has yielded much of her ancient domain to reason; the spirits which once peopled the air and held the world in awe, have been put to flight by a larger acquaintance with science; and the metaphysical subtleties which so long usurped attention and wasted the mental energies, have given place to profitable investigation and available knowledge. Intellectual trifling, such as was once the highest object of ambition, has come to be held in so low esteem, that we have no one at the present day gravely enquiring, whether angels can see in the dark, or what would be the consequence in nature, should a fierce *irresistible* chance to encounter an obstinate *immoveable*. Could the celebrated doctors of the schools appear again upon earth, they might well be astonished at the wide departure of the general mind from the period at which they left it. We doubt whether they would find docility enough in the present generation, on their favourite subjects, to attempt a reformation. They would regard the task as hopeless.

The idea of such a progress of mind from the visionary to the practical, as has distinguished the last five centuries, harmonizes well with the common figure of speech which we are wont to apply to the thousand years preceding the reformation. This period we significantly denominate the dark ages, implying that it was then night; and speak of the close of the fifteenth and opening of the sixteenth century, as the dawn of a new day whose sun is now marching through the heavens. Now night is the time of visions; men are then expected to dream; but when the day-star has led on the morning, we expect them to arise, collect their vagrant thoughts, and apply their powers to some profitable pursuit. We must, however, allow them time to rub their eyes, talk of their dreams, form their purposes, and put themselves in readiness for the appropriate work of the day. We do not ordinarily expect to find men actively engaged in their more important business, turning every moment and all their energies to account, till the sun has advanced well nigh to his meridian.

For the last half century, the thoughts of men have been more than ever before employed on matters of general utility. The principles of government have been discussed and applied; science has been made not only the handmaid but the mother of a thousand useful arts; and philosophy, in all her multiform varieties, has been rendered subservient to the natural and artificial wants of man. There is at this moment a spirit at work throughout the world, which it is hoped will not depart till

society shall have disburthened herself of the evils which have hitherto repressed her energies, or diverted them from their proper channels. We do not wish to commend, at least in wholesale, what is vauntingly termed the "Spirit of the Age;" we have little sympathy with the ultraism and fanaticism in which multitudes so much glory; but believing in the benevolent purposes of an overruling Providence, we are sanguine in the hope, that the volcanic fires which are now agitating the foundations of society from beneath, and the hurricanes which are lashing its surface into such fearful surges, will ere long be succeeded by a better state of the waters and more serene heavens, than the world has heretofore beheld. Agitation, fearful though it may be for the time, is often the most effectual means of purification. The sun never shines more brightly, nor does the bosom of ocean ever present a more beautiful, cheering prospect, than after the raging of a storm in which the warring elements have spent their violence.

If observation has not deceived us, the intellectual tendency of the present day is especially towards palpable and practical truth. Mind, in all its present movements, is arriving at some end. Men are not willing to spend their strength in pursuing shadows, but seek some substantial good as the permanent reward of their exertions.

In connection with this general tendency of mind towards palpable and practical truth, our readers have doubtless observed a growing fondness for the study of nature and of revelation. Natural science and biblical theology are now receiving a larger share of attention than they have received at any former period. Never before, were so many well trained and industrious minds applied to the patient examination of the works and word of God. The mineralogist, chemist, geologist, and astronomer, are daily enriching the temple of science with some new and important discoveries; and the indefatigable student of the sacred text is almost as frequently bringing out something in illustration or confirmation of the eternal truths of scripture.

In contemplating this subject, we have been struck with the fact, that the thoughts of men are now turned *simultaneously* to these two great sources of substantial knowledge. We might, perhaps, at first expect, that an increased attention to science would be followed by a diminished interest in the study of the scriptures, since the mind of communities as well as of individuals, is prone to be engrossed with a single topic at a time. The history of past ages shows us, that when the public appetite has been eager for philosophy, there has frequently, if not generally, been little attention to revelation. Nor is it untrue that those who have given their days and their nights to the

Bible, have often cast a contempt upon nature, by neglecting to observe her works and listen to her instructions. The followers of Aristotle, in the early ages of the Christian church, though they might have the Christian name, cared little for the meaning of the divine word: thus philosophy was their all; while not a few of the reformers, who were devout students of scripture, seem to have thought, that there was nothing worthy of study in the material creation. Some divines of later times have regarded the Bible as a complete encyclopedia of all kinds of knowledge, and therefore considered it a waste of time and talent to attempt to learn any theory from nature. But this state of things has passed away. The present fondness for the study of nature, is attended with an equal fondness for the study of revelation. The natural philosopher cultivates an acquaintance with the sacred records, and the divine with the wonders of creation.

The fact that the volumes of nature and revelation have at length begun to be perused with so deep and concurrent an interest, is an encouraging omen of the future progress of truth! So long as the mind is held to fact, or kept conversant with the real, it will continue to enlarge its funds of useful knowledge, and strengthen its powers of original investigation; but the moment it escapes into the region of the purely imaginary, it is wholly uncertain, whether it will return laden with new riches and prepared for more vigorous effort in the direction of the useful, or impoverished and debilitated by the excursion.

We would not be understood to condemn all speculation, for we believe the mind of man was intended at times to venture far beyond the limits of absolute certainty; but we mean to say, that as the works and word of the Almighty are the two principal sources of human knowledge, so the mind, when extending its acquaintance with these, is advancing towards the goal of universal truth.

Regarding the progress of natural science as most intimately connected with the general improvement of society, we are always glad to meet with any competent author, whose object it is to help us to a more enlarged and intelligent acquaintance with the facts and laws of the physical universe. For this reason, we never take up a volume of a La Place, or a Lyell, or contemplate the unfinished labours of an Audubon, without a feeling of gratitude to a directing Providence, that such men are so arduously devoting their distinguished powers, each in his own way, in accordance with his own taste, to the advancement of human happiness. Such men are constantly unfolding to the world some new phenomena or facts, a knowledge of which expands the mind and fills it with more elevated and

awful conceptions of the invisible, but ever-present Power, by which all things are girt.

Nor are we less gratified to meet with a volume, the object of which is to throw light on the facts and principles of the Bible. To those who devote their powers to the investigation and exposition of the truths of scripture, the world is, at the present day, under great and increasing obligations. This class of writers has for some time been increasing both in numbers and ability, until, it is believed, it may claim to itself as much talent and erudition as any other class of literary men. In no department of modern literature has there been, for the last few years, a greater or more perceptible progress, than in the interpretation of scripture. Formerly, the interpretation of the inspired writings was conducted much on the same principles with the interpretation of nature before the time of Bacon. As in the investigation of the laws of the material universe, well known facts were disregarded and imaginary ones made the bases of the most important conclusions—so, in expounding scripture, the usual laws of language and the ordinary meaning of words were set at nought, and new laws and new significations invented, to meet the supposed exigency of the case in hand. The imagination scorned the restraints of sound philology; the words, if interpreted literally, or according to their usual acceptation, would not so readily carry the mind into the elysian regions of mysticism; and it was therefore found more agreeable to adopt a method of interpretation, which should find hidden mysteries, where the writers intended nothing but plain and common matter of fact. Thus breaking away from all the laws of ordinary exposition, it required no uncommon genius to discover mountains of sense mystically wrapped up in many a little word, or to give to a train of Hebrew accents, strange and marvellous significations. The proper names, Adam, Sheth, and Enosh, with which the first book of the Chronicles opens, would easily furnish matter for long and laborious investigation, and the interjection O, as was once actually the case, might be a pregnant text for a series of eleven discourses!

Our readers may be aware that the Jews put what they termed a mystical interpretation upon many parts of the Old Testament. They had, for instance, three synagogue days in each week, Monday, Thursday, and Saturday. The reason of this they found in the mystical meaning of the passage in the fifteenth chapter of Exodus, which declares, that the Israelites were in great distress on their travelling three days in the wilderness without water. By water, they tell us, is there mystically meant the law; and therefore three days ought not to be suffered to pass without their hearing it. This is but a specimen of the

ingenuity of the Jewish doctors, and of the manner in which they employed it.

The nature and design of scriptural commentary would hardly be learned from an examination of the numerous and ponderous tomes that have, in past ages, assumed this title. The principle of induction applied to the works which have appeared under this comprehensive name, would lead to the conclusion that the commentator was a sort of privileged being, allowed to select his own subjects and treat them in his own way, and then dignify them with the title of notes or comments on the Bible. One professed commentator has made it his principal object to teach some favourite system of metaphysics; another, to make what are termed practical observations, or in other words to preach a sermon on paper; a third has spent his strength in vindicating the supposed classical purity of the style of his author; another, in framing analogies between the natural and spiritual, showing that the literal meaning of all scripture has a hidden counterpart in the realm of the supernatural; while perhaps the majority, if we reckon from the age succeeding that of the Christian fathers, have endeavoured to do little more than collect, arrange, and comment upon what others have said before them.

The question, however, as to the nature and object of sacred commentary, seems at length to be nearly settled by the concurrent voice of scholars and divines. Its nature is that of disquisition; its object is elucidation. The etymology of the word reveals its original meaning, which is essentially the same as the one attached to it by most modern writers. To comment on an author is to follow along in the train of his thoughts, *to accompany his mind*, in order to interpret and illustrate whatever, in the thoughts he designed to express, he himself has left unintelligible or obscure to the common reader. The business of the sacred commentator is, according to Professor Hahn, who has written ably on the subject of interpretation, *to deduce from the holy scriptures the very sense which the writers of them intended to convey, and to exhibit, in a perspicuous manner, the thoughts which the author connected with his words and intended to express by them*. His efforts must therefore be directed, first, to the investigation of the meaning of his author, and then, to the explanation of this meaning to the ready apprehension of the reader. He must endeavour to transfer to the mind of the reader, the identical conceptions of the writer. The thought should be the same, not only in its substance or outline, but, as far as possible, in vividness, and in all its peculiarity of colouring. It should also be so exhibited as to be conceived by the reader under the same relations, with the various modifications and limitations under which it was viewed by the writer at the

time of writing. This last, that the thoughts be presented under their original relations and limitations, is absolutely essential to any thing like a faithful transference of the sentiments of a writer to another mind, since the same thought, seen in different connections and under different modifications, may give rise to sentiments, by way of inference, which are wholly at variance with the sentiments of the author. A want of attention to this fact has been the source of innumerable mistakes in religion. Men have alighted upon some important thought in the Bible, and without any regard to the limitations under which it was apprehended by the writer, have begun to draw their own inferences and push their own conclusions, till they have found themselves dashed and wrecked on the hidden rocks of destructive error.

In addition to a mere development of the meaning of the text, it may sometimes be incumbent on the sacred commentator to remark on the consistency, or apparent discrepancy, between the passage under consideration and other parts of the same writer, or of the sacred volume. Every inspired writer must be consistent with himself, and as the whole Bible was composed under the infallible guidance of the same spirit, all its parts must harmonize with each other. Their exact and beautiful agreement, however, is not always obvious; it may lie beyond the ken of one who has for years been a laborious student of the Bible; so that the commentator, who, by his investigations, has come clearly to see it, should not withhold the light he has gained, and which the mind of his reader spontaneously craves.

The question has sometimes been asked, whether a commentator upon the Bible ought to bring out his theological sentiments in a work, the professed object of which is simply to give the meaning of the sacred text. So far as the practical effect is concerned, it matters not how we answer this question; for no man, who has the ability to write a commentary, will be restrained from acting his own pleasure in a matter of which he must be acknowledged to be the best judge. We should say, however, that in our opinion, discussions on knotty points of doctrine should never be introduced into a work intended simply to explain scripture; and that, when it is necessary for the commentator to *theologize*, in order to develop the meaning of any particular passage, or vindicate the consistency of different and apparently conflicting passages, he had better not incorporate his remarks with the body of his work, but throw them into the form of dissertations, or notes, at the end. That a writer's theological opinions should in no respect modify his interpretation of scripture, is plainly impossible; and so far as they modify it, he must make them known, as a part of the explana-

tion. A believer in the Copernican system would put a different meaning upon the account of the sun and moon standing still that the people of God might have time to complete their victory, from what would be put upon it by the man who believed that the earth was the centre of the planetary system, and the heavenly bodies wheeled their way around it; and no one, it is presumed, would censure him for avowing his astronomical creed and turning it to account in the business of interpretation.

It is easily seen, that the office of the sacred commentator is one of no ordinary difficulty, and requires the union of many rare and costly qualifications. A great part of the writings which he is to interpret, originally appeared in a language which has been dead for two thousand years, and of which, in its purity, no considerable specimen remains, excepting the Old Testament. The state of the world, the customs of society, the habits of thought and modes of expression peculiar to the times and country of the writers, were so different from anything to which we, in this distant age, are accustomed, that we are obliged, if we would understand their meaning, and enter into their spirit, to transfer ourselves back to the days of Moses and the prophets, and take up our abode, for the time being, on the soil which they trod, and under the sky by which they were canopied. We must leave the modern city, and wander far beyond the plains and hills of modern civilization, until we find ourselves in a country of flocks and vineyards, surrounded by a people whose thoughts are cast in the mould of nature, whose language is the unstudied expression of feeling, whose government is a theocracy, and whose general condition is entirely unaffected by the thousand circumstances peculiar to a more artificial state of society. We must, in a manner, relinquish our identity, and become Jews; feel as they felt, reason as they reasoned, and subject ourselves to all the various influences which would unavoidably act upon the mind of a descendant of Abraham, and give a colouring to all his thoughts.

The first and most important qualification for commenting upon the scriptures, is undoubtedly a familiar acquaintance with the languages and dialects, in which they were originally written. A deficiency here can in no way be compensated; since it is impossible to study an author to advantage, to investigate and decide upon his meaning in the more difficult parts of his writings, through the medium of a translation, or with only a partial acquaintance with his native tongue. A *general* knowledge, as it is termed, of the Greek and Hebrew,—that is, such a knowledge of these languages as will enable one to read critically a chapter in the Old or New Testament, with the aid of a lexicon and grammar, is not to be despised; it may

be sufficient for the general student of the sacred volume ; but it will by no means answer the purposes of the commentator. He undertakes to teach others ; it is his business to ascertain for himself the precise meaning of his author, and he cannot with any safety trust implicitly to what others have written before him. Lexicons and grammars are in many instances but blind and bewildering guides, and in no case are they a proper substitute, in the examination of a difficult phrase, for a practical knowledge of a language. The commentator on the Greek and Hebrew scriptures should be so familiar with those tongues as to be able to *think* in them, or to re-imbody the thoughts which he has received from them in their original native costume.

Besides this intimate knowledge of the original languages and dialects of the scriptures, the commentator should possess some acquaintance with the cognate languages and dialects. A thorough knowledge of the Hebrew requires no inconsiderable knowledge of the Arabic and other Shemitish languages ; and a knowledge of the Greek of the New Testament presupposes an acquaintance, not only with the ancient Greek as preserved in the Grecian classics, but also with the Hebrew and Aramaean languages. This last, which was a current, if not the principal language among the Jews of Palestine in the time of the Saviour, would of course infuse its peculiarities more or less into the writings of the evangelists and other apostles ; and as the writers themselves were Hebrews, educated in the religion of their fathers, and from their infancy accustomed to listen to regular lessons from the law and the prophets, their thoughts, and modes of expression would partake strongly of a Hebrew colouring. To a practised reader of the Old Testament in the original, the writers of the New seem almost to have written in the language of their forefathers. The words are Greek, but the conception, the imagery, the turn of expression, the whole contour of their manner, are highly Hebraistic. When you are among these writers, you are among Hebrews, who, though they speak a tongue unknown in the days of Israel's prosperity, have inherited the thoughts and feelings, and nearly all the constitutional peculiarities, of their remote ancestors. It is not therefore to be supposed, that you will be able to converse with them to the greatest advantage ; to discover, in their intended significancy, their peculiar shades of meaning, or enter at all into their sympathies, if you have never conversed with their fathers in their native tongue.

In consulting the cognate languages as helps to a correct understanding of the sacred text, great care should be taken lest we be led into error by too much reliance on etymologies, or merely verbal and literal resemblances. Minds which have a natural or acquired fondness for philological pursuits, are

always in danger of pushing real analogies too far, and of bringing to their aid such as are only imaginary. When we have been poring over a dark passage for days or weeks, and like the mariner who has been long looking in vain for land, become almost discouraged, nothing is more gratifying, than to believe that we have found a clue, which will guide us out of the labyrinth of our difficulties, in some happily discovered root or cognate of the particular word or words which we have found so obstinate. In such a case we are ready to grasp at a shadow, and treat it with all the respect which belongs to a veritable man, who had heard of our troubles, and kindly came to our assistance. It is sometimes not a little amusing to observe the dexterity with which certain critics handle their far-fetched etymologies, and the results to which they suffer themselves to be led by these *ignes fatui*. One commentator, for instance, finding it difficult to believe that it was a literal serpent that addressed the fatal words of temptation to our mother Eve in paradise, because this animal never could have walked erect, as it is implied he did, in the sentence, *upon thy belly shalt thou go*, and on account of some other difficulties attending the narration, has recourse to the Arabic, where he finds a root to the doubtful word in question, which at once solves the whole difficulty. The word translated *serpent* means a creature of the ape or satyrus kind, and ought to have been rendered *monkey*, or *ouran outang*. The whole riddle is at an end. An ape may have walked erect—he may have been accustomed to express his feelings in human language, or by some chattering noise resembling words, and what is not less important, may literally have been more subtil, or wise, than all the beasts of the field; which could never have been said of the animal which has, for so many ages, been regarded as the instrument of the temptation. Such a discovery had been worthy the days of Monboddo, and it is passing strange, that human ingenuity did not reach it before the nineteenth century!

Another requisite in a commentator on scripture, is that he be a man of deep historical research. He needs to have unrolled the records, not only of the Jews, but of all the neighbouring and cotemporaneous nations. He should be especially familiar, so far as familiarity is practicable, with the history of Egypt, and of those proud monarchies which lay north and east of Palestine, and which the Almighty so often employed as instruments in scourging his offending people. The Jews for a long time had commercial intercourse with the Egyptians, Arabians, and Phœnicians. They were almost incessantly at war with the neighbouring nations, until they had filled up the measure of their iniquities, and were given into bondage to the Assyrians and Babylonians. The writings of several of the

prophets contain numerous predictions, respecting the heathen nations, which would be unintelligible, were it not for the light of profane history. During the captivity, the Jewish character would, of course, undergo considerable modifications; the Hebrew language would be corrupted by the introduction of new words and phrases, which cannot well be understood without a knowledge of the people among whom they originated, and all the ideas of a Jew who lived subsequently to that period would be tinged with a Babylonish or eastern colouring. To a commentator on the New Testament, an acquaintance with eastern history, from the return of the Jews from Babylon, down to the time of Christ, is of great importance. To this knowledge of general history must be added, a minute and thorough acquaintance with the Hebrew, Grecian and Roman antiquities. The geography and natural history of Palestine and the surrounding countries, with the philosophy, religious ceremonies, public and domestic usages, and the other minutiae of real life, should be well understood. The meaning of a difficult passage is not unfrequently cleared of all obscurity by a knowledge of some matter which, regarded by itself, would be wholly unimportant. No interpreter will have proceeded far in his work, without experiencing the truth of this observation.

From the nature of the case, the light which history throws on the earlier parts of the Old Testament is much less than that which it sheds upon portions that were written at a later period, and especially upon the New Testament. We have indeed no history, on which we can rely as authentic, from the creation down to the captivity, except what is found in the Bible. The records to which we are so often referred for information respecting remote antiquity, are all of them of doubtful authority, while many of them are known to be but fables. But it should be remembered, that a knowledge of eastern history as far back as five or six centuries before the Christian era, is a most valuable introduction to what is more remote. The customs, habits, and modes of thinking, which are found to have prevailed at the time when authentic history commences, may reasonably be supposed to have had an existence long before. In ancient times, and especially in eastern countries, change was a thing hardly known. The mantle of the father fell unrent upon the son, and generation after generation passed away with scarcely a thought of innovation. So averse are the people of the East to any thing like change, that many usages which are recognized in the writings of Moses, and more especially in those of David and the prophets, still continue unimpaired among the present generation. The Arab in many places, where his religion has not transformed his whole character, is essentially the same as he was in the days when the

children of Israel passed through his coasts, on their way from Egypt to the promised land.

A want of historical knowledge has rendered well nigh void the labours of some acute and otherwise able commentators. This has been more particularly the case in regard to commentaries on the prophetic parts of scripture, where, more than any where else, the light of history is needed to keep one from running into strange and fanciful interpretations. Of the predictions contained in the prophets, not a few have already been fulfilled, and history points us to the time and circumstances of their fulfilment. Were our knowledge of the past more full and accurate, we should doubtless find that many predictions which are now supposed to have reference to events that are yet to come, have been long since accomplished. It is certain that not a few were accomplished in some few months or years from the time of their utterance, which have by many commentators been referred to distant ages, and even to the end of the world. The various writings which have appeared on the Apocalypse, furnish an illustration of the truth of this remark. Most of the events to which reference is made in the former half of this book, have, in our opinion, already taken place. That the seven seals were opened, and the seven vials poured out centuries ago, seems almost too plain, to a consistent interpreter, to require argument in defence of the position. And yet the majority of commentators who have come under our notice, have referred these representations to some far distant period in the future. How many glowing descriptions of the final judgment have been found in passages which were intended by the seer of Patmos to warn his contemporaries of scenes which their eyes were to behold before they had tasted death! Our views of the original design and meaning of this book may appear startling to some readers, but we believe they rest on the sure foundation of a correct interpretation.

There are two authors, with whom every one who undertakes to comment on the sacred writings, ought at the outset to make himself familiar. We refer to Philo Judæus and Flavius Josephus. The former of these was born some time before the birth of Christ, though the precise date of his birth has never been determined. He was of the sect of the Pharisees, and was deeply versed in the scriptures of the Old Testament, which he probably read in the Alexandrian version, being himself a Hellenistic Jew, and perhaps unacquainted with the Hebrew. The sentiments expressed in his works, and the phraseology which he employs, coincide in many instances with those of Paul and John in the New Testament; which may be accounted for by the fact, that he and they were accustomed to read the scriptures in the same translation of the Seventy. His writings contain

many quotations from the Old Testament, and were highly esteemed by the primitive church, as a repository of biblical knowledge. He gives us accounts of many customs among the Jews, of their opinions, as connected with the philosophy of the East, and of many facts respecting their condition under the Roman yoke, which throw great light on many passages of scripture.

Flavius Josephus every body knows as the animated and eloquent historian of the Jews. He was of sacerdotal extraction, and received a liberal education among the Pharisees, after which he went to Rome, where he cultivated his talents to great advantage. He was born in the thirty-seventh year of our era, and of course occupied a position from which he could look back upon the long train of events which had transpired among the Jews from their earliest history down to the time when their national existence was whelmed in final destruction. He wrote a history of the war of the Jews against the Romans, in seven books; a work on Jewish antiquities, in twenty books; two books vindicating the antiquity of the Jewish nation, against Apion, and an account of his own life. In his work on Jewish antiquities, he begins with the origin of the world and comes down to the twelfth year of the reign of Nero, when the Jews began to rebel against the Romans. The writings of this author are a fountain of light to one who wishes to obtain a thorough knowledge of the Jewish scriptures; and the facts which he relates respecting the civil and religious state of his nation about the time of the Saviour, are a great assistance to a right understanding of numerous passages in the New Testament. His account of the destruction of Jerusalem, one of the most painful narratives within the compass of history, shows us the accomplishment of our Saviour's prediction respecting the fall of that great and populous city, and the utter subversion of the Jewish polity. Michaelis regards the works of Josephus, from the beginning of Herod's reign to the end of the Jewish Antiquities, as affording the best commentary on the gospels and the Acts of the apostles, to which the student can have access.

In addition to a large and philosophical acquaintance with profane history in general, from its earliest era, the sacred commentator should be deeply read in the writings of the Christian fathers and of the Jewish doctors. The works of the former, notwithstanding the rubbish which encumbers them, are a rich storehouse of biblical, historical, and philosophical information, which may be turned to great account by the modern expositor. Many of the Christian fathers were men of deep and comprehensive erudition, and, from the age in which they lived, possessed many facilities for interpreting the sacred writings, which, except as they have come down through their works, must be

lost to distant generations. The knowledge of antiquity, of facts, and of opinions to which allusion is frequently made in the inspired writings, was a great advantage to them in their labours of exposition. They were intimately acquainted with the original language of the New Testament, and could more easily take their stand by the writers, appreciate the peculiarities of their circumstances and condition, and enter into their sympathies, and the various local, national, and hereditary views and feelings, which would naturally work themselves into their writings. Not a few of them were indefatigable students of holy writ. They applied themselves to the reading of the scriptures with an intensity of thought and pious admiration of their contents, which it becomes us to imitate. Such men as Origen, Chrysostom (John), Jerome, Theodoret, and Augustine, bishop of Hippo, were no drones or sciolists in the work of sacred criticism. It was their delight to investigate the meaning of the spirit, as it was impressed upon the sacred pages; and though their warm imaginations and love of philosophy sometimes carried them into the regions of chimera, where they sported with their own fantastic creations, and regaled their spirits from other streams, and amid other flowers, than bloom or flow in the land of the pure word of God, yet they cultivated the field of sacred interpretation with an assiduity and wisdom which could not fail to yield a rich and valued harvest of historical and doctrinal information. In the exposition of many recondite passages, they went below the surface, they sunk the shaft deep into the sacred mine, and laid bare and dug up gold, which others may now gather and coin for modern use. The man of a keen eye and sound judgment may visit the land, wilderness though it be in some respects, of the Christian fathers, to great profit, and return laden with riches of biblical information, which can no where else be found.

¶The principal danger to be guarded against, in consulting the early commentators as helps to a better understanding of different parts of the bible, is that of being led into an excess of allegorical interpretation, and of allowing too much weight to their philosophical and theological theories. Facts they generally state correctly, and their philological criticisms are often able and judicious. It should always be borne in mind when consulting them on points of philology, that their knowledge of the Greek was far greater than of the Hebrew. With the latter, their acquaintance was generally small, and their writings on the Old Testament should generally be regarded as commentaries on the version of the Seventy. Were we called upon to give our opinion, *en masse*, of the early fathers who commented on the sacred text, we should say with Luther, in

his commentary on Genesis ii., "The labours of the fathers demand our veneration; they were great men, but yet they were liable to mistakes; and they have committed mistakes." The student of their pages needs to be both wary and docile, gathering up the good, and casting the bad away.

The writings of the Jewish doctors in which, as has been said, the sacred commentator should be versed, are the Targums, the Apocryphal writings of the Old Testament, the Talmud, and the works of some distinguished rabbins, who, in later ages, have written commentaries on the Jewish scriptures. The word Targum is of Chaldee origin, and signifies, generally, any version or explanation; but it is now commonly used with reference to the versions or paraphrases of the Old Testament, which were made at different periods, in the Chaldee dialect. These versions or paraphrases, which are ten in number, give us the sum of the different parts of scripture in which they were written, as it was understood at different times by that peculiar people to whom the law was first given, and who, as Augustine observes, have been our librarians. The Targums of Onkelos, who is generally supposed to have been cotemporary with our Saviour, and of Jonathan ben Uzziel, concerning the time of whose birth there is some dispute, are most highly esteemed by the Jews, and receive from many of them a reverence which belongs only to the word of God. The former of these works, which comprises the Pentateuch, is written in a style of comparative purity, and is comparatively free from the idle legends which disgrace many of the Jewish writings. It is a version rather than a paraphrase, rendering the Hebrew text, word for word, with so much accuracy, that being set to the same musical notes with the original, it could be chanted in the same tone in the public assembly.¹

The Targums are of great use to a better understanding both of the Old and New Testaments. As to the former, they vindicate the genuineness of the Hebrew text, where it has been charged with corruption. They give us the meaning of many words in the Hebrew, which would otherwise be wholly doubtful, and hand down to us many of the ancient customs of the Jews, of which, without them, we should be ignorant. As to the New Testament, their principal use is in illustrating the phraseology, idioms, and turns of thought, which were peculiar to the age and country of the writers.

The Apocryphal books of the Old Testament, for which the world are indebted to the Alexandrian Jews and their descendants, are a valuable help to the sacred commentator, both as documents of history and as elucidating the style and phraseo-

¹ Horne.

logy of the New Testament. Some modern writers, and particularly Kuinoel, have made an important use of these writings in illustrating the evangelists and epistles.

The Talmud, a word which comes from a Hebrew root, signifying to *teach* or *indoctrinate*, is the great repository of the doctrines and opinions of the Jews. There are two works which bear this name, the Talmud of Jerusalem, and the Talmud of Babylon; the former of which, according to Prideaux,¹ was completed after the beginning of the fourth century, and the latter after the beginning of the sixth. Each of them is divided into two parts, the *mishna* or text, which is common to both, and the *gemara* or commentary. The former of these comprehends the laws, institutions, and rules of life, which, in addition to those contained in their sacred scriptures, the Jews felt themselves bound to observe; the latter is made up of the notions of learned rabbins, some of which are as wild and absurd as the mind of man can well conceive. The *mishna* is useful in elucidating many passages of the New Testament, where the phraseology is similar. The justly celebrated Light-foot has availed himself of its aid in his valuable writings on the inspired text. It may not be amiss to observe, that the Babylonish Talmud is in much the greatest repute among the Jews, and is the one intended whenever they use the word.

Among the principal Jewish commentators from whom the modern expositor may derive aid, are Maimonides, Jarchi, Aben Ezra, and Kimchi. From the works of these, much light has been thrown on some parts of the bible by some continental commentators.

Of course no one would recommend a servile adherence to the Jewish commentators, or constant consultation of their writings, when studying the sacred text. It is not worth while to enter a wilderness, unless there is some treasure there which you cannot find in the open field. The rule laid down by Ernesti is a good one for the modern commentator to follow, in reference to consulting the writings of the rabbins. "We are to seek for help," says he, "only in those cases where it is absolutely necessary; that is, where our knowledge of the Greek and Hebrew tongues does not afford us the means of ascertaining an easy sense, and one that corresponds with the context." The same distinguished scholar has laid it down as a rule of universal application, that we are to look into the Jewish writings for our principal information in every thing that pertains to their sacred rites, forms of teaching, and speaking; especially in the Epistle to the Romans, which evidently shows

¹ Prideaux's Works, Baltimore ed. 1833, Vol. I. p. 269, and Vol. II. p. 350.

its author to have been brought up at the feet of Gamaliel. He ought to have said the same, more especially, of the Epistle to the Hebrews, in which the apostle (we have no doubt as to the writer of this epistle) makes a still freer use of his Jewish learning.

Some very important thoughts on the utility of rabbinical literature to an expositor of the New Testament, may be seen in a discourse by the Rev. Dr. Blomfield, himself an able critic, entitled, "A Reference to Jewish Tradition, necessary to an Interpretation of the New Testament."

The importance of being acquainted with the opinions of the Jews at the time of our Saviour, may be seen in the fact, that much of the instruction given by himself and his apostles was intended to meet existing false doctrines, or to inculcate sentiments directly opposed to those generally held by the Jews. The first nine clauses, for instance, of the Sermon on the Mount, as recorded by the Evangelist Matthew, are all antithetic to notions prevalent at the time of its delivery, and their peculiar force and propriety cannot be seen by one who has not a knowledge of these notions. We must know the peculiar form of error which he was opposing, in order to catch the broad and glowing outline of the truths which he wished to establish in their minds.

Under this general division of our subject, we might proceed, did our limits permit, to remark on the value, to an expositor of the sacred writings, of an enlarged historical acquaintance with the ancient manuscripts. These he will have frequent occasion to consult, for a variety of purposes; and a knowledge of the time when and the circumstances under which they were made, he will find of no little practical utility. The business of collation may be left to other hands.

The modern expositor will of course not fail to avail himself of the labours of the distinguished Christian writers, who have composed or collected commentaries on the scriptures, since the time of the Christian fathers, both previously and subsequently to the reformation. The works of some of the reformers, particularly of Martin Luther and John Calvin, will afford him great assistance. The commentaries of the latter of these eminent students of the sacred text, have, in our opinion, seldom, if ever, been surpassed. For comprehensiveness, and strong logical consistency, we know not who has produced their equal. Nor was the German scholar less of a philologist than logician. He shows you his skill in biblical criticism, not by unfolding to you the process of his thoughts, in arriving at the meaning of a difficult passage, but by presenting you, as by a single stroke, with the original sense, both in its local and general bearings and connections. Scaliger said that no commentator

had better hit the sense of the prophets, than Calvin. His commentaries on the epistles, no one who has read them will pronounce otherwise than able. An edition of his writings on the New Testament has recently been published in Germany under the superintendence of Professor Tholuck, who we hope will be induced to bring out, as soon as possible, and in a convenient form, his commentaries on some of the most difficult parts of the Old Testament. Calvin on the Psalms, Isaiah, and Zechariah, would find a considerable sale, even in an American market.

It is further essential to the sacred commentator, that he be, in a greater or less degree, a theologian. By this we do not mean that he must be deeply read in what, at the present day, are termed systems of theology, the less of which he knows perhaps the better, but that he should have carefully examined, for himself, the doctrines of the bible in their logical and practical connections, and have cemented them together in his own mind, if we may use the expression, by a general and consistent philosophy. Let not the reader be startled at the word philosophy in this connection. Every man who reads the bible understandingly must be able, in a general sense, to see the consistency, not only of one part with another, but also of each of its doctrines with the others; and that system of reason by which he vindicates to his own mind the consistency and unity of these doctrines, we call his philosophy. The interpreter should be able to see a unity in the principles of the word of God, and the general adaptation of all its truths to one designed result. The more he knows of the character and ways of God, as they are revealed in his providence, the more likely will he be to put a right interpretation upon his written word. The mind of the Eternal is one, whether it be disclosed in nature or in revelation; and the man that has studied it in the one, will more readily discover and understand it in the other.

The phrase, analogy of faith, is a good one, by which to express the unity of the system of religious truth contained in the bible, and should not be laid aside, simply because its meaning has been misunderstood, and its principles misapplied by certain writers.

The importance of attending to analogy of faith, in its proper sense, in interpreting different parts of the inspired volume, is too obvious to require consideration; since if we take isolated passages by themselves, and construe them according to the strict, unmodified signification of the words, without any regard to what is taught in other passages, we might quote scripture by chapter and verse to support almost any error or imagination of our own. The German rationalist, who rejects the idea that the sacred writers were infallibly guided by inspiration, may con-

sistently take the liberty to array some passages against others, in proof of the limited and mistaken views of the several writers ; but the man that believes that it was the Spirit of God that dictated to them both how and what they should record, will not be satisfied that he has arrived at the true sense of a passage, till he can perceive, not only its local appropriateness, but its general bearing upon and its harmony with other *apparently* conflicting passages.

Some commentators have made strange work with scripture, by attempting to bring the sacred writings to their own standard of belief, or force them within the limits of their own previously formed creed. They have come to Paul, or John, or Peter, with a system of faith already matured in their mind, and with the adroitness of a barrister, who can use a statute for one purpose to-day, and, with as good a countenance, for its opposite to-morrow, have made the language of inspiration conform to their own preconceived and erroneous opinions. This has probably been the source of most of the doctrinal errors which infest the majority of commentaries. The writers have come to the book of God, not to learn from thence the beautiful and harmonious system of divine truth, which is there given to the world, but to find something there, by which they might corroborate the sentiments which they had previously imbibed, and which they now wish to defend. They have first built their house, and then sought the authority of inspiration as a rock on which it might stand. The interpreter who, at the outset, denies that the sacred writers were inspired, and so cares not what they teach, as he can correct their errors by his own reason, is certainly not less to be trusted for a true meaning of their words, than one who, though he acknowledges their infallibility, has equal or greater confidence in the infallibility of the creed he has formed without their aid.

Another requisite in the sacred commentator, which should not be overlooked, is that he be well versed in the nature and laws of figurative language. No writers have made a freer or bolder use of the various figures of speech, than the sacred penmen. The bible was intended principally as a book of instruction ; but this did not prevent the writers from employing the language of a rich and glowing imagination, whenever their purpose could be better accomplished by it, than by the use of literal expression. They often choose to teach in symbols, because, by so doing, they are more sure to reach the heart. This is the case, not only in the Old Testament, but also in many parts of the New. The language of Christ and his apostles is often highly figurative, and must be interpreted accordingly.

Several reasons may be assigned, why the sacred writers so frequently employ figurative language to express truth, which we should choose to express by literal. From the country and age of the world in which they lived, and their general habits of life, their imaginations were naturally more vivid than ours; their language was less copious, and of course they were compelled to depart further from the literal meaning of words to express their thoughts; and besides, the subjects on which they treat, are, many of them, such as we are obliged to approach through the meaning of figurative language. All language, as metaphysicians tell us, has primary reference to sensible realities, and hence, when we speak of truths which cannot be directly apprehended by, nor communicated through the senses, we must do it by a new or figurative application of expressions already formed for a different purpose.

The writer who is accustomed to present his thoughts in a figurative style, and while he enlightens the intellect by direct and forcible instruction, quickens the imagination of his reader by beautiful and glowing images, we usually denominate poetic. And we cannot here refrain from saying that, in our estimation, no book is so full of deep and genuine poetry as the bible. We would not even except the immortal works of the father of Grecian song. We now speak, not so much of the poetry of words, as of thought. The sacred writers, whether they compose in prose or in verse, are accustomed to *think* in poetry. Imagination gives a hue to all their most common conceptions; they live and move, not in the cold region of philosophy, but in the region of the poetic; they view and speak of things, as they appear to a plain, susceptible mind, trained in the school of nature and religion, and not as they are viewed and represented by one who has been taught to bring all creation into subjection to "cold material laws." This predominance of poetic feeling they could hardly avoid. They could not wander over the hills and bathe in the streams of their native Palestine, and tend upon their flocks, and gaze at night upon the full moon or twinkling stars, as they looked forth from the firmament in their beauty, and witness the frequent rush of the cataract from the mountains, without an excitement of their feelings. Their sensibilities could not sleep amid such scenes and objects to arouse them. Their habitual feelings must of course impress themselves upon their pages, where they now suffice to teach us, of a distant age and country, how coldly prosaic the world has become.

It is now generally admitted, not only that the sacred writings are vitally pervaded by a spirit of poetry, but that large portions of the Old Testament, in addition to the writings of David and Solomon, were originally and designedly composed

in verse. That the prophetic writings were originally metrical, was first discovered, among the moderns, by the celebrated Lowth, who, about the year 1753, published his invaluable Lectures on the Sacred Poetry of the Hebrews, and afterwards, about the year 1778, his new Translation of Isaiah with a Preliminary Dissertation. In the former of these works he devotes a few pages to a modest discussion of the question, whether the prophetic writings were designed to be read in verse; and in his Preliminary Dissertation, he endeavours to show, that there is a conformity in every known part of the poetical character, between the prophetic style and that of the books acknowledged to be metrical. This task he undertook and prosecuted in opposition to the general opinion of the learned world at his time. Vitringa, on authority deservedly great, had allowed that Isaiah's writings had a sort of numbers and measure, and had quoted Scaliger as being of the same opinion; but as adding, however, that they could not, on this account, rightly be called poetry. The Jews were also known to have believed, that the books of the prophets were written in prose. Jerome, who wrote his Translation of the Evangelical Prophet in a form which some might mistake for verse, cautions his readers against supposing it to be metre, as if it were any thing like the Psalms; for his division of the text into stichi, he says, was nothing more than was usual in the copies of the prose works of Demosthenes and Cicero. Since the time of Lowth, whose works soon found their way into Germany, few critics have questioned the correctness of his main position. His discovery has been of great and essential service to the art of prophetic interpretation. Michaelis, Herder, De Wette, and several other continental scholars, whose zeal in the study of Hebrew poetry was awakened through his writings, have contributed largely to the facilities for obtaining a thorough acquaintance with the poetical parts of scripture.

That figurative language, as well as literal, has its laws of interpretation, no one who has looked into the philosophy of mind will be disposed to deny. Its laws are different, it is true; they are its own, but they are not, therefore, the less permanent and immutable. The mind, when under sufficient excitement to prompt to the use of figures to express its thoughts, acts in accordance with certain principles prescribed by its own nature, which, when they are understood, are an almost infallible guide to the exposition of the meaning of the words employed. We must, however, suppose the mind to be left to its own spontaneous workings, *to follow its own free will*, untrammelled by the restraints of artificial criticism. The poet who has a system of artificial rules before his mind, when composing, would not admit of so easy an interpretation.

In investigating the principles of figurative language, with reference to the interpretation of scripture, special regard should be had to the allegory, several species of which occur in the sacred writings. An allegory is defined, by Dr. Blair, to be a continued metaphor (we quote from memory); as it is the representation of one thing by another that resembles it, or is made to stand for it. It differs from the common metaphor, in not being confined to a single word, or phrase, but extending to any desired number of successive thoughts. A picture, or a thing, may be employed allegorically, as well as words.

Of this figure, Bishop Lowth reckons three kinds: first, the Allegory, properly so called, which he terms a continued Metaphor; secondly, the Parable; and thirdly, the Mystical Allegory. In this last, he supposes a double meaning couched under the same words; as when a prediction, according as we interpret it, may be made to refer to different events, distant in time and place, and wholly distinct in their character. The principal characteristic of the mystical allegory is, that the imagery is all taken from several objects and their opposites, and must be conformable to literal truth; whereas, in the first kind above mentioned, the objects may be selected either from the realm of fact or of fiction, according to the pleasure of the writer. To this three-fold division we see no particular reason to object; the parable is certainly a species of allegory; nor do we question the general principle on which the epithet, *mystical*, is here applied to the last division of this figure, the authority of Michaelis, and several other distinguished critics, to the contrary notwithstanding. As we have said above, things may be employed allegorically, as well as words. The royal character and the dominion of David might be used to signify the character and dominion of the Messiah; and so, language, which, in its original and literal sense, was intended to apply to the son of Jesse, might have a mystical or secondary reference to the Son of God. An inspired apostle has informed us,¹

¹ We are aware that Professor Hahn, of Leipsic, whose name we have before mentioned, and for whose opinion, in biblical matters, we entertain generally a very high respect, has attempted to show that the apostle does not mean to say, that Hagar and Sarah were really and properly to be regarded as types of the Jewish and Christian churches, but that such was the interpretation adopted by the allegorizing rabbins, for whom the Galatians had a great respect, and to whose interpretation they would more readily listen. According to this view, the assertion of the apostle referred to (which may be found in Gal. iv. 24), is, in itself, no authority for supposing that *any* part of the Old Testament is allegorical. We shall only say here, that it has been generally supposed that the apostle was here delivering his *own* sentiments on this point, and not catching the Galatians *with guile*, by "taking them in their own way," in the words of Hahn. See Horne's Intro. to the Crit. Study of the Scriptures, vol. II. p. 632—Phil. ed. 1825.

that Hagar and Sarah represent, allegorically, the Jewish and Christian churches; and if we allow this representation to have been designed, either by God himself, or by the inspired writer who gives us their history, we must admit that the words employed, with direct reference to these two individuals, have a higher and more important application to the subsequent character and condition of the two churches. So when the Saviour spoke to his disciples of the approaching destruction of Jerusalem, in language which received an exact fulfilment in that distressing event, he may have intended that his words should turn their thoughts to the time of his final coming at the end of the world. The thing, the destruction of the great city, might be designedly typical of the final change or dissolution of the present material universe.

It will be seen that we suppose Lowth to mean by mystical allegory, essentially what is intended by many writers by the double sense of certain passages of scripture; that is, that things of which a description is given in literal language, are themselves representatives of other things, on which the eye of the spirit who directed and presided over the language, was fixed, as the grand object of the literal description. It is in this sense only, that we would be understood to advocate the doctrine advanced by this distinguished critic. We cannot say that we like the term *double sense*, on account of its liability to mislead; we should prefer, with Olshausen, to call it the *under sense* (*untersinn*); but it is not the name about which we would contend.

It would be a thankless task to attempt an enumeration of the errors into which different commentators have been led by an ignorance of the nature and design of figurative language. There is, however, one great and fundamental mistake connected with the interpretation of allegories, which has been so general, both with ancient and modern interpreters, and caused them to make such a wilderness of the word of God, that we cannot pass it unnoticed. This mistake consists in seeking for some definite, distinct meaning in every circumstance embodied in the original narration. It originates in the supposition that every part of an allegory, or symbolical piece of scripture, is in itself significant of some truth intended to be represented, and capable of an exact interpretation. For instance, in the parable of the good Samaritan, or of Dives and Lazarus, or of the unjust judge, every circumstance in the fictitious narrative is supposed to have an exact correspondence with, and to be designedly representative of some particular moral truth. Of course the powers of invention must often be stretched to the utmost to carry out the comparison, and when it is completed, and the interpretation given, the whole, or much of it at least, is fanciful and ridiculous. As an illustration of our meaning, let us take a partial

interpretation of the first mentioned parable—that of the good Samaritan, as given by one who connects every circumstance in the narrative with some particular or real verity. The traveller, who went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, is a man wandering in the wilderness of this world; the thieves, who robbed him, are evil spirits; the priest, who offered him no relief, is the Levitical law; the Levite is good works; the good Samaritan is Christ; the oil and wine are grace; and the other minutiae of the story equally and separately significant.

This principle of minute, circumstantial specification, has, until recently, been very generally applied in the interpretation of the prophetic writings, but more especially of the apocalypse. Every circumstance, or incident, which stood before the mind of the sacred seer, in the vision of coming events, it has been supposed, must have a corresponding reality in the fulfilment. The historian, who should live after the fulfilment, must be able to see the exact and complete picture in the past, which the prophet beheld in the future. There is no wonder that interpreters of prophecies, who have proceeded upon this principle, have greatly fallen out with each other by the way. Their confusion of tongues is just what we should expect.

Connected with the interpretation of the symbolical parts of scripture, there are two facts, which should be constantly kept in mind, and an attention to which will relieve the interpreter of much of the perplexity which has usually attended the labours of commentators. The first of these facts is, that a symbolical, or figurative representation in scripture, is intended to teach or to illustrate some *ONE principal truth, or fact*, and not a multiplicity of truths, or facts. For example: the parable of the good Samaritan, above referred to, is designed to illustrate the *extent of the duty of beneficence*. This is the object of the narrative, which is, therefore, to be taken as a unity—the whole bearing upon this particular point. The second fact is, that though figurative representations are intended to teach, or illustrate, each, some single and principal truth, or fact, yet the sacred writers are wont to introduce into their narrations, or representations, many circumstances which have no direct bearing upon the illustration of the truth, or fact in question, but only serve to give a naturalness and consistency to the picture in which they set it before the mind. They behold, in vision, what they wish to exhibit, and endeavour to hold it up to the mind of the reader in the same glowing and impressive form under which it is apprehended by themselves. Their fictitious narratives are descriptive paintings, in which there are many things thrown in simply to give verisimilitude, or concinnity, to the whole picture, and which, in themselves, have no particular significance.

We should not have written the above paragraph, did we not suppose the suggestions contained in it as applicable to the interpretation of large portions of the prophetic writings, as to the proper explanation of acknowledged allegory. We believe that the prophet, like the author of a parable, usually had some one great truth in view, when he uttered a prediction, and that the prediction, *as a whole*, is fitted to direct the mind to that truth, while many of the circumstances, embraced within the outline, were not intended in themselves to have any significance, but merely to give beauty, expressiveness, and verisimilitude to the whole representation.

We believe, with the learned and pious Hengstenberg, that the prophets generally received their communications respecting the future, *in mental vision*, that is, by the presentation of images, or pictures, to the mind, which, being once admitted, it were natural to suppose that they would fill up and adorn their representations with much that would have no literal correspondence in the fulfilment. The prophecy contained in the thirteenth and fourteenth chapters of Isaiah, furnishes an illustration of our meaning. 'That prediction has been fulfilled; Babylon has fallen; but was it literally accomplished, in all its particulars? If the reader has any curiosity on this subject, let him compare this prophecy with that contained in the twenty-first chapter of the same prophet, which relates to the same event, and then look at the history of the destruction of that great city of the East, as given by the best authorities, the general correctness of which we have no reason to question, and he will be satisfied that much of the representation, as it stands in the inspired prophet, is nothing more than costume, with which the writer chose to adorn his description. The overthrow of Babylon, by the Medo-Persian army, was the truth he designed to teach; the particulars connected with the siege, and the manner of its subversion, he did not intend to describe.

To the mistakes into which commentators on the Apocalypse, both ancient and modern, have generally fallen, we have alluded in another part of this article. We there attributed their misconceptions of the meaning of this writing, in part, to a deficiency of historical knowledge. But the chief source of their errors has been, an ignorance of the nature and design of symbolical language. While they have not, at least many of them, looked for a literal fulfilment of the words of the vision, they have supposed that every thing seen and described by the writer must have reference to some specific and corresponding event, which was future at the time of the composition of the book. They have, accordingly, undertaken to study each chapter and verse, by itself, and to decipher the meaning of each successive

image, as it occurs in the order of the vision. Unable to find, in history, any thing correspondent to all the separate and detached images there presented to the mind, some of them have rejected the whole as a sealed book; while others, of keener optics, and more confidence in their own imaginations, have seen, in the history of the world, from the fall of Jerusalem to their own time, a gradual and exact developement of the prophecy. One has found in it all the particulars of the life of the apostate Julian; another, a circumstantial history of the French revolution; and should another arise about this time, and adopt the same principles of interpretation, he would probably be able to direct our eyes to some part of the vision which was fulfilled in the recent subjugation of Poland, or in the abolition of slavery in the West Indies.

Now, although we are not prepared to say, with Eichhorn, and some others, that the whole of this book is a regular drama, yet we do not hesitate to hazard the assertion, that a few simple truths only lie at the foundation of this book, and that the specific, definite statements of the writer, in the minor parts of his descriptions, are intended simply to give vivacity and interest to the general representation. Like those parts of the prophetic writings, to which we have referred, the whole piece is symbolical. The sacred seer had a vision in Patmos; this vision he has presented to us, not through the medium of literal painting, addressed to the bodily eye, but through verbal description, adapted to meet the eye of the mind, and adorned with imagery, which, regarded according to its original design, renders the whole most impressive and delightful. No one can look up at the picture which he has drawn, without confessing that his strokes are those of a master hand, and his colouring rich and gorgeous, altogether beyond the creations of a modern, or western imagination.

It appears strange to us, that it has so seldom occurred to interpreters that it is possible to paint by words, on the page of a book, as well as by the pencil on the canvass, and that the symbolical representations of scripture are intended to teach historical and moral truths, in the same way in which they would be taught by a Raphael, were he inspired to teach them by his own art. Once conceive that the prophets *saw*, in mental vision, the events which they were directed to describe, and you can easily believe that they would naturally labour to present the picture, that was before their own minds, to the minds of their readers. In order to gain their object, and make others *see* what they saw, they would, of course, be obliged to combine, in their verbal descriptions, all the minutiae which the painter would throw into his picture, to give it completeness and verisimilitude.

When the commentator has become well skilled in the rules for interpreting figurative language, he must next seek for some principles, by which he may determine whether a word, or a succession of words, is to be taken in a literal, or in a figurative sense. This is a matter of great practical importance; since, if we regard, as literal, words or passages which, in themselves, are intended to be figurative, or as figurative, such as are intended to be literal, the pure words of truth may be, to us, a prolific source of error. The heresy of the Anthropomorphites, of the tenth century (if in opposition to Schlegel, we may call it a heresy), consisted in a mistaken adherence to the letter of scripture. They regarded the Almighty as possessing a human form, and sitting upon a golden throne, and his angels as winged men, clothed in white robes. They made heaven, not a *sensual*, but a material paradise, and, of course, limited the future blessedness of the righteous to the capabilities of a material existence. The Gnostics, and more particularly the Manicheans, who were properly a branch of this sect, afford an instance of the opposite error. It was a doctrine of their philosophy, that every thing concrete and corporeal was intrinsically and essentially evil; whence they were compelled to deny the real humanity of Christ, and the doctrine of a future resurrection of the body. They supposed the Saviour to have been man, and to have suffered and died only in appearance—construing, figuratively, a large class of texts, which the inspired writers designed should be understood in their literal sense. We know not that there is a very great tendency to this error, at the present day; but when we see certain commentators allegorizing the whole story of Eden, from the planting of the garden to the expulsion of man from this home of primeval innocence and joy, we cannot but feel that there is danger of falling into this, as well as into the other extreme.

In ordinary cases, a few simple rules, such, for instance, as are given by Ernesti, will enable one to determine whether a single word or phrase is to be taken in a literal, or in a figurative sense. But when we ascend from single words and phrases to extended combinations, and inquire whether this or that passage, which is, perhaps, a narrative, was intended to be understood literally, or allegorically, we may find greater difficulty in deciding. Judging from the past history of commentary, we should say, that in nothing is the interpreter more likely to fail, than in his attempts to find the happy medium in this matter. The excess to which the ancient allegorists carried the business of *spiritualizing* the sacred text, is a warning to the student of the Bible, not rashly to depart from the literal, or grammatico-historical sense; and the unwillingness of many modern inter-

preters to allow any other than this sense, should put him on his guard against trusting too much to the letter.

Origen, and the school of Christian mystics who succeeded him, often manifest great contempt for the literal meaning of scripture; and, what the Christian allegorists of the preceding century, among whom were Pantænus and Clemens Alexandrinus, did not venture to do, they turned a great part of biblical history into fables, and many of the laws into allegories. This practice they probably learned, in part, from the school of Ammonius, which explained Hesiod, Homer, and the whole fabulous history of Greece, allegorically. It is easily seen, that such a mode of interpretation, subjecting, as it does, every part of the sacred oracles to the crucible of one's own imagination, must often transmute the original meaning into the absurdest fantasies, and convert the word of God, a rock to those who rest upon it, into floating clouds, at which one may look and gaze himself away into a dreamy or ideal existence, but which can afford no solid support amid the trying exigencies of actual life. From the time of Origen, to the present, there have always been those who attached great importance to the spiritual meaning of many parts of scripture, which others have understood literally. The name of Cocceius will readily occur to the mind of the reader, as the founder of a school of interpreters of this class, in the seventeenth century.

The German rationalists, to whom as philologists and laborious students of antiquity we are ever ready to acknowledge our obligations, appear to us to be quite as far from the true medium, as were Origen and his followers. They stand at the opposite extreme. They see no deep spiritual significance in any part of the sacred volume; no deep from beneath its surface calls unto a hidden deep in their own souls, to waken, by its sympathetic voice, a thousand dormant energies of the immortal spirit, which struggle upward, striving after spiritual perfection. All with them is literal—letter—letter—letter. They study the book of God as they study Homer or Aristotle, as a book of words. And well may they do it; for they believe the bible to be simply the word of man. It will be understood, that we here use the term literal, as opposed to spiritual, and not to allegorical, in the common rhetorical sense of the word. No writers find more figurative language in the bible than the rationalists, but they allow no spiritual meaning either to the figures or to separate words of scripture.

We are sorry to say that, among modern interpreters, not a few whose religious creed is entirely opposed to that of the neologist, and who give evidence of a truly pious intention, have fallen into the error of overlooking or denying much of the spiritual import of the sacred oracles. They allow

nothing to be typical in the Old Testament, which is not expressly declared to be so in the New; and in the words of Christ and his apostles, they find little that addresses itself to the deeper and more rudimental feelings of humanity. They are too exclusively philologists, and commenting with them is too mechanical a business. A dread of mysticism has seized them, and rather than approach even the borders of the region where a burning imagination may impair or overcome the judgment, they choose to dwell in the frosty land of mere verbal explanation. This is a fault, which in our opinion, is characteristic of the works of some German commentators, whose sentiments are known to be evangelical, and too much so of the works of the father of biblical criticism in America.

We had intended to say something on the present state of biblical interpretation, both in Europe and in this country, but the length to which this article is already extended, admonishes us to be brief. We cannot, however, refrain from saying, that we believe, that both the science and the art of interpretation have reached a point, in their ascending progress, which they never before attained. In Germany, the fountain head of biblical learning, the true principles of scripture exposition are better understood, and more generally adopted, than they have been at any former period. Not a few of the neological critics are approaching more nearly to the standard of evangelical sentiment, and their explanations of the bible becoming more and more conformed to the spirit which actuated the sacred writers. The exact critical method of interpretation, which, in the hands of men no less distinguished for their infidel philosophy than for their philological acumen, has converted the bible into a frozen ocean, and left the soul of the reader to contract and perish from the cold of the surrounding atmosphere, has begun to be successfully employed in subservience to the high and more divine purpose of eliciting from the sacred volume the pure and living meaning of the spirit by whom its writers were guided. Such men as Neander, Hug, Tholuck, Hengstenberg, Havernick, and Olshausen, are rearing a magnificent spiritual superstructure, on the critical foundations which the neological commentators have contributed largely in laying.

With the present state of biblical interpretation in England, we do not profess to be minutely acquainted. The fact, however, that we so seldom receive a work on the bible of an evangelical character from the booksellers of our mother land, or see one announced in their quarterly advertisements, is evidence, that British genius and industry are not, to any considerable extent, directed to the critical investigation of the scriptures. While we are occasionally presented with a work like Dr. Blomfield's

Critical Digest of Sacred Annotation on the New Testament, or his Compendious Commentary on the same, which indicates a progress in biblical interpretation, we believe that little comparatively is now doing, either in the established church or among the dissenters, in the way of critical and learned exposition. The extensive work of the late excellent Dr. Adam Clarke, is in some respects an advance on preceding writers, but it cannot be called a good commentary. With great apparent depth and copiousness of learning, it contains much that is really superficial. Professor Pusey of the university of Oxford, in a letter addressed a few years since to Professor Tholuck, in which he gives a brief account of the state of theological literature in England, says, "in these branches" (interpretation and criticism) "but little has been done." According to the same authority, the exegetical works most commonly used by the English clergy, are Lowth, Whitby, Hammond, etc. while some few resort to German commentators, or perhaps to Chrysostom and Theophylact. Doddridge on the New Testament is, we presume, in use among the dissenters.

From what English mind could do, were it to direct its energies that way, for the cause of biblical interpretation, and from the recent critical labours of such men as Professor Lee and Thomas Hartwell Horne, who are preparing the way for a more thorough and correct understanding of the sacred text, we cannot but hope that, ere long, we shall be able to import from our mother country and in our own tongue, as valuable helps to the critical study of the bible as we now receive from the continent. Not that we suppose that the English commentator will soon be changed into the German, or become as laborious and patient a philologist; but we think that the good sense of the former, taking advantage of the critical labours of the latter, may produce exegetical works of greater merit than the world has yet seen.

In the present state of biblical literature on this side of the Atlantic, there is much to gratify and encourage the American scholar and divine. Considering the recent date of the first efforts among us to promote a critical and thorough knowledge of the scriptures, we are rather surprised at the progress we have made, than at our present deficiency in biblical learning. We do not wish to draw comparisons, but we believe it is generally admitted that the standard of theological education, and particularly in the department of sacred literature, is higher in America than in England. We have our professional seminaries, at some of which, at least, candidates for the christian ministry are expected to reside several years previously to their entering upon official duties. During this term of residence, considerable attention is given to the Greek and Hebrew scrip-

tures, and frequently, if not generally, the art and science of interpretation is a distinct branch of study. In England, (we now speak with reference to the established church, for we have no means of knowing the usual course of theological education among the dissenters,) there is, according to Professor Pusey, no direct theological education for candidates for holy orders. It is true, the universities have, in theory, a professional character; the statutes of Oxford, and we presume those of Cambridge also, requiring candidates for orders to spend several years in attendance upon the lectures of the divinity professor. But this condition is dispensed with in fact, and the candidate permitted to prepare himself for his examination, before the bishop, in any way he may choose. Private study at home forms the general preparation. It should be recollected here, that in the English universities much more attention is given to the learned languages than is done in our colleges, and that those who choose may receive instruction in Hebrew, and other branches connected with the critical study of the bible, before they receive their first degree.

A history of what has been done in our country within a few years, for the advancement of sacred literature, would suffice to show that American talent has by no means neglected this important department of knowledge. Twenty or thirty years since, the theological student looked in vain in our bookstores for the apparatus necessary to a successful prosecution of the study of the original scriptures. His eye might occasionally light upon a Hebrew grammar, or lexicon, or a commentary on the original text, but they were all from a far country, and most of them in a foreign tongue. The libraries of our colleges and other institutions were also comparatively destitute of suitable helps for a critical understanding of the bible. In the department of commentary, the student was generally obliged to content himself with such writers as Henry, Scott, Poole, Doddridge, Whitby and Gill.

Such was the state of things, essentially, when Professor Stuart of the theological seminary at Andover was called to the chair of sacred literature in that institution. There was not a Hebrew grammar, nor lexicon, nor any treatise on interpretation in the English language, which was adapted to the wants of a theological class, in his department of instruction. Nor was there much taste in the community for the study of the original scriptures. In 1821, Professor Stuart published a Hebrew grammar with a copious syntax and praxis, which has since passed through five editions in this country, and we think nearly as many in England. The basis of this work was the Hebrew grammar of Gesenius, published in 1817, the appearance of which, says Professor Stuart, in an early edition of his

own, must form an era in Hebrew literature. Accompanying this grammar was a little work entitled, a "Dissertation on the importance and best method of studying the original languages of the Bible, by Jahn and others." The next year, the excellent little manual of Ernesti, entitled "Elements of Interpretation," was translated from the Latin by Professor Stuart, who added notes and an appendix, containing extracts from Morus, Beck, and Keil. In 1824, the manual Hebrew lexicon of Gesenius, abridged by the author himself from his large work in two volumes, appeared in an English dress from the hands of Mr. J. W. Gibbs, now professor of sacred literature in Yale College. The next year, Professor Robinson, then of Andover, gave to the American public a translation and revision of Wahl's invaluable lexicon of the New Testament. The appearance of these and some other works of a kindred character, so nearly at the same time, gave an impulse to biblical learning in New England, and through the country, which, we doubt not, will be felt by distant generations. No sooner had our theological students begun to read the scriptures with ease in the original, than they sought for commentaries on the Greek and Hebrew text. Unable to find these either at home or in the land of their fathers, they went over to the continent, and drew upon the philological treasures which had been accumulating under the diligent hands of the Germans. Since that time much use has been made, in the interpretation of scripture, of such writers as Kuinoel, Rosenmüller, Titmann, De Wette, Bretschneider, Jahn, and Gesenius. We need not say, that the theology of many of the ablest German philologists finds few friends among those who, on this side the water, seek their acquaintance merely as guides in the study of language and biblical antiquities. Among the works in the department of biblical criticism which have recently been translated and published in our country, in addition to the one at the head of this article, we may mention Herder's *Spirit of Hebrew Poetry*, a charming work, Planck's *Introduction to Sacred Philology and Interpretation*, and Hug's *Introduction to the New Testament*. This last work, which is the most able of its kind of any thing we have seen, was translated and published in England a few years since; but the translation was so imperfect, that the American publishers procured a new version of the whole work. We understand that a translation of Hengstenberg's *Christology* is in press, and also that Olshausen's *Commentary on the Gospels* is in the hands of a translator. Professor Robinson has nearly completed a translation of Gesenius's *Hebrew Lexicon*, which will be given to the public in a few months. A new *Greek and English Lexicon of the New Testament*, by Professor Robinson, is also in press and will soon appear. The

basis of this work is probably the *Lexicon* of Wahl, to which allusion has been made, but the whole is undergoing such a revision and receiving such additions, as to entitle it to the reputation of a new work. From our knowledge of Professor Robinson, and the labour he is bestowing on this lexicon, we do not hesitate to say, that it will be superior to any New Testament lexicon that has ever appeared in any language. Besides being a book of verbal explanations, it will be a compendious commentary on all the books of the New Testament.

We have said nothing of the commentaries which have been produced on this side of the water, within the last few years. The principal of these are the two works of Professor Stuart, the one on the Epistle to the Romans, the other on the Epistle to the Hebrews, and the recent work of Professor Hodge, of Princeton, on the Epistle to the Romans. The commentaries of Professor Stuart have acquired a deserved celebrity with a large class of divines, and we believe they are acknowledged by all to be equal, if not superior, in philological merit, to any others which have appeared in the English language. The principal exceptions which have been made to them, have been made on theological grounds. They are upon the German plan, their chief object being to develop the precise meaning of the text; but the author is too fond of theological disquisition to conceal, at all times, his peculiar doctrinal and metaphysical views. These works have been republished in England, where they have received no small praise. The work of Professor Hodge we have not had time carefully to examine, but believe it will be found worthy of the age and of the institution from which it emanates. It appears to be sufficiently critical, and is certainly candid and judicious. In addition to these principal commentaries, we might mention the notes on several of the books of the Pentateuch, by Professor Bush of the New York university, and also notes on the Gospels, Acts, and Epistle to the Romans, by Albert Barnes of Philadelphia. A version of the books of Job, Psalms, Isaiah, Hosea, Amos, Joel, and Micah, has been made by Mr. George R. Noyes, which in many respects possesses very considerable merit.

Perhaps some foreign reviewer may pertinently say, that America has produced no elaborate, original work in the department of sacred literature. We are ready to confess that we have no Vitringa, who can show his two folios of commentary upon a single book of the canon; nor Lowth nor Herder, who has unlocked the rich stores of Hebrew poetry; nor Lightfoot, who has entered the arcana of Jewish lore, brought out its riches, and cast them into an available form for the use of subsequent interpreters; nor Griesbach, who has nicely balanced the conflicting claims of the thousand different readings of the Greek

text of the New Testament; nor Gesenius, who has fathomed the depths of oriental philology. We have no such names as these, nor is it at all to our disparagement that we have not. They are not the growth of new soil; they are to be looked for only in countries where the sons find the foundations of biblical learning deeply laid in the labours of the fathers, and where men may give their days and their nights to uninterrupted study. It is enough for us at present that we have biblical scholars whose talents and industry are procuring them a name among the candid of other countries, and whose efforts are diffusing a sound and healthful knowledge of the scriptures among the rising millions of this western world. We have no special desire to be considered original; we have no particular respect for what the world in these days calls originality. In biblical matters, we esteem the man who selects, arranges, and condenses judiciously, what able critics have said before him, as great a benefactor to those who could not have access to or read the originals, as one who should spend his life in search after something new, with which he might astonish the learned world. We care not whence the commentator obtains his ore, provided the metal he extracts from it be good, and he coin it skilfully, so that there shall be no fraud nor deception to those who receive it.

The translation of the commentary on the gospel of St. John, upon which we shall now add a few words, is a welcome addition to the exegetical works already in the hands of the American divine. The writings of the beloved disciple, and particularly his gospel, are, in our opinion, more difficult of a full and adequate exposition, than any other part of the New Testament. An examination of the different commentaries which have appeared on this gospel, will justify this opinion. Not that his words are far-fetched, or their collocation strained or artificial,—for no writer could possibly exhibit greater simplicity and naturalness of expression; but there is a reach of thought and depth of spiritual meaning in his sentences, which few minds are prepared to appreciate or to see. He addresses himself not simply to the intellect, but to the more refined and spiritual sensibilities of the inner man. Even in his narrations it is apparent that his eye is on the heart, and that it is the conscience which he is aiming to excite. He is desirous of awaking in the bosom of the reader a deep response to the sweet voice of Divine love, which shall result in a living union between the spirit of the reader and the spirit of the Divine Redeemer. This peculiarity in the writings of this apostle, which is the one that renders them so precious and refreshing to the unlearned and unsophisticated Christian, has been a great stumbling-block to many modern interpreters, and presents a real difficulty to the man

who looks at every thing in the inspired volume as addressed, simply or principally, to the intellect or ratiocinative faculty. Hahn lays it down as a fundamental principle, that the interpreter of holy writings should be himself a holy man, and come to the reading of the holy scriptures with a heart open and longing for all that is good, true, and divine. His meaning, when generalized, we suppose to be, that the spirit of the interpreter must harmonize with the spirit of the original writer, consciousness meeting consciousness, and heart responding unto heart. Without this, there are many writers that we can not interpret, even philologically. The man who would understand the words of a poet, and make them the medium of the poet's thoughts to his own mind, must have the spirit and sensibilities of a poet. *Paradise Lost* was a sealed book; its very lines were unintelligible, to the mathematician who looked for a *quod erat demonstrandum* at the close. The spirit of our evangelist, which so delicately pervades every part of his gospel, is so diverse from the spirit of man, in its native untrained state, that most interpreters have failed to penetrate and disclose the rich, full meaning of his language.

Professor Tholuck, who has had the diligence and intrepidity to present the world with a commentary on this difficult book of scripture, is the man whom, above all others within our knowledge, we should have selected for so important a work. He possesses, in an eminent degree, all the requisites of a commentator, which we noticed above. Though less than forty years of age, he has acquired by his talents, industry, and Christian spirit, a greater personal influence and reputation among his countrymen, than is possessed by any other theologian of Germany. At the early age of twenty-three, he wrote a treatise on the nature and moral influence of heathenism, especially among the Greeks and Romans, viewed in the light of Christianity, which Gesenius, though differing widely from its author in religious opinions, pronounced the ablest performance that had appeared on the subject. He has also written a work on Sin, and a Commentary on the Epistle to the Romans, each of which, it is said, (we have not read the former of these at all, nor the latter carefully,) would confer upon their author an enviable reputation. The principal languages of modern Europe, as the translator informs us in his preface, he speaks with ease and fluency; the Latin and Greek, if we may judge from his writings, are almost like his vernacular tongue; and his acquaintance with poetry and philosophy, both ancient and modern, as extensive and thorough as perhaps that of any other man living. In addition to his labours as a professor of theology, and liberal contributions to the theological and philosophical literature of his country, he has edited some valuable

works, among which are the Commentaries of Calvin on the New Testament, as we before stated. From what we have been able to learn of his character as a scholar, he is not only a man of native genius and versatility of mind, but of great literary enterprise. The eyes of his mind are every where, and he is constantly gathering up treasures of learning, which few others would have either the keenness of observation to discover, or the diligence to accumulate.

But what is most interesting to us in the character of this distinguished man, is his sincere and ardent love of truth. He is a man of deep and glowing piety. His influence is consecrated to the promotion of evangelical religion. The reader of his writings need not be at all afraid of being injured by a concealed, insidious rationalism.

The grand and distinctive merit of this work of Professor Tholuck, is its deep and living philosophic spirit. The author shows that he does not belong to that school of divines who are obliged to dis sever their philosophy from their religion, to prevent the latter from being destroyed by the chill embraces of the former, like Laocöon in the folds of the serpents. Tholuck's philosophy is religion, and his religion is philosophy, as must always be the case where the two things are rightly named and rightly apprehended. The very touch of a false philosophy is, we know, polluting to religion; but this does not make it appear that true philosophy and true religion were not intended to be mutual helpers, nay, *to be one flesh*. In the mind that has right apprehensions of spiritual truth, its connexion with and regency over the whole intellectual and moral worlds, they neither are nor can be separated. The Author of all truth has made them one, and the theologian who makes them twain does it because of the hardness of his heart.

We are aware that it is the fashion of the day, to advocate a perpetual divorce of philosophy and religion, and to sound an alarm, for the safety of the people, before the author that shall have attempted a union of the two. The usual cry of the alarmist is, mysticism, or incipient heresy, either of which words is sufficient to make the honest Christian put his fingers in his ears and flee from the seductive song of the approaching charmer. This state of things does not excite our wonder, when we consider the character of the metaphysical philosophy which, for the last century, has been lord of the ascendant in some of our schools of theology. As friends of spiritual religion, we are ourselves afraid of such philosophy, and should no more think of advocating its union with the religion of the bible, than the union of cold with heat, or death with life. There is no natural or possible consentaneousness between the two things. As one predominates, the other must dis-

appear. But it is not so with the philosophy of the work before us. The philosophy of Tholuck is a vital principle, which guides, and chastens, and strengthens the understanding, thus calling forth the soul from its captivity to sin, and casting up a high-way for its return to its native land of holiness and peace. It is neither mysticism nor empyricism, but truth, living, spirit-pervading, harmonious truth.

The introduction to this work, which is divided into seven sections, is peculiarly interesting and valuable. We have never seen so much pleasant and relevant matter, in so small a compass, at the opening of such a work. The subjects of the different sections are the following: 1st, the life of John; 2d, his character; 3d, the language, time, and place, together with the object of his gospel; 4th, the peculiar character and style of the gospel; 5th, the sources of the gospel; 6th, its authenticity; and 7th, the most important commentaries upon it.

The author supposes that the father of the evangelist was in easy circumstances, and afforded his son the means of early instruction, by which his mind might be prepared for its future growth. The mother of John appears to have been a pious woman, and probably formed his mind for a ready reception of the doctrines of the new dispensation. Tradition states, that after the ascension of Christ, John did not leave Jerusalem till the death of the mother of Jesus, which, according to Eusebius, occurred A. D. 48. He afterwards went into the regions of Asia Minor, whence he was banished to the isle of Patmos by one of the Roman emperors, where he saw the visions of the Apocalypse. He probably wrote his gospel at Ephesus, at a period somewhat earlier than the year 100.

The language in which this gospel was written, our author believes to have been the Greek. This he does in opposition to Salmasius, Grotius, and Bolton, who assume an original text in the Syro-Chaldaic.

Tholuck does not admit that the apostle, when writing this gospel, had a fixed polemico-doctrinal object in view, though he does not deny that he incidentally refers here and there to the perverted doctrinal tendencies by which he saw himself surrounded. In the prologue, he admits, there is a manifest reference to the idle inquiries of the hellenistic Jewish theosophy. Our author does not admit that John *designed* to give a more spiritual representation of the doctrines and life of the Redeemer, than the other evangelists had done before him, and still less, that he intended any opposition to what they had written. Clemens, of Alexandria, says that John, seeing the *carnal* had been set forth in the other gospels, and being urged by his friends and inspired by the Holy Spirit, wrote a *spiritual* gospel. This statement Tholuck would answer, as Herder has

done—that if John's gospel be a gospel of the spirit, the others are not gospels of the flesh. That John, however, has given us a more full spiritual portraiture of the Redeemer than any other evangelist, our author does not question. He attributes this fact to the peculiar temperament, intellectual and moral, of the apostle. He was one of those favoured spirits that readily conform themselves to the pattern which they determine to follow. By long and delightful intercourse with the Saviour, he had imbibed much of his spirit, and become greatly transformed into his image, so that his thoughts and mode of expression would naturally partake much of the depth and spirituality of those of his divine example. Tholuck adopts the general opinion, that John may have intended to supply, in his gospel, some of the omissions which he observed in the other evangelists.

The general style of this gospel is characterized, according to our author, by an equality of tone, a tranquillity and self-collectedness, and a sublime simplicity, which originate in a holy seriousness and mildness, and deep intensity of love. The following beautiful passage from Claudius, is happily introduced. "I like best to read in the gospel of John. There is something so very wonderful in it—twilight and night, and through them the quick flash of the lightning! A soft evening cloud, and behind the cloud, lo, there is the large full moon! There is in it something so melancholy, so sublime and foreboding, that you cannot get tired of it. When reading John I always feel as if I saw him before me, lying on the bosom of his master, at the last supper; as if his angel were holding my light, and at certain passages wishing to embrace me, and to say something into my ear. I am far from understanding all that I read; still it often seems as if that which John meant were floating before me in the far distance; and even when I cast my eyes upon a place that is quite dark, I have nevertheless a presentiment of a great and beautiful meaning, which I shall understand at some future time, and therefore do I take up so joyfully every new interpretation of the gospel of John. True it is, that most of them are playing with the evening cloud, and leave the moon behind it entirely out of sight!"

ART. III.—*Yarrow Revisited, and other Poems.* By WILLIAM WORDSWORTH. London, 1835.

It is but a few years since the name of Wordsworth was really repulsive, and though utterly ignorant of his writings, like most or all of our generation, we heard of him with disregard or dislike. A part of this feeling was undoubtedly owing to the homage we then paid to the authority and influence of the individual who was lord of the ascendant, in the realms of poetry; the rest was gathered in the usual loose way with which men receive opinions; from report, idle remark, or bad feeling and taste. The result was repugnance to his very name as a poet, and contempt for his character as a man. We listened to the calumny and depreciation of his talents with all the indifference of one who feels no interest, or rather, perhaps, with a sense of gratification, as tending to increase the regard with which we looked upon our idol; certainly without the least suspicion that we were doing injustice and wronging ourselves, as well as another, and were merely joining in the echo of an universal lie. Our awakening to the truth was with something of the amazement with which the mind receives the sudden and unexpected opening of a fine view on a dull road, or the still more rapturous sensation with which we look on a new and beautiful country after a tempestuous voyage, and finding, instead of the monotonous deep, a land glowing with the splendour of the morning light; or with that extreme joy when entire repose follows long continued excitement, and we have been borne, unreflectingly, on the turbid current of our passions and our pleasures. The minds of men were accustomed to the violent life and fierce feelings that were produced by the character and incidents of the time, and it was not to be wondered at that one who lived in seclusion, and appeared but little, or not at all, on the troubled ocean of events, should subside into insignificance and obscurity. It was the natural and necessary result of a strongly operative cause. There was no room in men's hearts—no home among their thoughts or affections—for the calm voice of a solitary and tranquil spirit. There was with him no ministering to the heat of bad passions. He did not obtrude his advice or his opinions on the unwilling ear of society, nor enforce them with a ferocious audacity and impudence. Like the oracle, he stood aloof from human interests, and thence possessed a clearer judgment of things as they occurred. He hoarded wisdom, and drew experience from the wide views and vivid representations of his own intelligence; for the depths of a great soul that seem so dark, and strike with so much awe those who strive to fathom them, reflect with all

the lustre and power of prophecy those two mighty fragments of time, the past and future, and throw, as with a lens, their whole intensity on the present. The dominion of a great mind is more extensive than most can perceive, or would allow, for it may be considered as the condensation of many preceding intellects, bringing with it their knowledge and their sympathies, the gathered experience of ages, and surrendering its acquisitions to the moment before it, with all the force of truth and energy of conviction. It is not an individual creation, born and to die without connection, and only destined to struggle with ignorance till it awakens to eternal knowledge; but like the block struck from the mass, however it may be fashioned, there still remain the veins and traces of another existence. In every mind there is something which whispers of the past, something that foretells the future, something that declares, without effort, how far these great elements of time bear upon and fill up the present, and that the intellect of which man boasts is but a fragment; that its powers, whatever they may convey to it, or however high they may raise its aspirations, only lend the energies they receive, and lengthen the line whose beginning or end is not known. Is this derived from instinct, or reflection? is it a natural knowledge, acquired by an unheeded and natural impulse, for whose suggestions we cannot account, yet through whose influence we think and act? or does this acquaintance with hidden and distant things come by reflection? Much of the operations of human intelligence, whether in its high or low degrees, for in this the two extremes meet, is instinctive. The noblest ideas come, it is not certainly known how; they bear no relation with any thing gone by, and are associated with no incident of the moment. They are therefore mysterious. But if admitted to be produced by reflection, how is the mystery reduced? for what is reflection but the mind restoring the past to itself, making palpable all its experiences, bringing forward all the records of memory, illustrating, unfolding, adding to them all that has been gained in the ceaseless agitation of intellectual life? Thought is not a faculty by itself, but the combined energy of many; it has none of the spirit of prophecy, nor does it incite and elevate men into action like the sudden, resistless intensity of inspiration; it neither rouses nor creates enthusiasm, nor does it, unless supported and borne on by a strong imagination, give birth to the excitement of hope; and yet it is this which is the secret, silent, and subdued element in men's motives. With the student, there is the hope of knowledge; with the ambitious, that of fame; with the good, that of being useful; with the true poet, the hope of an earthly immortality; and, like the lightning that opens its path of fire through the deep obscurity of the heavens, it is hope springing from the

Promethean heat of a man's own soul that enlivens his despair, spreads its glowing hues over moments of despondency, dissipates doubt and fear, and illuminates his onward course.

There is, or seems to be, in all great minds, a consciousness of what they are and were meant to be. It does not appear the instigation of pride, or the flattery of vanity, but a conviction which they have established within themselves, by a process we know not of. It may be, in part, the vividness of hope; in part, the triumph of a tried superiority; in part, the reflection of an ardent imagination, the mingled action of our ignorance and our desires, the unrepressed eagerness of our wishes, floating on the daring pinions of our aspirations. But, whatever it may be, or whatever its origin, nearly all great men have recorded it as among their strongest incitements to labour, and the earliest impulses of their youth. Milton, and Tasso, and Bacon, speak calmly of their preparations for immortality; so calmly that it might be supposed the assurance had been given from above. There is something like a feeling of awe when we contemplate what these spirits might have known; how much was imparted to their transcendent intellects. Their intelligence must not only have included more, but have swept far beyond the common view, and awakened to scenes where human life was not. Where the passions of men held no sway, their thoughts never rose, nor their destiny formed a part; but all partook of the etheriality and essence of pure intellect. No great genius has yet kept the diary of its ordinary and domestic thoughts and feelings. No one yet knows how the sacred fire is lighted on the altar where a great mind worships. No one can judge whence are gathered all those lofty reflections it moulds for the use of man; for, like the works of nature that lie familiarly around us, and are designed for common purposes, the recorded efforts of such spirits are too easily appreciated to attract strong attention, or to be looked on with admiration. Yet their source is divine; they are not framed by intercourse with man and his mortal hours, but from high communings and musings over inward impulses, that come strongly and irregularly, yet, in their coming, shadow forth the knowledge they desire. In this way truth and science minister to them, and time, with its dying centuries, unfolds its gloomy and inspiring pages. For such men feel that

—————"Past and future are the wings
On whose support, harmoniously conjoined,
Moves the great spirit of human knowledge;"

and they feel that however the hour passes, the fountain they have opened is eternal, and that they and their labours mingle with all future thought. The shadow of immortal glory rises

in grandeur like the sun over the sea, and their minds glow in the reflection of their own renown.

There is no doubt that the humblest minds, at times, have thoughts whose source and tendency are beyond their understanding and their conceptions. With these it is, probably, things external to them that excite the obscure and transient views of their nature and their destiny. The current of daily life, its cares and difficulties, are too absorbing to admit of reflection on more than the barren circle of their wants and necessities. They are bound to the earth by their condition, and it is only when some of the phenomena take place that amaze the most insensible, that an idea is created of their being more than they seem. Death, to all the most mysterious and wonderful of events, may, as it did with Bolingbroke, while standing over Pope, in his last moments, lead to the exclamation, "Great God, what is man?" But it is only such startling occurrences that make their way to the imperfect and torpid sensibility of the ignorant and insensible. These, however, overwhelm and rouse the mind by stirring the heart. The rising and setting of the sun—the bright spheres in the heavens—the birth of the commonest insect—the budding of the plainest flower—are all as much beyond our ken as the cessation of life. Yet they pass before us without attracting attention. Familiarity has lessened our wonder, and they bring neither fear nor hope. But the dying man calls forth every sympathy. We bring the scene home to ourselves. We acknowledge it as the most important, as well as the most marvellous of the occurrences the human eye can witness, or the mind conceive. But this arises from its connection with self. There is dread and awe, besides the holy fear religion teaches, at beholding a human being upon the precipice of eternity, mingling with the more trivial but natural terror which leads us to shrink from the pains of dissolution and the after horrors of the grave.

There is nothing of the spirit of philosophy in these feelings; no impulse to inquiry given from within; no desire to question or know, rising from the eager restlessness of one's own nature; no shadowing forth of time and destiny; no revealing our mortal life in our intellectual; no disclosing the impression to be made on the page of existence by the powers of the soul. Across these leaden intellects, except the immediate and dying images of sense, nothing passes. They remain the vassals of their infirmity, shrouded by the deep obscurity that gathers over all who are confined to the common affairs of the world, and are incapable of breaking the iron links of their bondage. It is only the greatest spirits that feel the whispering of these inward inspirations. "You ask me what I am meditating," says Milton; "by the help of Heaven, an immortality of fame!"

Whence to the youthful bard came this revelation of the future, this assurance that time, as it flowed on the tide of ages, was to be the messenger of his glory? whence but from an inward consciousness of power, that would not quail before difficulty, but make all, the instruments of his energy. And Tasso, when bowed and crushed by his wrongs, exclaims, "I had designed to write philosophy with eloquence, so that there might remain an eternal memory of me in the world;" and even in the "prisoned solitude" of his cell, encompassed and overborne by the dark miseries of his madness, by real injuries and imaginary insults, he continued to correct and improve his immortal epic. And Shakspeare, who seems to have had no egotism, no feeling of his infinite superiority, still imagined that there was life in his pen.

"Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme.

Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read;
And tongues to be, your being shall rehearse,
When all the breathers of this world are dead;
You still shall live, (such virtue hath my pen,)
Where breath most breathes,—even in the mouths of men.

Now with the drops of this most balmy time
My love looks fresh, and death to me subscribes,
Since spite of him I'll live in this poor rhyme,
While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes.
And thou in this shalt find thy monument,
When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent."

We cannot suppose that, with Shakspeare, this forecasting of the future was vanity or even ambition, too sanguine and overzealous in its character, such as acts on inferior intellects in the elation of temporary success. All coteremporary evidence declares his spirit to have been too gentle, and his mind too steady, to be influenced and carried away by the mere love of fame, or the desire for its notoriety; and there seems, from the same authority, to have been with him less consciousness of superiority, or a more modest display of it. He gave way to no insolent triumphing over his compeers, nor showed a sense that he was meant, as Ben Jonson says of him, "not for an age, but for all time." Yet in those lines there is as deep an assurance of being immortal, as if the events of ages were figured before him. This conviction of enduring fame may be, and probably was, with these wonderful beings, the result of a fixed and determined purpose to devote themselves to a particular object. They were men possessing the

highest faculties and the most profound thoughts, and as capable of reflecting on the operations of their own minds and extent of their powers, as upon any other subjects. Indeed it is more than probable that a review of themselves, with an accurate balancing and nice discrimination of what and how much they can perform, is a principal source of reflection; and if so, they can feel within themselves how far coming time will be interested in their labours. Such as these can look beyond the present, and feel that they are the servants of posterity—that though now there may be no appreciation of their efforts, which are flung aside into the eddy of passing things, yet that they must at last return into the general current, and be the guide and controller of its motions. Some such feeling appears to have existed with all who have proposed to the world novel doctrines and systems. They were aware that they stood before their age—that men's minds were not fitted nor open to the reception of their opinions, and that they must therefore bear the imputation of having wasted their lives in the study and development of useless and impracticable speculations. This mortifying opinion could have reached and attached itself, with more appearance of truth, to Bacon, than to any other philosopher who has undertaken the instruction of his species. His labours were devoted to the removal of errors; to the unsettling of modes of thought that had been fixed by education, and bore the sanction of time and custom; of course he assaulted bigotry and prejudice, that form imperceptibly, with the mass of men, the most powerful affections of which they are susceptible. There could have been then hardly a hope, with him, of gaining reputation, or of being useful to his generation; and the consciousness of this he expresses in strong, but subdued satire on the people of England. "My name and memory I leave to foreign nations, and to my own countrymen after a certain time be passed over." And here we see that he looked into futurity, and into the depths of his soul, where all was clear, and time and its wants were reflected with a pure lustre. He perceived that in the gradual improvement of men's minds his works would become necessary; and that mankind, at various eras of thought, would recur to them to refresh and renew their vigour.

If it be allowed that it is through deep thought these men bring forward the future, then they must be acquitted of idle vanity and presumption in asserting their pre-eminence; and it must be acknowledged that, by a due appreciation of themselves, and a true understanding of the wants of society, they do really foresee the station they are to hold. But there is another thing in the mental constitution of such men, equally astonishing with this apparent revelation of their destiny—it is, the persevering

tenacity with which they adhere to the system and career of thought they have planned. Almost all men and all minds require encouragement. They wish to see reflected, through the sympathies of their fellow men, their own hopes—they wish to feel that their own zeal has entered the hearts of those around them—that a feeling, responding to their own, has touched a chord, and animated a pulse, leading to the hearts of others ;—and, not to anticipate disappointment from a cold and repulsive reception, to foresee the wasting of life and labour, and to find that the only echo is the return of their own voice, and that the only agitation, the only warmth that had been excited, was the throbbing and the glow of their own bosoms. There is no such thing, happily, with men of genius, as intellectual indifference—that torpid indolence of sense and mind, which slumbers over their perceptions and their thoughts—but all which reaches them is quickened with a new life, and regenerated from the ardour and vigour of their souls. It is, then, impossible for these men to waver or grow cold. They assume to themselves the wide province of knowledge ; they cast every energy, every desire, on the gathering of its noble products ; they dream of its glories ; they shadow forth its power ; they exhaust themselves to partake of its overflowing waters, and are willing to tread the wide desert that lies between its first bounds and the uttermost extent man can reach, though it sometimes blights with its barrenness, till its beauties are attained, and makes the fainting and dying mind fall a sacrifice on its altar ; yet there is ever a sufficient force within to impel them on their path. They have too deep a sense of their duties, to flag ; too much pride and too strong an ambition, to give way to difficulties, or surrender to obstacles. They still hold on their course, when all around is bending and breaking with the tempest ; they still rise and soar towards the topmost elevation of their desires ; though all is black with doubt and uncertainty, and their minds feeling but not yielding to the blast, still mount steady and unwavering through the mist and obscurity of the storm. But there seems one thing essential to this patient endurance, this strong unyielding determination—a powerful imagination. Without this, that which is now sublime would degenerate into the neutrality and negativeness of common obstinacy ; it would lose the wonder that now attaches to it, and all the extraordinary speculation that comes from it, and subside into a mere effort of the will ; but, as it is, there is something in it which gives a loftier view and higher sense of man and intellect—something that enlarges our aspirations, by the elevation of our character—that creates a greater love and respect for life, by enlivening the hopes of our condition. This vivid shadowing forth of the future, this reflection of our fate through the dimness and distance of coming

time, this holding communion with spirits yet unembodied, this view of the stream of our thoughts mingling with the vast intellectual current that moves towards eternity, controlling events adding to the improvement and advancing the progress of mankind,—all presents a scene of amazing and surpassing interest. It is a mighty and majestic vision, animated and increased in power by its truth—the assurance of its reality—the consciousness that we are only looking on what we are and are to be, unaccompanied by a doubt, unalloyed by the degrading sense that we are wandering with conjecture and listening to the flattery of our fancy and our wishes. These are the pictures with which imagination peoples the minds of these great men: but this is not the only use and tendency of this faculty. In the gloom and dullness of the closet, with nothing near him save the beings that he has himself called into life, the philosopher or the poet may enjoy these scenes. He can see men, as bees go to and fro from the hive to the flowers, drawing nourishment and draining the life from the labours of his intellect: he can see them bending with gratitude over the results of toil that withered and exhausted the spirit which went through it, and enjoy all in the solitary tranquillity of his soul. It is what he worked for; it is what he hoped for; it is what he felt and knew would be his, and it is all he asks. But imagination, besides being thus the solace to the wasting energies of these laborious men, is the impelling faculty of their efforts. It gives a spring and vigour to the drooping powers of reason, and inspires reflection with a portion of its own quenchless fire: it animates dying hope: it sets loose all the ardour and warmth that sometimes fail in the bosoms where they glow the most strongly: it never allows the common and low things of life to disenchant it, or eat into it and destroy with their degrading cares. The view we have taken has often struck us forcibly, in reflecting on how much and how much more might be revealed to the governing intellects of the world, than to their inferiors. Those who are disposed to doubt, and deny that the thing is possible, can have but a very imperfect or a very humble idea of the nature of mind: nor do they feel what a wonderful creation it is, nor how powerful and marvellous an agent in human interests. But let one who is capable of throwing himself beyond the materiality that hems him in, reflect and ponder on what he sees and feels, and then ask himself, what else exists and endures but mind, the pure ethereality, the perfect beauty of intellect? We are aware, that with a large portion of mankind, the animal instincts seem to rule; and that, so far as appearances go, they are not capable of or destined for a higher destiny. With one who is sceptical of our philosophy, this is evidence enough of what man is and is to be. Mere isol

instances of superiority, however immense it may be, do not in their opinion alter the condition. The view of the intellectual character of the mass overrules all countervailing testimony. Great intellect, they think, is mere accident; does not change the condition hereafter of those who have it, or those who want it; does not enlarge the prospects, or elevate the hopes; but man is still permitted to remain in doubt, and view all through the medium of his fears, and cloud all with the gloom of his despondency. There is certainly something fearful in seeing the curse under which the mass of men labour, and something too, to mere reason, that is calculated to create hesitation in deciding on his real nature. But we disregard such scruples. It is enough, apart from revelation, if at times great minds do appear. The inferior can cling to and gather around them, with the assurance of an equal fate, but they must be satisfied only to follow, and, from the narrow bounds in which their souls are confined, ever to be unable to do more than conjecture as to the experiences of men of great genius; to suspect, but never to know, how deep and strong are those inward impulses, those secret sources of knowledge that reveal, with the readiness and force of instinct, much that other men can neither conceive nor attain. It seems a law with man, that in proportion to the degree of mind and its improvement, is the strength with which these developements are made. With the higher and more inspired natures, the struggle between the spiritual and the mortal elements decays or ceases. The excess of the one overpowers the other: they are, therefore, ever carried forwards, and listen to an inward voice whose tones seem the echo of their own aspirations. They do not hesitate to reply in the affirmative to the questions of the poet:

"Hears not also mortal life?
Hear not we, unthinking creatures!
Slaves of folly, love, or strife,
Voices of two different natures?

Have not we too?—yes, we have
Answers, and we know not whence;
Echoes from beyond the grave,
Recognized intelligence!

Often as thy inward ear
Catches such rebounds, beware,
Listen, ponder, hold them dear,
For of God—of God they are."

No class of men is so likely to feel these things as poets. Their acute sensibility and openness to impression, their ardent minds and eager imaginations, their warmth and depth of feeling, their ready and restless enthusiasm, urge them to be ever seeking what they have not; to hope for more from life, and

anticipate more beyond it, than other men ; to turn the faint glimmerings of a future, and the gentle whispers that breathe through the longings of the heart, into the strong assurance of a truth, the entire certainty of a reality. This disposition is a part of their nature. Earth and its grandeurs, the majesty of night and the silent skies, the loveliness and power spread wide through creation, sink deep into their souls, and mingle with their affections, but create, from the painful sense of individual insignificance, the desire to erect a mansion in the heavens and blend with that which is immortal. They feel that all the glory and the pomp which surround them are not enough ; there is still a vacancy, a want, which, though they cannot express it, is ever craving, and which causes the world, and all that is beautiful in it, to pass by them like the dying darkness of shadows. This is partly owing to impetuosity of feeling, causing disappointment, the usual reaction of excessive hope, and in part to the melancholy which belongs to their nature, and which, sleeping in their bosoms, comes forth at times, veiling the life and gladness of their hearts. This melancholy belongs to all mankind, for there can be but few, however intellectually contemptible, who are not sometimes made aware of the existence, within and around them, of something more than their mortal life. But with the higher order of genius, in the midst of and in despite of the most profound resignation, gloom and despair shroud their cheerful hours. Even when imagination is throwing forth its broad and fiery lights, this sadness intervenes and shades (as passing clouds darken the brilliancy of the heavens and the beauty of earth at the same moment,) the gleams of joy which the world can create, the glad expectations which the mind can form. What this melancholy exactly may be, or whence it comes, it is not easy to say. It is not the result of experience or reflection, nor because we have tried the hazards of fortune and fallen before them ; nor because we have gained all that man and life can give, and have found their emptiness. It appears an instinct, though nurtured and increased by an acute sensibility. It exists in very early youth, and not unfrequently decides the character and career. With one who reflects on what he knows, or feels, or sees, it is a state almost inevitable. There is not a spot that may not produce it, for all speak from their silent dust of the past. Half the earth is covered with ruins, and its surface, like the face of man, shows the waste and decay of time. It seems little more than a vast mausoleum, spread over with the fragments of mighty nations, the broken walls of cities, the massive remnants of fallen temples, the forgotten graves and dying grandeur of myriads, once breathing men. Desolation every where meets the eye and sinks deep into the heart, and our feelings sadden

at the view of what shadows we are. But the same effect may arise from the sight of all that is beautiful and perfect, and here the feeling is much more delicate, as more mind is required to make the observation. Scenes of desolation, to a considerable extent, can act on the grosser and duller intelligences, but when the attention is awakened by something in nature or the mind of man, that does not attract common perceptions, then a more refined and more powerful intellect is required fully to appreciate and admire. To detect and trace beauty wherever it may exist, and however concealed, exacts either a natural and innate conception of its forms, or a taste cultivated by education and long familiarity with objects that contain it. But the very genius that creates the power to admire, is accompanied by a sensibility that lays us open to feel; and thence a beautiful scene in nature, loveliness imaged in the human face, the harmony and grace of poetry, its pathos and sublimity, that raise in us the highest admiration of the mind, which thus yields up its treasures, are accompanied by a sense of despair. Whatever we dwell on produces despair, and all life seems but the ebb and flow of sadness to minds capable of the highest feelings and noblest thoughts. It appears a sort of homage to the Great Spirit of the universe, since it lowers all opinion of ourselves, and makes us feel how insufficient and insignificant we really are. Wordsworth, in one of his minor pieces, shows how the happy and contented mind is exposed to the sudden inrush of gloom, even when all without is bright with animation, and all within would be so but for the rapid and changeful colourings of the fancy.

"I was a traveller then upon the moor:
I saw the hare that raced about with joy;
I heard the woods and distant waters roar,
Or heard them not, as happy as a boy;
The pleasant season did my heart employ:
My old remembrances went from me wholly,
And all the ways of men, so vain and melancholy.

But as it sometimes chanceth, from the might
Of joy in minds that can no further go,
As high as we have mounted in delight
In our dejection do we sink as low:
To me that morning did it happen so;
And fears and fancies thick upon me came;
Dim sadness, and blind thoughts I knew not, nor could name.

I heard the sky-lark warbling in the sky,
And I bethought me of the playful hare;
Even such a happy child of earth am I,
Even as these blissful creatures do I fare;
Far from the world I walk, and from all care:
But there may come another day to me—
Solitude, pain of heart, distress, and poverty.

My whole life I have lived in pleasant thought,
 As if life's business were a summer mood;
 As if all needful things would come unsought
 To genial faith, still rich in genial good:
 But how can he expect that others should
 Build for him, sow for him, and at his call
 Love him, who for himself will take no heed at all?

I thought of Chatterton, the marvellous boy,
 The sleepless soul that perished in his pride;
 Of him who walked in glory and in joy,
 Following his plough along the mountain side;
 By our own spirits are we deified:
 We poets in our youth begin in gladness,
 But thereof comes in the end despondency and madness."

In these lines, where the feeling is so simply and truly expressed, who can trace the links of association, and yet who does not feel that all is natural, if not common? A traveller in solitude, and a poet traversing a lonely moor; nature, with her tranquil beauty; the joy and gladness of external life swimming before him, sinking deep into his thoughts, and rousing the musing mood of sadness. The woods, and roar of distant waters; the songs of birds; the sun, calm and bright; the still air, and deep silence, are the elements of the feeling; and under such circumstances, and in such solitary communing with ourselves, the mind courses to and fro through the past, and casts itself into the future, whence those who reflect strongly on the hazards of existence, however gay the present, bring doubt and solicitude, or, like the poet, though happy in every relation, foresee, another day, "solitude, pain of heart, distress, and poverty."

Thus it is that melancholy shadows and subdues the brightness of every thing; still it is the necessary, as it seems to be the constant, companion of all genius. Like death, it reminds us of our frailty; as this operates to declare and keep in view the brevity of existence, the other brings down the pride of intellect. The conceit, the disposition to presume on our powers, and to exalt their objects, is humbled and made to die away with a sense of shame. But to those who have founded less expectation on their efforts, if they are right judging, and have accurately measured themselves, it need cause neither hesitation nor fear. Their courage should be built on humility; on the consciousness that they can do but little, and have but a short time in which to do that little; on the assurance that no intellectual labour is without some result; that mind is all sufficient and all effectual, and that it is the only element which suffers no dissolution, is impaired by no decay, nor drops into the waste and mass of earthly things without avail, without bringing fruit, or going through change. Its progress is ever

onward, regenerating and imparting new energy as it clears the path of time. Experiencing fully these sentiments, there is no mind, however great, that does not feel its littleness, but yet comes forth more powerful, after bathing in the troubled waters of its spiritual existence.

The feelings to which we have alluded, as existing with the greatest minds, a consciousness that they would be able to effect now that which, if it brought no fame at the moment, would make them known hereafter, and the other, which seems the growth of this conviction, the determination to persevere till they feel satisfied within themselves, though in defiance of the opposition of the world, were both apparently strong principles of action with the poet who forms the subject of this notice. He retired from the world to fulfil what he felt to be a great purpose of his being—the improvement of the literature of his country, and to secure a permanent place among its immortal names. It was a noble resolution, and showed a very noble reliance on his powers; for at the time his works were not only thrown by with neglect, but suffered the basest depreciation, and all the assaults of contempt and calumny. Yet he bore up, without concession to malignity and ignorance, and endured, with the firmness of a strong and elevated mind, that most withering of all the blows of fortune, unexpected and unmerited disappointment. He even gathered hope from this warm solicitude to ruin him, for he was aware that his poetical system differed from the one most in fashion; that he was not writing in accordance with the taste or in deference to the opinions of the day, but entirely from himself; and he was also conscious, that the minds of men were under high excitement, and incapable of the correct discrimination and nice judgment required for the admiration and due appreciation of the more subdued beauties of a less attractive, because a less dazzling order of poetry.

“The love, the admiration, the indifference, the slight, the aversion, and even the contempt, with which these poems have been received, knowing, as I do, the source within my own mind from which they have proceeded, and the labour and pains which, when labour and pains appeared needful, have been bestowed upon them, must all, if I think consistently, be received as pledges and tokens, bearing the same general impression, though widely different in value;—they are all proofs that, for the present time, I have not laboured in vain; and afford assurances, more or less authentic, that the products of my industry will endure.”

Thus throwing back on his age the contempt and ridicule with which they visited him, and drawing from them a still stronger certainty of his future fame; finding in the follies and vicious disposition of his time a reason for his own neglect,

and the gratifying assurance that in the change of things he would be placed in a proper and proud position.

This confidence arose, not only from a just balancing of his own qualities, but from a still loftier sentiment, one, without which in literature little can be done—the attaching a high importance to his art. He looked on it as calling forth, and as worthy, of all the finest faculties of the human mind, and **not** as a temporary pastime, the idle occupation of indolent leisure. It was with him a business, the aim of his life; a feeling that, no doubt, imparted a more intense zeal to his exertions, at the same time that it allowed him to look beyond the present, and encouraged the boldest and most cheering hopes. At the hour when he came forward, in the chivalry of gentle thought, to offer his productions, the world was storming with passion. Political strife was consuming and overwhelming every thing. An evil spirit was at every man's door. A portion of society was in despair, the rest under violent excitement, struggling with the fierce elements of destruction that were then let loose, or assisting them. At this seemingly disastrous period, our poet, as if from another state of being, and like a bird, singing above a field of battle, published verses with such unpropitious titles as "Goody Blake and Harry Gill;" "The Female Vagrant;" "The Thorn;" and other pieces, with equally unattractive, mean, and homely appellations. It is not surprising that men laughed with derision at such simplicity, bearing on its face, too, an apparent mockery of their feelings, and so entire an indifference to the condition and interests of the age. A result that might have been easily conjectured, took place. The poet was ridden over and trampled on, by not braver, for he had shown a high degree of courage in thus proposing himself for martyrdom in a great cause, but by more audacious spirits, men who were not willing to buffet with the flood, but seized its occasion to reach the object of their desires. Long after this, and even almost to the present time, the vibration of ridicule and contempt continued, and now, more especially in this country, it still exists, to a great extent; and this noble mind is only remembered or known, as having given interest or incident to an idiot, and a hue of sentiment to a jackass. Almost all would judge him to be the person he has pictured in the following sonnet:—

"I am not one who much or oft delight
To season my fireside with personal talk
Of friends who live within an easy walk,
Of neighbours daily, weekly, in my sight;

And, for my chance acquaintance, ladies bright,
 Sons, mothers, maidens withering on the stalk—
 These all wear out of me like forms with chalk
 Painted on rich men's floors, for one feast night.
 Better than such discourse doth silence long,
 Long barren silence, square with my desire;
 To sit without emotion, hope, or aim,
 In the loved presence of my cottage fire,
 And listen to the flapping of the flame,
 Or kettle whispering its faint under-song."

How could the world regard, but with disgust, a man who, while war was raging abroad, and revolutionary excitement at home, could nestle in the chimney corner and listen to the singing of a tea-kettle! Such torpor of temperament, such languor of mind, such inaction and dullness, they thought were only fitted for the cloister. The struggles and the contentions of active life, the rapid decision, the quick and animated energies they require, were all beyond him. His element was peace—the leisure and ease of philosophic retirement—to dream and muse, and moralize, involved the chief end of his being. It may be so; and this is the usual condemnation the many pass upon all who are not busy in the same pursuits with themselves, who are not mingling in the toil and bustle of the world; and with what intent? to attain that they want not, and despise as their own, or as the possession of others. Time does not pass the same sentence. For those who are capable of thrusting from them the world and its mean ambition, and who can use their leisure—the opportunity for self-communion, the intercourse with their own nature—to create happiness for themselves and elevate their intellectual character, do the same for others, and are benefactors of mankind. They erect their monument on the affections and the thoughts of men. The human soul is the only marble they ask for their name—and they are willing that their glory should be submitted to the current that flows through the long channel of coming ages. Most men have no existence but that which is derived from without; there are others whose only life is the internal:

" Whose mind is but the mind of his own eyes,
 He is a slave: the meanest we can meet."

Under these two divisions all men may be classed—to which greatness belongs it is not difficult to decide. The first portion do not feel their true nature—the second have affixed to it the very highest and noblest objects. They rest on the mind and its powers; they renounce the pleasures of existence, and look for them within themselves, and, in the increase of their resources and intellectual improvements, multiply worlds. They can say—

“Wings have we—and as far as we can go
We may find pleasure: wilderness and wood,
Blank ocean and mere sky, support that mood
Which with the lofty sanctifies the low.”

It is a mistake to suppose that it is the men of action who govern the world, for they are only the agents of the men of thought, and forward the views and carry out the impulses these superior spirits give to the course of things. It is the contemplative who brood over the fortunes and the fate of man—who feel and try to penetrate the mystery that invests and seems an element in all around them—to disclose that which is obscure, to discover that which is concealed. By their close scrutiny and deep examination of every thing that concerns mankind, they develope, though perhaps only in part, much that is important to its interests. The chief source and spring of their desire to increase the welfare of men, comes from the lofty destiny they have given to their nature; and there is no greater proof of eminent genius and elevation of mind than this disposition to raise man in the scale of being; to add to and strengthen those hopes which the mind in its dark humours depresses, and despair sometimes destroys. To effect these high purposes they devote themselves with all the ardour and energy of great powers; night and day they toil at their task—they go through the agony of strong anxiety and all the risk of failure—they bear the waste of physical health, and endure the hazard of premature exhaustion and decay of mind. All they ask from the world is an audience, and the tranquil leisure and calmness of solitude, in which to pursue their designs—for it is only in solitude they are secure from the world and its contact, and can preserve and continue the great ends, and those majestic reflections, which the solitary communing with one's self cherishes if it does not create.

These remarks may seem to apply rather to the man of science, or to him generally called a philosopher, than to any one else; but it is not so. They apply with equal, perhaps greater truth, to him who is the greatest of philosophers, in the highest meaning of the word—the poet. For who communes so deeply with the souls of other men, who enters so far into their nature, mingles so thoroughly with their passions, and assumes and comprehends within himself so many of the forms of their various being? With a capacity so comprehensive, and a sensibility so exquisitely tender, how can he adapt himself to the harsh and hollow things of life, or engage with that intense interest with which he seizes every object, in the frivolity and frippery that form the whole pursuit of the mass of men. It is only as a spectator that he is in the world. Disinterested and un-

prejudiced, he throws his glance over the wide scene, without a passion excited in his own favour, and with no motive save a general one; he observes all the ruinous failings, all the redeeming qualities of men, and endeavours to obstruct and oppose the dangerous course of the former, by bringing out the moral strength and higher purposes that come with the latter. In this way he improves and elevates human feeling. The poet, by these means, interests himself with all that is near him, and multiplies himself, and forms a part of the multitude of affections that controul and break over the souls of men. He finds a universal sympathy within him, a power of imaging the whole moral nature of mankind, and binding himself to and reflecting the whole material world. He feels that there is a dignity and a beauty in his species that may be wrought into noble proportions, and that there is something in the external world calculated to increase this capacity. It is here he commences his labours, and hopes, through the existence of this condition, to produce the results for which he has engaged. But it is this ever-acting sensibility, however it may enlarge the intellectual sphere—this power of being one with all things, however it may add to the enjoyment of the individual, or give expression and interest to the thoughts and language of the poet, that creates what appears to the majority of men an unnecessary and puerile enthusiasm for trifles, or, as seems to them, for the trivial and mean. It was this over-sensitiveness, this unnatural excitability, that was objected to Wordsworth, and is even now, by those who are influenced by the prevailing feeling of the moment, and not by that which belongs to no particular class or season, but is of all men and all time. But it should be remembered, that he had adopted a system which, though to a great extent perhaps erroneous, he thought it his duty to act upon and follow out. It showed, if we do not mistake, the elevation and benevolence of his nature, and it did not depreciate his genius. It only made all God's creatures and all God's works sources of pure feeling and lofty reflection, instead of portions that, from bearing more mystery and grandeur, strike the most common intellect. He chose humble life and humble things; "to follow the fluxes and refluxes of the mind when agitated by the great and simple affections of our nature," and thus to illustrate "characters of which the elements are simple, belonging rather to nature than to manners—such as exist now and will probably always exist." A plan of this kind, from the exceeding simplicity of its design, can only interest the true lovers of nature, who care not so much for the character of the objects, as for what they involve—their natures and real essence. It was founded on ideas and opinions easily gathered by one removed from the busy and agitated world, and with a mind and heart

open to all impressions and from all sources : but it did not, in its developement, lower his genius, or confine it, as most presume, to the display of the passions and qualities of inferior parts of society, but seemed rather to spiritualize and elevate and enlarge the sphere of a great capacity, and made the mind more ready to act on all occasions, and more open to receive the fullness and force of all presented to it ; for it made more intense the admiration of beauty, increased the eagerness of its pursuit, rendered more vivid its perception, allowed the thoughts to dwell on and take in all its details with far more energy, and gave more fidelity to its delineation. This capacity to feel and love has also, in inclining his attention to the whole circle of natural objects, given a moral tone to all his writings. His mind shared the mean and sublime, and was fitted for the appreciation of the one, as well as the contemplation of the other. There was an equal interest with the two, for both were parts of a common power and common nature ; and thence he acknowledged with gratitude and devotion the majesty and might of a Deity, as they appeared in the grandeur and loveliness of all around him. In this sensibility and facility of receiving impressions, besides being able to awaken the sympathies of others, there resides a vast increase of happiness to the individual, if well-regulated feelings but sober the excitement and allay the passions they may rouse, for they create the power of carrying the freshness and vivacity of youth into age, and keeping alive all those sources of enjoyment that belong to that period, and thus diminish the weight of life by animating and refreshing its decaying energies.

It is a characteristic of genius never to allow the cares or misfortunes of life to quench its desire of knowledge, but to quicken the torpor and indifference that come with time and experience, by the earnest spirit of its wishes ; to animate the intellect by the warmth of the affections ; to preserve the heart from the death-like chill which its disappointments produce, by embalming it with strength and purity of feeling. To one who observes with the accuracy, and unfolds his observations with the nicety of our poet, the philosophy of all he sees is opened to him, and thence he draws truth and a moral that are hidden from more rapid or idle spectators, and paints them with the colours of fancy, and warms them with the glow of imagination. All, or nearly all, of his short poems contain some unexpected developement of nature, some powerful reflection, or some beautiful sentiment. Under the most unpromising titles there lurks some beauty, growing as it would seem, in his hands, naturally from the subject, though most poets would recoil from it as devoid of interest or excitement to their imaginations, and most readers would pass it over as a dull effort of common-place sentiment.

ality, or as an endeavour, from a sort of morbid admiration, to carry their attention towards ordinary and mean things. We will show this by extracts from the little poem—"The Old Cumberland Beggar." He is described as seated by the highway side, where he "ate his food in solitude," a solitary wanderer, with every attribute of age, poverty, and neglect.

"But deem not this man useless. Statesmen! ye
 Who are so restless in your wisdom, ye
 Who have a broom still ready in your hands
 To rid the world of nuisances; ye proud,
 Heart-swollen, while in your pride ye contemplate
 Your talents, power, and wisdom, deem him not
 A burthen of the earth! 'Tis nature's law
 That none, the meanest of created things,
 Of forms created the most vile and brute,
 The dumbest or most noxious, should exist
 Divorced from good—a spirit and pulse of good,
 A life and soul, to every mode of being
 Inseparably linked. While thus he creeps
 From door to door, the villagers in him
 Behold a record which together binds
 Past deeds and offices of charity,
 Else unremembered, and so keeps alive
 The kindly mood in hearts which lapse of years,
 And that half wisdom, half experience gives,
 Make slow to feel, and by sure steps resign
 To selfishness and cold oblivious cares.

* * * * *

And thus the soul,
 By that sweet taste of pleasure unpursued,
 Doth find herself insensibly disposed
 To virtue and true goodness. Some there are,
 By their good works exalted, lofty minds
 And meditative, authors of delight
 And happiness, which to the end of time
 Will live and spread and kindle; even such minds
 In childhood, from this solitary being,
 Or from like wanderer, haply have received
 (A thing more precious far than all that books
 Or the solitudes of love can do)
 That first mild touch of sympathy and thought,
 In which they formed their kindred with a world
 Where want and sorrow were."

Thence is drawn a necessity for the display of sympathy, and how far those are from exciting it who lead correct, but heartless lives, and confine themselves within the strict, cold bounds of constrained morality.

"But of the poor man ask, the abject poor;
 Go and demand of him, if there be here
 In this cold abstinence from evil deeds,
 And these inevitable charities,

Wherewith to satisfy the human soul?
 No—man is dear to man; the poorest poor
 Long for some moments in a weary life,
 When they can know and feel that they have been,
 Themselves, the fathers and the dealers out
 Of some small blessings; have been kind to such
 As needed kindness, for this single cause—
 That we have all of us one human heart.”

In another piece, “The Kitten and the Falling Leaves,” we may see the power the poet has of making every thing a source of pleasure, even the commonest things, more especially where the mind has preserved its freshness, and the heart has not been too far perverted by the world, or saddened by care, to partake of the multitude of gratifications that are open to it.

“And I will have my careless season,
 Spite of melancholy reason;
 Will walk through life in such a way,
 That, when time brings on decay,
 Now and then I may possess
 Hours of perfect gladness;
 Pleased by any random toy,
 By a kitten’s busy joy,
 Or an infant’s laughing eye,
 Sharing in the ecstasy:
 I would fare like that or this,
 Find my wisdom in my bliss;
 Keep the sprightly soul awake,
 And have faculties to take,
 Even from things by sorrow wrought,
 Matter for a jocund thought;
 Spite of care, and spite of grief,
 To gambol with life’s falling leaf.”

These small poems show but one side of the poet’s character; his love of nature in all its forms; but there are many others of a higher order, expressing strong imaginative power, but running into that delightful vagueness which the attempt to clothe in language our more elevated feelings, and abstract thoughts, often produces. Among them is “Laodamia,” and the majestic ode, “Intimations of Immortality, from Recollections of Early Childhood,” from which we extract a portion.

“Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
 The soul that rises with us, our life’s star,
 Hath had elsewhere its setting,
 And cometh from afar;
 Not in entire forgetfulness,
 And not in utter nakedness;
 But trailing clouds of glory, do we come
 From God, who is our home.
 Heaven lies about us in our infancy!

Shades of the prison house begin to close
Upon the growing boy,
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows;
He sees it in his joy;
The youth, who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day."

We know of no poem more musical or impressive than this ode. Whether its effect upon us arises from a peculiar disposition or not, we are not prepared to decide. But how any one who looks onward in life, who listens to or reflects on the past, and feels that the present is but its shadow or its fuller growth, can read it, and not recognize the detail of his own experience, and almost the conscious whisperings of his own spirit, we cannot understand. The "Excursion," that Byron ridiculed and assaulted with such rancour, and which was, perhaps, put down and thrown into neglect by his ascendancy, is a fine philosophical poem, and filled with passages of great poetic beauty. We do not say *where* it should rank. Time will assert its merits, should it be that *now* a just popularity is withheld from it. It fully effects its purpose; the bringing forward of the humbler scenes and elements of society, and demonstrating that they are of the same material, and bear the same relation to the passions and affections of the soul, as do those whose condition is more prosperous, and position loftier. He acknowledges no aristocracy, but that of nature; no pride of feeling, but that which co-exists and comes from a moral elevation, and holds the attributes and energies of virtue. Thence arises the spiritual refinement, the purity and the safety of his writings; qualities so opposite to those of most of his rivals, that it is not surprising he should have been thrown aside. But there is every reason why, in the world's subsided excitement, and the great social and political changes that have taken place, his poetry should extend in popularity with the improvement of his species, the moral and intellectual advancement of the classes whose rights he acknowledges, and whose common nature he feels and honours. In the little volume lately published, we have an illustration of the truth, that, with him who loves nature, the heart and intellect do not grow old. Time cannot chill the affections, nor care consume our pure and simple passions, that come with the unceasing admiration, the awe and veneration that rise from reflecting on, observing, and feeling in all their strength, the power and mystery thrown from, and living in, all which surrounds us. With these impressions

deeply fixed, and ministering to our daily enthusiasm, existence has a constant charm, and age but renewed pleasure, and death brings no dismay. There is something strongly interesting, in seeing a man, through all the eras of a long life, still unchanged, and still the poet; to find youth and its happiness still multiplied, its enjoyments undecayed, and, however its hopes may have been subdued, yet that the spirit and powers which framed them are invigorated and not enfeebled by time. From this volume, where all is elegant and highly finished, and all comes home to our sympathies, we shall make but two extracts; the first for its truth, the last for its near approach to the sublime.

“Not in the lucid intervals of life
That come but as a curse to party strife;
Not in some hour when Pleasure with a sigh
Of languor puts his rosy garland by:
Not in the breathing times of that poor slave
Who daily piles up wealth in Mammon’s cave,
Is nature felt, or can be; nor do words,
Which practised talent readily affords,
Prove that her hand has touched responsive chords;
Nor has her gentle beauty power to move
With genuine rapture and with fervent love
The soul of Genius, if he dares to take
Life’s rule from passion, craved for passion’s sake;
Untaught that meekness is the cherished bent
Of all the truly great and all the innocent.
But who *is* innocent? By grace divine,
Not otherwise, O Nature! we are thine;
Through good and evil thine, in just degree
Of rational and manly sympathy.”

The following is a part of “The Power of Sound.”

“By one pervading spirit
Of tones and numbers all things are controlled,
As sages taught, where faith was found to merit
Initiation in that mystery old.
The heavens, whose aspect makes our minds as still
As they themselves appear to be,
Innumerable voices fill
With everlasting harmony;
The towering headlands crowned with mist,
Their feet among the billows, know
That Ocean is a mighty harmonist;
Thy pinions, universal Air,
Ever waving to and fro,
Are delegates of harmony, and bear
Strains that support the Seasons in their round.
Stern Winter loves a dirge-like sound.

Break forth into thanksgiving,
 Ye banded instruments of wind and chords ;
 Unite, to magnify the Everliving,
 Your inarticulate notes with the voice of words ;
 Nor hushed be service from the lowing mead,
 Unmute the forest hum of noon ;
 Thou too be heard, lone eagle ! freed
 From snowy peak and cloud, attune
 Thy hungry barkings to the hymn
 Of joy, that from her utmost walls
 The six days' work by flaming seraphim
 Transmits to Heaven ! As deep to deep,
 Shouting through one valley, calls
 All worlds, all natures, mood and measure keep
 For praise and ceaseless gratulation, poured
 Into the ear of God, their Lord !

A voice to Light gave being ;
 To Time, and man his earth-born chronicler ;
 A voice shall finish doubt and dim foreseeing,
 And sweep away life's visionary stir ;
 The trumpet (we, intoxicate with pride,
 Arm at its blast for deadly wars),
 To archangelic lips applied,
 The grave shall open, quench the stars.
 O Silence ! are man's noisy years
 No more than moments of thy life ?
 Is Harmony, blest queen of smiles and tears,
 With her smooth tones and discords just,
 Tempered into rapturous strife,
 Thy destined bond-slave ? No, though earth be dust
 And vanish, though the heavens dissolve, her stay
 Is in the Word, that shall not pass away !"

ART. IV.—*A Course of Legal Study, addressed to Students and the Profession generally.* By DAVID HOFFMAN. 2d edition, re-written and much enlarged. In 2 vols. Baltimore, 1836.

After the frequent and ample commendations which Mr. Hoffman's work has received from the most eminent sources, it is altogether superfluous to superadd the feeble tribute of our praise to an effort, which, even of itself, and independently of the mode of its execution, would be justly entitled to much of the highest. One chief object of the writer is to raise, in the estimation of the youthful student, the character of the profession to which he aspires to be attached, and to place, too, the science proper eminence in that of the public. The

design was becoming an American lawyer to conceive, and the success has been commensurate with the propriety of the attempt.

Any detailed review of the plan of the author, or of his extensive and liberal course of study, is needless, after the elaborate examination bestowed upon the first edition, in a paper which appeared in the *North American Review* some years ago, and which was attributed to the pen of one of the most distinguished jurists of our country. We will, therefore, but remark upon the extension of the original plan, which has given rise to the present edition. The former addressed itself to the science as it existed when the work first issued from the press; and was designed more particularly to meet the wants of the mere legal student. The vast additions that have been made to the science of the law, and an expectation, on the part of the writer, that his book might not be useless even to the counsellor, the judge, or the statesman, called very properly for a wider expansion of his original idea. This Mr. Hoffman has effected, without detracting from the elementary and practical character of the "Course" which is essential to adapt it to the uses of the young student.

On two main grounds, our author's plan and its execution are to be highly commended. First, the *order* which he has enforced and has so well exemplified; and, in the next place, the *intellectual* nature of his "Course."

Without order, all study is vain. It conduces not only to the more ready acquisition of the particular knowledge which at the time is desired, but, also, most materially to the permanent improvement of the mind itself, of the thinking and reasoning faculties. Years may be spent in erratic, though, for the moment, it may be, intense investigations of learning, and their fruits will be but the superficial acquisitions of that wealth, whose richest treasures lie at the hidden sources of the mine. Learning is a vast and weighty building, which must be reared, as all other buildings, upon solid foundations, or the structure will meet an untimely end. This is true of learning in general, but more particularly so of any special department of it, which, to be effectively studied, must be cautiously and knowingly commenced.

There are certain great truths, of an expanded nature, which lie at the basis of every science. These must be first explored, and thoroughly understood; and, standing upon them, we must start in our investigation of the particular branch of learning which we purpose to master. We must proceed, step by step; never advancing until our present foothold is secure, and is properly appreciated. One truth leads to, and is connected with, another. This connection would never, perhaps, be seen, cer-

tainly never estimated, if the idea which lies at the foundation be not first presented to the mind. Our march is thus upwards; the scene opens upon our vision. The depths and the sources are behind us; they have been passed. The root being familiar, the ramifications may be readily traced; and there is thus no danger of our being involved in intricacies without some clew to unravel them.

This careful and progressive mode of investigation is adapted to all scientific enquiries, whether the subject be external nature or moral truths; but it is more necessary in the latter, depending as they do upon the relations and connections of our ideas. Our reasoning in such cases is cumulative; we always build upon what we have, and draw conclusions from premises already supposed to be settled; if, therefore, our leading idea be erroneous, the train will be a series of absurdities and mistakes.

In the profession of which our author is a member, no position is more of an axiom than that which declares the reason of the law to be the life of the law. By this it is not meant that the most perfect reason is always most congenial to legal principles; on the contrary, many of the provisions of every positive system of rules, the mere creation of the human mind, must be not only defective, but contrary to right, abstract reason. But it is intended to assert that the original, moving cause of the law, is that which is to govern in its exposition; that no correct exposition of any law can be given unless, and until, this moving cause be discovered. Hence the necessity of resorting to the original fountains of justice.

Of all the sciences, law has its foundations the deepest laid. It pervades and embraces all things. It is the impress of Deity upon his works. As the "heavens declare the glory of God, so the firmament sheweth his handiwork;" for the material world moves by his will, and every revolution of the system is but a new proof of his directing power. A law is, in its general definition, a rule of action; it is but descending from generals to particulars to consider any regulation of human conduct and affairs. In this descent, certain maxims, derived from an examination of God's will as deduced from his works, and from his law written upon the heart, must never be lost sight of. These should all human regulations subserve, and, of course, never violate.

Mr. Hoffman properly, therefore, introduces the student, in the first place, to a knowledge of moral and political philosophy. He makes him acquainted with the elements of morals and government; with the operations and powers of his own mind, and the foundation and different kinds of political constitutions. He makes him sensible of the capacity of his reason, and accustoms him to draw upon his own resources of thought. He

lays a solid foundation of first principles which have place in his own nature, and in that of civil society, before leading him into the store-house of municipal law, which human ingenuity has filled with every variety of device and contrivance. As the starting point of morals and government, the student is conducted to the Bible—to the only authentic history of the origin and multiplication of mankind, and the rise of the social compact. The system of morals to which the mind is led is that traced by the finger of God himself, and not the mere fanciful theory of erring human reason. With this sure light and guide to be ever held in his view, the student is then made acquainted with the different systems of human speculation, upon this deeply interesting topic, from the classic pages of Aristotle and Cicero to the profound investigations of the learned metaphysicians of our own days. No one, in reading the remarks of our author upon this part of his course, can fail to be struck with the becoming religious tone which pervades the work. He does not, as too many have done in their systems of education, lose sight of his dependent relation to his Creator, or attempt the improvement of the intellectual faculty, a spark from the divine essence, forgetful of the homage and reverence due to the great cause of it and of all things. No fancied independence is assumed for imperfect humanity, but the student is directed, by the insertion of the beautiful prayer of Dr. Johnson, at the very commencement of the work, to an acknowledgment of the source of all intelligence.

The moral law, and the law of nature and of nations, are, in this course then, first presented to the attention of the student. The works indicated are all of the very highest order, and their adequate study would go far towards the full development of the youthful mind. Our only objection to this part of Mr. Hoffman's course is to the number of books upon the same topics which he proposes to his readers. The books themselves are all worth the time which their proper perusal would consume, if it were intended fully to invest the student with all the ornaments to be derived from a minute knowledge of metaphysics; but the study of all these is by no means essential; on the contrary, we should be inclined to pronounce it superfluous for the object in view. We would adopt the ancient writers, in Mr. Hoffman's list, with the exception of Seneca; and from the moderns we would erase (simply as portions of the course of legal study,) Beattie's *Elements*, Cogan's *Ethical Questions*, Smith's *Theory*, Hedge's *Abridgment*, Burlamaqui's *Institutes*, and Puffendorf. The books retained in the list will impart to the student a full mastery of this branch of his legal education.

The next step is to an acquaintance with the elementary and

constitutional principles of the municipal law of England, of the United States, and of the Roman civil law ; and the student is thus invited to apply his previous knowledge of the general principles of government to their practical development in these systems of law and in those countries in which he is the most interested. We should be ourselves inclined to reverse this order, by placing first on the list the works which treat of the institutes of the Roman law. Its greater antiquity would seem to give it an earlier position in the course, and by its prior acquisition, its principles could be traced down into the laws of England and America ; and when met with, as they of course would be, in the study of the latter, their reasons and provisions would be familiar.

We may here repeat the remark as to the number of books, and apply it to the list recommended under this and the succeeding heads. We should be disposed to curtail not the topics themselves, but the works in which they are discussed. The mind should not be overloaded or wearied by the recurrence of the same subjects, which, though important, are but introductory to the main object, after they have been well understood from competent sources. Time, too, in every student's course is of vast importance. We should say, take the best book upon any head ; confine the learner to it till he has thoroughly comprehended it, and then pass on to another subject, which may be connected with it in the order of his course. A selection could readily be made from the books recommended by Mr. Hoffman, without much danger of mistake, as they are all standard works.

The feudal law holds a prominent position under this second great head, and is placed first in order by our author. As we said before, we should prefer the student commencing with the Roman law, and then proceeding to the law of feuds. This alteration is however not very important, as the two systems are so entirely distinct. It is advantageous, nevertheless, for the young learner to have presented to his mind the different systems of human law, in some degree according to the order of history. The feudal law he should thoroughly master (we mean in its principles, not in all its details), in order to comprehend its deep and lasting impression upon the forms of government, and the municipal laws of those countries to which his attention is particularly directed. Without this knowledge, much of those laws will be to him a dead letter ; the life will be wanting, as the reason will not be perceived.

There is no obsolete learning in the law, when regard is had to principles. They shoot forth into branches which reach the remotest divisions of the science ; and unless the whole system is swept away by the ruthless hand of a conqueror, or a no less

ruthless reformer, rules will be constantly developed, the progeny of other rules whose value has been disregarded simply because unknown.

The entrance being thus cleared, the student is admitted, "with all appliances and means to boot," into the temple of municipal law; and he commences his study of that which, chiefly in after life, he is to be concerned in practising. He commences, after a preparation such as we have briefly described, and for which Mr. Hoffman's course so eminently fits him, with enlarged views, a mind invigorated by metaphysical investigations, and confident in a knowledge of its own powers, and with principles (unless his disposition be unusually depraved) of confirmed integrity and morality which he has imbibed from his healthy education. He surveys the intricate field of common law and statute law, with the eye in some degree of a tactician, and not with the timid glance of a raw student. His store of learning, gathered from the jurisprudence of other governments, and the operations of other systems, readily suggests analogies and illustrations by which many a dark point is illumined; and as he advances, the different genius of the several codes standing out in bolder relief, the peculiar character of his own is more vividly impressed upon his understanding.

The prominent and comprehensive titles of persons and property, the rights appertaining to each, and the remedies for the enforcement or violation of them, are now presented to view. The obvious division of property being into real and personal, the rights appurtenant to each would seem to form the most natural subdivision. Hence personal rights, absolute and relative, and the law of real and personal property, have been the four chief heads marked out by Blackstone, in his enumeration of the objects of civil municipal law. The division adopted by Mr. Hoffman seems to us less philosophic and accurate, though it is certainly plausible, and at the first glance captivating. Our author adopts a two-fold enumeration—"the law of real rights and real remedies," on the one hand, and "the law of personal rights and personal remedies," on the other. Under the first head, he treats of the kinds of estate in real property, the modes of its acquisition, its tenure, the objects of real property, and finally the remedies to recover it. Under the second head, are discussed personal rights, both relative and absolute, and the titles to personal property; then, after an introduction setting forth the organization of the courts, their jurisdiction, &c., in which the remedies for the enforcement or violation of these rights are to be applied (though this was equally necessary before discussing *real* remedies), personal remedies, or the different kinds of actions or suits at law, are explained. These actions are for the violation of the person, or personal property.

Now, in our opinion, rights are to be viewed either as inherent in the persons entitled to them, or as employed about the things to which they appertain, and should be classed in the one way or the other, accordingly. Thus, a right to sue for and recover real property is (viewed as inherent in the person suing) as much a personal right, as the right to sue for and recover a hat, or a chest of valuables: in this point of view, then, there would be properly no *real* rights, but considered with reference to the subject about which they are employed, the distinction is apparent. A title to real property is a real right; and a title to personal property is a right of personal property, not a *personal* right, unless the distinction is abolished (which we hold to be very sound) between a right to personal property and a right to the enjoyment of personal liberty, which latter is a strictly personal right. It is confounding, therefore, we think, the rights of persons and of property to class under the same head, *though they appertain to different subjects*, these two species of rights.¹ In the civil law, where there was no distinction between real and personal estate, all property being classed as *res*, or things, there existed but the two divisions: the *jura personarum*, or rights of persons, and the *jura rerum*, or rights of things. This division has probably struck Mr. Hoffman as more simple and philosophic, and if he had adhered to it (though we think he would have done so at the expense of some perspicuity), he would at least have avoided the appearance of inconsistency, and consequent partial obscurity. Under his first head, "Real Rights," he classes estates for years, though these are undoubtedly personal property; yet, by the rule of the civil law, they are part of the *jura rerum*. One would suppose, therefore, that under the head of "Real Remedies" we should find the action of ejectment, which is brought to recover the possession of these terms or estates for years. We discover it, however, in the list of "Personal Remedies"—it being only a personal remedy, as brought to recover estates for years which are personal property. All actions must be brought by *some person*, and therefore that consideration does not give the title to an action. The civil law rule is consequently here disregarded. The real remedies discussed by our author, are those technically so called at the common law, because brought to recover the *title* and not merely the *possession* of real estate, as the action of ejectment is well known to be. By the civil law, trover and replevin would be considered as real actions, because instituted to recover things,

¹ We may remark, for the benefit of the unprofessional reader, that *real* is a term in the law (used only with regard to property), and put in opposition to *personal*; this latter being then used also with reference to property. *Real* and *personal property* are opposites; not *real*, as applied to property in general, and *personal*, as applied to *persons*.

and not to obtain damages for an injury to the person. In a word, the division assumed by Mr. Hoffman abolishes the distinction between strictly personal rights and the rights to personal property, and places real rights and remedies in opposition to both; following in this neither the civil nor the common law, but, by mingling the two, producing confusion and embarrassment in the mind of the student.

We have been thus free in our strictures upon this part of Mr. Hoffman's plan, because, in our opinion, the work will well bear criticism. Its sterling merits, in other respects, place it far above the apprehension of being permanently injured by the exhibition of a partial defect.

The Law of Equity, or Chancery Jurisdiction, and the Law Merchant, form, as they well deserve from their importance, distinct heads or titles. As to the former, it is a complete and unique system, of which nothing even generally similar is to be found in the codes of other countries, and well demands the earnest attention of the student. No lawyer can safely practise in this country without an ample share of its learning; and our author deserves praise for the well-arranged list which he has prepared for the student in this part of his course. The "Law Merchant," too, has been adequately attended to by him, and is properly commended to the anxious consideration of the learner. Maritime and Admiralty law should with more propriety have followed immediately after this head, as the subjects are so nearly connected, instead of being postponed to the study of the Criminal law. There are distinct titles on the law of nations and the Roman law, the books pointed out in which are ancillary to those upon the same topics when studied at an earlier stage of the course, and are intended to complete the requisite instruction upon these heads.

The civil law being thus extensively investigated, the attention of the student is next turned to the important division of crimes and their punishments, constituting the body of the criminal law. The course here recommended is exceedingly ample, and if pursued would furnish the reader with a complete knowledge of that various system. Every department of it will be found to be fully illustrated.

But one thing more seems wanting to the course of legal study; a more thorough understanding of the constitution and laws of the United States and of the several States, and this is provided for by the books recommended under those respective titles.

The student would now appear completely caparisoned, but our author wishes to entice him still further. He invites him into the region of Political Economy. Into that disputed and

belligerent territory we would not advise him, while yet a student, to venture.

Political economy is undoubtedly one of the noblest of the sciences; and no man can be considered as politely or effectively educated without its study. None, however, is more beset with difficulties, which it requires much time and careful thought to overcome. Great practical information, as well as correct theoretical reasoning, are needed to arrive at proper results. The variant views on the subjects of restriction and free trade, have been sustained by their respective advocates with distinguished ability; and to enable the impartial reader to form a correct judgment, very much should be attentively studied on both sides of the question. While each system appears to its disciples equally plain, to an impartial inquirer who considers both, either seems sufficiently embarrassed. The student of law, therefore, should not approach intricacies that he has not the time (which we clearly think he has not in his legal course) fully to unravel. If the exercise of the mind be what is aimed at by our author, and if more be needed after the study of both law and metaphysics, we should direct the student to the higher mathematics; and after the use of all these mental gymnasia, if his mind were not sufficiently exercised, we should pronounce it sluggish indeed.

The course proper is now complete; but Mr. Hoffman very justly calls the attention to certain auxiliary subjects which are clearly portions of a full course of instruction, and some of which (as the geography, and civil, statistical, and political history of the United States of America) are essentially component parts of every gentleman's education. Legal biography and bibliography, American, British and Continental, Medical Jurisprudence, and the Military and Naval Law, the student will find both pleasant and profitable. Logic is considered by our author as a distinct head; it could with propriety be connected with his metaphysical studies. Archbishop Whately's admirable *Treatise* would be all-sufficient for the student's purposes. The enquiring student should also be anxious to know the exact state of the law, in Europe and in his own country, upon the important topics of codification and proposed amendments in the law, and he could procure this information fully from some of the books pointed out to him by Mr. Hoffman. He should keep pace, if possible, with the progress of public opinion in regard to his profession, and with the alterations and modifications which are suggested in its principles.

One title, which Mr. Hoffman has ranked with the auxiliary subjects, we should ourselves be disposed to substitute rather for some one of the heads in the regular course, so high is our

estimate of its importance to the American lawyer—we mean, “forensic eloquence and oratory.”

No lawyer can attain great eminence in his profession in our country, without possessing eloquence. It is not required that he should be a Demosthenes, or a Cicero, but he should be fluent, perspicuous, nervous and polished in language, and possess much of the graces of oratory. Nothing is clearer than that all these qualifications may be abundantly improved by proper study and practice. The young aspirant, though timid, hesitating, or awkward, should never despair. Careful reading of the best models both of antiquity and of modern times; frequent composition and after correction of what has been written; attention to enunciation and delivery—*combined with a consciousness of being master of one's subject*, will soon make the orator. Practice will sharpen the intellect, invigorate all the faculties, and give confidence to the fancy; while the good taste, which has been sedulously cultivated, will keep back the speaker from the utterance of any thing calculated to displease or disgust. There is no faculty which improves more rapidly and steadily than this; and certainly none which sooner earns for its possessor a valuable reputation. The path of political distinction is open wide before the eloquent advocate; oratory is the highway to the highest honours of the country. The American people are peculiarly susceptible to its influence, and will pardon much to an eloquent discourse.

The young lawyer then will sedulously cultivate this faculty. He will, with the dispositions and tastes which after such a course we may reasonably expect him to have acquired, aim to direct this important power to noble ends. He will add the weight of a religious, a moral, an independent, and a high-minded character, to the utterance of the words of wisdom, embellished with the ornaments of a cultivated imagination, and desire only the triumphs of fair argument and of truth.

Conciseness—unfortunately not the boast of our land—will be gained by this careful study and preparation. The luxuriance and superfluity of bad taste and weak arguments will be pruned; and the praise, so rare, will be earned of having spoken well and not more than enough.

The last topic handled at length by our author is that of professional deportment; and he lays down a number of very admirable rules, preceded by the best advice. The books he has chosen to place in the students' hands, in order to inculcate “purity of morals, soundness of integrity, the amiableness of urbanity, the graces of modesty, and generally the decorations and amenities of life,” show both his good feelings and good taste. Solomon's Proverbs, &c. from Holy Writ, the 12th Book of Quintilian's Institutes, Watts on the Improvement of the

Mind, Bacon's Essays, and other standard works of our language, are well suited to engender and nourish in the mind those sentiments of pure integrity, without which the practice of the law becomes a curse. The elaborate advice of Mr. Hoffman upon this point, and the directions to be culled from the books we have noted, may be summed up in a few words. Let perfect honour and integrity, and politeness free from servility, be the rule of the lawyer's career. To none more than to him will the Divine injunction—"Do unto others as ye would men should do unto you,"—be applicable. The caution would probably hardly be necessary to one impressed with the slightest sense of the importance of character in regard to those matters which the court, their associates at the bar, or the world generally, may have the means of knowing. But a great proportion of the doings of a lawyer is transacted in his own office, alone with his client; or exempt even from that surveillance. The confidence of his employer is necessarily unbounded—that of the court and of his fellows probably equally great; there is no check upon him but his own conscience, his sense of honour, and feeling of right. The temptations in his path are numerous—money, more persuasive even than "the tongue of the tempter," when his own wants are pressing, may perchance lie in his way, to seduce him from the straight road of Christian honour. He should be fortified, therefore, as far as human advice can effect that purpose, before he embarks on the hazardous ocean of professional life. The lessons of experience, the warning voice of the moralist, and above all, the effusions of inspiration, are all properly poured into his ear, and by their repetition stamped upon his memory. He is (upon Mr. Hoffman's plan) not subjected to the risk (which has overtaken many) of being led into the paths of dishonour, in the first instance, by unguarded ignorance, and kept there afterwards by a sense of shame. If the young lawyer fall, after such a course of preparation, it is knowingly and with premeditation, and he was always unfit for the profession he has disgraced.

We said in the outset of our remarks, that Mr. Hoffman's course of legal study was highly intellectual; and we think that our readers, after even this rapid survey of it, will agree with us in our opinion. Our author estimates that it will take seven years to make a lawyer, and he therefore allots that time for his full course. To make a complete lawyer, in our sense of the term, we should consider double seven years a short period. But the question is not exactly such—it is, what length of time ought a young man to devote to his studies in order to prepare himself for the bar? We confess we think four years enough in the case of those who have received a collegiate education; and for such as have not been so fortunate we would prescribe

the study of the dead languages, in addition to a course embracing the subjects which Mr. Hoffman recommends, with, however, a curtailment of the books, and with the exception we have before noted. A youth should be thoroughly armed with religious and moral principles before admission, but he cannot be expected to be a complete lawyer. To return, however, to the character of the course.

The student will be taught by it the proper dignity of his profession—that it is one among the noblest sciences; not a mere pettifogging trade for the purpose of amassing wealth. With his sense of the importance and honour of his profession, will be connected a just feeling of his own standing as a member of so high a calling, and a watchfulness to permit no act of his to degrade it by lowering himself. He will estimate more properly the dignity of mind, and be taught to place it in the scale of value far above the mere physical advantages which are so apt to dazzle the young. He will be more deeply sensible of the inestimable worth of character; a treasure above the vicissitudes of fortune or life, and which he may transmit to his descendants, though every thing else have been swallowed up in the gulf of misfortune.

If there be any set of men in our community whose profession requires of them a complete education, assuredly they are lawyers and divines. Of the latter we have not now to speak; but it is the province of the advocate to direct the actions of his fellow-men; to compose their strifes; to regulate their estates; to assert their rights; and finally, to make laws for their guidance. Such men should be well instructed to fit them for so responsible an office; at the least, their knowledge of their language should be thorough, and their integrity incorruptible.

In the United States particularly, should this be deemed essential to the profession. Respect for the law and the importance and influence of her ministers, are proportionate to the freedom of a government. Their respectability and refinement should increase with their growing importance and responsibility. The individuals composing the profession should never be a drawback or impediment to its intrinsic value and available influence.

The spirit of the age is opposed to every thing graduated by a narrow or illiberal scale. The empire of thought has been widely extended, and the measure of all mental exercises enlarged. The intellect of the mass has been more freely cultivated, and various knowledge been brought home even to the door of the comparatively humble. More is expected from the learned and the scientific when even mechanical employments, and the pursuits of operatives, are claimed to work no bar to familiar intercourse with the highest truths and most abstruse

principles of politics and ethics, or with the refinements of literature. Amid this babbling upon such exalted themes, the members of the learned professions should not suffer their real pretensions to be abased, but should labour to retain them at their comparative height.

Every student should feel, when commencing the study of the law, that he is entering upon a line of life which leads directly to the highest position in his country; that it is not the accident of birth, nor the inheritance of broad paternal acres, which opens to him the door to honours and emoluments beyond and above the hopes of the less favoured mass: but that to the strenuous exertion of the powers of his own mind, whose energies human institutions are not able to cripple, sanctified by integrity and virtue, he is to be indebted for his success. Such sentiments Mr. Hoffman has most creditably laboured to instil.

The student of law in our day has no trifling duty to fulfil. The study of his profession is no child's play. It is not enough for him to be acquainted with the common law as it prevailed until recent innovations in England, and as it existed a few years since in this country, modified only so far as the peculiar condition of our land required. It is not enough for him to know the venerable tracks which marked the great divisions of municipal law, and which, considered equally sacred, remained as unmoved as the supposed divinely guarded boundaries of ancient demesnes. It is not enough for him to be as wise as his forefathers, and to expend his time and employ his industry, and load his memory with the details of a science which the wisdom of ages has combined to bring to perfection. This would seem ample occupation. But he must do more than this. He must learn novel principles, which are supposed to be more accordant with the spirit of the age, and which are introduced upon theoretic notions of their fitness; the very worst basis for the introduction of a legal principle. He must learn not to apply, or rather he must learn to forget, the good old science, (which he has necessarily been taught, for without such knowledge the innovations themselves would be unintelligible,) and he must endeavour to square his views in accordance with a new system, whose mode of operation is dubious because altogether conjectural.

The death of the law is uncertainty. Profane wit has designated it as "glorious"—the glory however is reaped but by rogues and speculators. The perfection of law would be its certainty; its fiat to follow its dictum; and the former to be predicated of principles as stable as axioms in mathematics. A legal system should never be manufactured for a nation; it should grow with its growth; be the spontaneous product of

times and circumstances; and be modified from season to season, as the exigencies of the case require, and after practical proof of need of the particular provision. The people themselves are in one sense the best legislators; the changes they introduce are gradual; not carried further than the particular emergency and the effect of the emergency itself. Gentlemen in their closets cannot chalk out a rule which, anticipating all contingencies, or suiting all modifications of society, will expand or contract to fit the one or meet the other. It is beyond human wisdom to frame so comprehensive, and at the same time so pliable a general rule; the mere light of experience is not the spirit of prophecy. A useful, in fact, a tolerable system of law is gradually built up; little by little the pile is reared; and its foundation being laid in the circumstances of society, like the arch, every regular addition, while it conduces to the finish of the structure, at the same time imparts to it solidity and strength.

The "tempora mutantur," &c. of the poet may be aptly read, "Leges mutantur et nos mutamur in illis." With a change of laws, long established and intimately interwoven with the business transactions of a people, comes a change of settled modes of thought, fixed principles of action, long continued practice, if you will, deeply rooted prejudices; but still prejudices which have largely contributed to the security and certainty of the law. The minds of professional men are rudely jarred by innovations; their judgments become hesitating; their confidence in their own opinions shaken; even the abstract fitness of the alteration (supposing the change to exhibit such an aspect) is regarded as a small compensation for the evils we have indicated.

But as a general remark it may be asserted that change in settled law is for the worse. We would not be understood as objecting to the gradual growth of new provisions to meet the increasing wants of a growing community. There are different departments of law which are required for the different phases of society. But we do object to the remodelling of the law upon new theoretical principles; in a word, to legal radicalism. *It is of less importance in general, what the law is, than that it should be certain.* A system of arbitrary rules (and a great part of every legal system necessarily is such) may as well, for all purposes of practical utility, be of one kind as of another; let but people know what the rules are, and let them feel a consciousness that they will continue what they are. They will frame their contracts and arrange their affairs accordingly. There is always at hand, too, a body of men who make the laws their study, to assist the ignorant with their advice and guide them through the labyrinth. The practice of the law was never

intended for the mass; and the appearance of no day should we regret more than of that which announced that—every man was his own lawyer.

ART. V.—*Recollections of the Private Life of General Lafayette.*
By M. JULES CLOQUET, M. D. Embellished with forty-five engravings. 2 vols. 12mo. New York, 1836.

The reflections with which we sat down to the perusal of these volumes, we have, doubtless, made in common with many of their readers. Historians who attempt to portray those events in national existence which have passed under their own eye, or whose sound has vibrated in their own ears, are, proverbially, liable to prejudiced views and opinions. Indeed facts, and notorious facts, are seldom entirely safe from danger of distortion under the hands of such writers. To this oft repeated caution we may add, that the task of the biographer is one in which the struggle between philosophic impartiality, and the biases of education, of party, and of feeling, is still more difficult and uncertain. He who really endeavours to give a faithful account of great political revolutions, to investigate thoroughly the hidden causes of the events which he records, conscious of the difficulties of his undertaking, and absorbed in the grandeur of the subject, may sometimes overcome, in a great degree, the strength of untoward prepossessions. But such motives and influences are, of necessity, less powerful when an individual, instead of a nation, is to be depicted; of course, growing weaker, as that individual's fortune has been less identified with the fortunes of his country and the history of his times. To carry out the comparison; he who attempts to exhibit the *private* life and opinions of an individual, is, of all biographers, exposed to the greatest disturbances in his orbit. Our judgment of a man's true character is, in many cases, materially influenced by our knowledge of his domestic habits; but when we enter his calm retreat from the bustle of the world; when we sit with him at the fire-side, we can scarcely bring ourselves to attach much importance to the scenes which there meet our eyes, or to reason philosophically upon passing motives and appearances; we are guided, in our conclusions, rather by impulse than by reflection. Indeed we believe that a public career is usually estimated much more correctly than a private life; not that our judgment, in regard to the former,

requires a less exercise of reason, but that it naturally, and almost necessarily, calls forth a greater actual exertion of our faculties. As intercourse grows more open and familiar, we become less observant and discriminating.

But if the author of the volumes before us has laboured under a disadvantage common to biographers, he, certainly, has some peculiar recommendations to our confidence. Of all men, physicians enjoy the greatest facilities for studying human character, and probing the very inmost recesses of the soul.

"Reges dicuntur multis urgere culullis,
Et torquere mero, quem perspexisse laborant."

Thus may the hypocrite sometimes be unmasked, and thus a sovereign might prove a courtier, *an sit amicitia dignus*, if he merely wished to expose political opinions, considering disbelief in the divine right of kings as the extreme of human frailty. But it is not amid drunken revelry that we can best study man; that we can observe the excellences and noble attributes which adorn, as well as the stains which darken his nature. On the sick bed, when the body is weakened by disease, all the qualities of the mind and the feelings of the heart appear in an artless dishabille, which exhibits their true forms in strong and decided outlines.

The works which may serve as memoirs, in part, more or less deserving of credit, of Lafayette's public life, are very numerous. The remarkable events which France has witnessed within the last half century, have called forth a multitude of historians of every variety of ability and authenticity. Of course, "the hero of three revolutions" figures largely in many of these records. Professed biographers, too, of Lafayette, have not been wanting, though, up to the present time, nothing of this kind has been given to the world at all worthy of the man, or of the wonderful scenes in which he took so important a part. We observe that the American publishers of the present volumes give notice, that these sketches of his private life are the only memoirs, which "we shall have for a long period, at least, with the permission of the family of the deceased." We cannot say that we feel any regret at this announcement, supposing it to be correct. What historian, of the present day, could do full justice to such a subject? Will England ever furnish a writer, who, laying aside the prejudice imbibed at his mother's breast, and the sworn enmity of his maturer years, can portray with candour and impartiality the character of a French republican? We never expect to witness such a triumph over self. Can we entertain the hope, that, in France, under the present dynasty, any author will arise to do justice to the me-

mory of one so offensive to the sight of royalty? What would be more easy for a government which has the complete mastery of the press, than to stifle, at the birth, any work containing sentiments hostile to monarchical interests? But how could Lafayette's career be truly exhibited without a full and candid exhibition of the opinions and principles which governed his words and actions, even to the last hour of his existence; without a thorough examination of the influence which he has exerted upon his generation, and of the return with which his services have been rewarded? And what could be the result of such an exhibition, but to weaken the hands of tyranny, by a strong and popular contrast to its usurpations; to throw contempt upon royalty stained with the vilest ingratitude?

An American, while able fully to appreciate a republican character, and also enjoying perfect liberty of words and action, would, however, unless from peculiar circumstances, labour under evident disadvantages. But still we may give it, as our firm conviction, that if any creditable life of Lafayette shall appear, within the next half century, it will be a product of the American soil. One thing we take for granted—that the task of the biographer ought always to fall to a friend, rather than an enemy; that the invidious exaggerations of the one are more unfriendly to the cause of truth, than the indulgent colouring of the other.

M. Cloquet, the author of these recollections of Lafayette, has been hitherto known to us only as a skilful surgeon, a professor in the School of Medicine at Paris, and a distinguished medical writer. From the tone of his preface, we should judge that he has seldom, if ever, gone out of the line of his profession, so far as in the present instance. At the earnest solicitation of Mr. Isaiah Townsend, an American resident in Paris, he consented to record a few such reminiscences of his acquaintance with Lafayette, as would, probably, prove interesting to our countrymen, for whom alone they were originally intended. These sketches were translated by Mr. Townsend, and printed in a New York paper, the *Evening Star*, from which they were copied into several other journals. Many of them we read with interest at the time of their first appearance, but they are now issued, much improved and extended. The present translation, prepared under the eye of the author, has been published here, and in London, simultaneously with the publication of the French original in Paris. It is, in general, well expressed in pure English. The author says of the French edition, "The printing has been confided to M. Jules Didot, sen., who has discharged his task in a manner worthy of his typographical reputation." We may add, in commendation of the cis-Atlantic publishers, that the dress which the work has

assumed under their auspices, is pre-eminently beautiful, even at this day, when such a profusion of "blue, and purple, and scarlet," for outside-adorning, meets the eye. With the engravings, which are nearly all from designs by M. Cloquet himself, we have been particularly pleased. Many of them exhibit, at a glance, a sort of information which words could not convey, and which we, at least, have often wished to obtain.

We are very seldom willing to admit the validity of excuses set forth in an author's preface. They are, generally, such as are properly "available only to a defendant;" such as "no plaintiff can offer as a supplementary ground of action." But the circumstances to which M. Cloquet's work owes its conception and present publication, do, undoubtedly, warrant a good share of indulgence on the part of its readers. Our own remarks shall be governed by this consideration. The merits of the work, as a literary production, certainly are not of the highest order. We value it chiefly for its authenticity, and as exhibiting, in a strong light, Lafayette's feelings and opinions in regard to America. It is especially adapted to interest Americans.

As the author, in the course of his narrative, has introduced the names of several individuals still living, particularly of the surviving members of Lafayette's family, he has thought it necessary to make a formal apology for so doing. We should not take notice of this circumstance, if it were not for a singular infelicity of expression in the apology thus offered, which evidently might be construed to contain an insinuation, very far, no doubt, from the intention of the writer.

"I trust," he says, "they will pardon me for having introduced their names without previously obtaining their consent; and I am the more inclined to rely upon their indulgence, as I have *fortunately* had no occasion to present them in any other than a favourable light."—*Preface*, p. xv.

Perhaps the translation alone may be at fault, but the words certainly convey the idea that he might, *unfortunately*, have had occasion to allude to them in a less *favourable* manner.

There is sometimes too much minuteness in M. Cloquet's descriptions. He seems to have carried the "business habits" of the surgeon rather too far, in this particular. In writing a work on anatomy, it might be well enough to trace each little nerve or artery through its winding course, and to mention its most insignificant characteristics. But here the case is different. To illustrate our meaning we make a few short extracts.

"Lafayette was tall and well-proportioned. He was decidedly inclined to *embonpoint*, though not to obesity. His head was large; his face oval and regular; his forehead lofty and open; his eyes, which were full of goodness and meaning, were large and prominent, of a

grayish-blue, and surmounted with light and well-arched, but not bushy eyebrows; his nose was aquiline; his mouth, which was habitually embellished with a natural smile, was seldom opened except to utter kind and gracious expressions; his complexion was clear; his cheeks were slightly coloured; and at the age of seventy-seven not a single wrinkle furrowed his countenance, the ordinary expression of which was that of candour and frankness." * * * * "According to the circumstances in which he was placed, joy, hope, pity or gratitude, tenderness or severity, were, by turns, predominant in his eyes and in every feature of his countenance." * * * *

(We might almost have divined as much.)

* * * * "His other movements were easy and natural, and though he had but little suppleness in his fingers, his gestures were graceful, and rarely abrupt," &c. * * * "When the subject of conversation was gay, he laughed heartily; but even the excess of his mirth was never displayed in sudden and violent bursts of laughter."

(These facts will certainly take a prominent place in history.)

* * * * "Lafayette's dress was always extremely simple, and free from every thing like pretension. He usually wore a long gray or dark coloured coat;"

(Quære,—is "dark coloured" merely explanatory of the epithet "gray;" or does it convey the derogatory idea, that Lafayette's principles were so unsettled, that his coats were not invariably of the same colour?)

"a round hat,"

(by this token we should have known him among a thousand,)

"pantaloon and gaiters."

(What a remarkable idiosyncrasy is here indicated!)

—Vol. I., p. 7, *et seq.*

We might multiply passages of this kind, selecting them from all parts of both volumes, but we shall trespass on the patience of the reader with only one other short quotation, exhibiting the same attention to minute circumstances, and, moreover, disclosing a marked aptitude, in M. Cloquet, for the study of comparative anatomy. He is relating the events of Lafayette's last illness, detailing the gradual progress of his disease, and preparing his readers for the "closing scene," when he introduces the following particulars:—

"During his malady, Lafayette was very fond of a small white bitch, which he had received, I believe, from Madame de Bourck, and which never quitted him. The animal, which was gifted with a remarkable degree of instinct, permitted nobody except Bastien to approach her master's clothes, when he was in bed, expressed sorrow or joy according as he felt better or worse, and might have served as a thermometer to indi-

cate the state of his health. Since the General's death, she has followed Bastien to Lagrange, but has never resumed her gaiety."—Vol. II., pp. 96 and 97.

If the reader will absolve us from the rash promise made above, we will give another instance which has since met our eye. The author details, at some length, the circumstances of M. Dulong's fatal duel with General Bugeaud, of which we shall have occasion to speak hereafter, and after other particulars, gravely tells us, of the wounded and dying man,—

"He was bled copiously, and the blood was received in a salad bowl!"—Vol. II., p. 89.

But we drop the pen of criticism to enter upon the more agreeable task of endeavouring to extract something from this work which may profit or please our readers. As its title purports, it contains little more than sketches of private life. Such opinions as the author has himself heard expressed by Lafayette, during a familiar intercourse of many years, on a variety of different subjects, both moral and political, he records at length. Of course, he *recollects* no expression of opinion in regard to the government of Louis Philippe, which, as we know from other sources, was regarded, by Lafayette, with feelings of the deepest disappointment and reprobation. Indeed he forewarns us, that, "in these letters, he has as much as possible avoided every subject connected with the politics of the present day;" adding,

"If I have spoken of some of Lafayette's opinions; if I have developed and commented on some of his ideas, I have done so with the reserve that becomes my situation."—*Preface*, p. xiii.

Those parts of the work in which we have been the most interested, are the descriptions of the domestic arrangements and course of life at Lagrange, and the relation of the circumstances attending the last illness and death of this illustrious man. His country residence is thus described.

"Lagrange-Bleureau, better known at present by the name of Lagrange-Lafayette, is situated thirteen leagues east of Paris, near Rosny-en-Brie, and nearly half way from Melun to Meaux. The château and farm touch one another, and are situated in the centre of the grounds which surround them, and form an almost perfect circle of more than eight hundred French acres. The roads leading to Lagrange cross the property, and are well planted and carefully kept in order. The entrance into the park is through a wide and handsome avenue, slightly curved and bordered with young and sturdy apple trees, the branches of which incline towards the traveller, and seem to offer him the flowers or fruit with which they are loaded. This avenue turns to the left, passing along the farm, and an old chapel, which, at present, forms part of it: and thus crosses a small plantation of chestnut trees, and soon after-

wards shaded by beauteous green trees, which impart to it a sombre and mysterious aspect, conducts to the extreme of the château. A stone bridge, with parapets, has replaced the drawbridge, which formerly existed over the moat. The entrance is by a large door composed of two arches; the one exterior and larger than the other, having on the sides two deep excavations, which received a portion of the wood-work and the chains of the old bridge; the other, which is on the inside and elliptical, forms the real door. On the side of the latter may be seen two substantial towers, in which are pierced narrow windows, in the form of loopholes, and the thick walls of which are built of freestone, like the rest of the building. The walls, to the level of the tiled roof by which they are surmounted, are covered with moss and tufted ivy, between the foliage of which may be seen the outline of the casements of the towers. The ivy was planted by the celebrated Fox, during his stay at Lagrange, with General Fitzpatrick, after the peace of Amiens. The plant, which may be taken as a symbol of his friendship for Lafayette, has increased with years, and clings closer to the walls of his habitation. The sketch of this door which I have given will suffice, I think, to afford you a correct idea of it. The court, through which is the entrance, has the form of an irregular square, and is spacious, well lighted, and enlivened by the view of a park, on which it opens. In the centre is the front of the château, of which I furnish you with a plan, executed from a drawing which General Carbonel was kind enough to place at my disposal."—Vol. I., pp. 165 and 166.

A particular description is then given of every part of this old castle, of which the reader is enabled to form a very good idea, by the aid of the engravings which accompany the verbal details. The private apartments of the General are minutely described, together with all the furniture and ornaments which they contained. How prominently do his respect and veneration for the United States,—for the men with whom he was associated, in the achievement of our independence,—appear in a thousand little arrangements, trifling in themselves, but of great interest to one who values them as proofs of the exalted opinion of American character entertained by our "nation's guest." His retreat had become a shrine, crowded with sacred relics of many a contest lost or won under the flag of freedom, and with unnumbered honourable tokens of individual and national esteem. Let us enumerate a few of the articles which these apartments exhibited.

"A silver vase presented by the midshipmen of the *Brandywine* frigate, in which he returned to France after his last visit to America."

"A Roman banner, a trophy presented by the city of Lyons to General Lafayette, when he relinquished the command of the National Guards, after the formation of the Constituent Assembly; inscribed, C. L. O. C. (*Cives Lugdunenses optimo civo*)."

"A gold medal presented by the children of the public schools at Hartford."

"A medal which the electors of Meaux (*Lafayette's constituents*) caused to be struck in his honour."

Various souvenirs of Washington, viz :—

"An ivory handled pair of glasses." "A parasol." "The last piece of tapestry embroidered by Mrs. Washington, at the age of seventy." "A ring enclosing Washington's and his wife's hair." "The decoration of Cincinnatus worn by Washington."

"A crystal box containing the cravat and a lock of the hair of Riego the Spanish patriot."

"Two very handsome swords presented by the New York militia on the occasion of his last visit to America."—Vol. I., p. 181, *et seq.*

The sword presented by Congress in 1799.—This the author describes minutely, and has furnished sketches of the carved devices on its various portions. We extract a part of its history.

"During the reign of terror, Madame Lafayette, who was then at Chavaniac, had the sword buried, and it was thus for many years concealed, and secured from revolutionary vandalism. M. Georges Lafayette, on his return from America, had the weapon disinterred; but it had paid tribute to its subterranean captivity, the blade having been completely eaten and destroyed by rust. M. Georges was able to preserve only the handle and the mounting, which he carefully concealed, and succeeded in conveying to his father in Holland, although it was then extremely dangerous to take away gold from France. On Lafayette's return to his country, after the 18th Brumaire, he conceived the happy idea of adjusting to this handle the blade of a sword presented to him, with a statue of Washington, by the National Guards of Paris, when he made his adieux to that force, on the 8th October, 1791. The last mentioned blade, which is manufactured from the iron bolts and bars of the Bastille, in order to consecrate the arms of despotism to the defence of liberty, presents some allegorical subjects connected with the taking and destruction of that celebrated state prison."—Vol. II., p. 13.

In "an elegant pavilion, situated under the windows of the library, and covered with a tiled roof, supported by slight wood-work," the General preserved a beautiful canoe, presented to him by the Whitehall boatmen, after it had been victorious in a rowing match against a boat belonging to an English vessel, December 9th, 1824. In this canoe they carried him out to the entrance of the bay of New-York.

In the same manner are described Lafayette's apartments at Paris, in the Rue d'Anjou St. Honoré, which he had occupied, whenever business called him to the city, for fifteen years. They were filled with ornaments and mementos of the same character with those which we have above enumerated, all speaking, in forcible though silent language, the firm, unaltered principles which consecrated both the temple and the priest. We may here also notice M. Cloquet's description of a splendid vase intended to have been presented to General Lafayette, in the name of the French people, by the National Guards of the

whole kingdom, to perpetuate the recollection of the grand scenes of 1830. The funds, necessary for the execution of the purposed plan, were raised by a subscription set on foot among the National Guards of Paris, and afterwards extended to the remainder of that body throughout the departments. The manufacture of the vase was commenced in the year 1831, according to the designs and under the superintendence of a "distinguished artist, M. Fauconnier," but owing partly to the difficulties of the task, though still more to the embarrassments of the goldsmith, whose woes are very pathetically, if not appropriately, set forth as a sequel to the description of his workmanship, was not completed until 1835, after death had removed Lafayette from all his earthly honours and rewards. This monument was, however, presented to the assembled family, and then removed to Lagrange and deposited in the General's library.

"This vase, which is of silver gilt, and the stand, in the form of a votive altar, and of the same metal, are about four feet high." On one side is the inscription, "La France à Lafayette;" on the other the date, "1830." At the corners of the square pedestal are four statues, representing Liberty, Equality, Force, and Wisdom, and on its faces four bas-reliefs; the first representing "The capitulation of Lord Cornwallis;" the second, "The Federation of 1790;" the third, "The reception of the Duke of Orleans as Lieutenant-General of the kingdom, at the Hotel-de-Ville, July 31st, 1830;" and the fourth, "The distribution of the standards to the National Guard, in the Champ de Mars, August 29th, 1830." These are its most striking embellishments, but the whole workmanship is represented by M. Cloquet, as of the most finished and exquisite beauty.—Vol. II. Let. XIV.

The mode of life pursued by Lafayette, at Lagrange, was truly primitive and patriarchal. His most delightful employment was the direction and superintendence of agricultural labours. His farm is represented, by our author, as better cultivated than any other in its vicinity; and this, not because great sums were lavished upon its improvement, but from the superior skill and care which guided the labours of the husbandman. Even while in America, Lafayette forwarded instructions for the management of his lands, by every opportunity. Never was a landlord more revered and beloved by his tenantry and the neighbourhood of his residence. By the French people, at large, he was honoured as the defender of their liberties, and the champion of the rights of man; but those in the midst of whom he lived, while feeling the force of such claims on their

a ion, loved and blessed him as a personal friend and bene-
 If the acclamations of assembled multitudes, the *feux-*

de-joie, and triumphant processions, which so often greeted him in his journeys through France—overflowing demonstrations of a nation's gratitude—gave evidence of his public services, in language no less clear and eloquent did the unmingled joy and eager welcome, which met his steps returning to Lagrange, testify his private worth.

The following sketches are given of the General's daily occupations and recreations, at his country seat :—

"Lafayette usually slept but seven hours, and his sleep was light, peaceful, and rarely agitated by dreams. He thought, with justice, that early hours were favourable to health, and that protracted sleep, instead of refreshing, enfeebled the vigour of the body, by the species of torpor which it invariably produces. He made his servant awaken him at five o'clock in the morning ; and he was in the habit of remaining one or two hours longer in bed, engaged in reading or writing. As soon as he had risen, he dressed himself for the day, paid to his wife the affecting homage of which I have already spoken, and then employed himself in his private cabinet till ten o'clock, when he came down to breakfast. After the first meal, he perused the French or foreign journals, and about twelve o'clock went to the farm, where he remained at least two hours every day. He returned to his own apartment at three o'clock, occupied himself with his correspondence and other business till six, when the bell rung, and was heard to a considerable distance, announcing the dinner hour to the persons in the chateau, and to those who were walking in the park. After dinner, in bad weather, Lafayette passed the evening in the drawing-room, in conversation with his children and friends, and in the reception of strangers who came to visit him. When his family alone were present, he frequently withdrew, at eight o'clock, to his own apartment, where he wrote or studied ; but before he retired to rest, at about half past ten, he generally re-entered the drawing-room to exchange good-night with his children. * * * * *

"Early in the morning Lafayette inspected the labours of the farm from one of the windows of his library, which commanded a view of its buildings and courts. He saw the forage distributed to the cattle, and the speaking trumpet, which I have mentioned, was used by him to give orders to his farmer, whose vigorous lungs enabled him to dispense with such an instrument in making his reply.

"Lafayette knew that exercise was favourable to his health, and for that reason he proceeded on foot to the buildings of the farm, and saw his wheat, hay, and other crops, gathered in. As he found some difficulty in walking, he mounted his horse to visit the more distant parts of his farm, especially at the harvest and hay-making seasons. For the last seven or eight years, he generally on these occasions made use of a small and very light Russian calèche, which ran with ease across the fields."—Vol. II. pp. 41, 42, 43, 44.

The "affecting homage to his wife," here mentioned, may be best explained, by giving the words of the author :

"In his children he cherished the memory of their mother (*Mademoiselle de Noailles*), whom he had loved most tenderly, and whose name he never mentioned but with visible emotion. One day, during his last

illness, I surprised him kissing her portrait, which he always wore suspended to his neck in a small gold medallion. Around the portrait were the words—'I am yours;' and on the back was engraved this short and touching inscription—'I was then a gentle companion to you! in that case—bless me.' I have since been informed, that regularly every morning, Lafayette ordered Bastien (his servant) to leave the room, in which he shut himself up, and taking the portrait in both hands, looked at it earnestly, pressed it to his lips, and remained silently contemplating it for about a quarter of an hour. Nothing was more disagreeable to him than to be disturbed during this daily homage to the memory of his virtuous partner."—Vol. I. p. 33.

But while Lagrange was thus the abode of rural simplicity and pleasures, the gates of the old castle were ever thrown open to the claims of hospitality. We are told that there were seldom fewer than twenty-five or thirty persons, including the members of his own family, at the General's table. His respect for the United States was strongly testified in the continual demonstrations of friendship and esteem, lavished upon our countrymen. To be an American, was at all times a sufficient introduction to his kind attentions; and every friend of liberal principles, every patriotic spirit, especially, at the season of distress and danger, found a heart-felt welcome, and a temporary home, in the family of their sympathizing "companion in arms."

Most of our readers will remember, that the immediate cause of the sickness, which, after a protracted and painful course, terminated Lafayette's life, was his following on foot the corpse of M. Dulong, a political friend and member of the Chamber of Deputies, to the cemetery of Père la Chaise. M. Dulong had fallen by the hand of Gen. Bugeaud, in a duel, the consequence of words spoken, under the excitement of debate, in the Chamber. M. Cloquet's services were put in requisition, to attend the parties to the field of combat, a spot in the Bois de Boulogne. He details the particulars of the duel and its fatal issue. On returning home from the funeral, Lafayette was immediately attacked by alarming illness, but was at length relieved, in a great measure, from the most distressing symptoms. For some months he lingered on, in a state of continual debility and frequent pain, at times sufficiently strong to attend to some of his lighter occupations, and to see a few of the numerous friends who crowded eagerly to inquire after his health, and to request a sight of him; and to take short excursions in his carriage; but a slight exposure gave new force to his disease, and relief was no longer possible. M. Cloquet thus describes his last hours and moments:—

"Four or five days previously to his death, Lafayette felt oppressed, and became melancholy. He observed to his son, that he was acquainted with his situation, and that he desired to have some conversation with

him in private. This feeling, however, was of short duration: he soon regained his serenity, and the hope of recovery again lighted up the expression of his countenance. Towards this period of his malady, he observed to me—'Quinine and the fever, my dear doctor, are battling together; give me plenty of quinine, that it may gain the upper hand.' The next morning he repeated the same idea. 'I fear,' added he, 'that the quinine is in the wrong, and that I shall be obliged to pay the costs of the suit.'—'What would you have?' said he to me a few moments afterward—'life is like the flame of a lamp; when the oil is out, the light is extinguished, and all is over.' On the last day but one before his death, when the visits of strangers were forbidden, Lafayette said to his grandson, M. Jules de Lasteyrie, 'You will tell the good Princess de Belgiojoso how grateful I feel for her visits, and how much I suffer at being deprived of them.' * * * *

"The excellent Doctor Girou never quitted Lafayette during the rest of his illness. I also had remained with him for the last two days, to observe more closely the effects of the medical treatment, and to dispute to the last, with death, a life so valuable! On the 20th May, about one o'clock in the morning, the gravity of the symptoms increased. Respiration, which for the last eight-and-forty hours had been much impeded, became still more difficult, and the danger of suffocation was more imminent. Drowsiness, delirium, and prostration of strength, became more decidedly pronounced, and at twenty minutes past four o'clock in the morning, Lafayette expired in our arms!

"A few moments before he breathed his last, Lafayette opened his eyes, and fixed them with a look of affection on his children, who surrounded his bed, as if to bless them and bid them an eternal adieu. He pressed my hand convulsively, experienced a slight degree of contraction in the forehead and eye-brows, and drew in a deep and lengthened breath, which was immediately followed by a last sigh. His pulse, which had not lost its force, suddenly ceased to beat. A murmuring noise was still heard about the region of the heart. To produce reanimation, we employed stimulating frictions, but in vain; the General had ceased to exist. His countenance resumed a calm expression—that of peaceful slumber. His end was that of a good man, who abandons the world without fear or remorse—that of the wise man, mentioned by Lafontaine:

'Approche-t-il du but? quitte-t-il ce séjour?

Rien ne trouble sa fin; c'est le soir d'un beau jour.'

Of the funeral we have not space to say any thing; but we merely transcribe from the description given by M. Cloquet, the relation of a single incident:

"Another individual, whose clothes, though almost worn out, were clean, and testified of the indigence caused by reverse of fortune rather than by misconduct, wished to place himself immediately behind the bier, and endeavoured to make his way through the National Guards, who formed the line. 'You see that none but the family are admitted there,' said one of the guards, obstructing his passage. 'We all belong to the family,' replied the poor man—'for he loved us all as his children.' This simple expression of feeling opened the ranks immediately; the intruder was allowed to pass without difficulty, and to place himself immediately behind the bier, which he followed to the cemetery."

The grave of Lafayette will be visited by every American who visits Paris. With what different feelings will he gaze upon the royal mausoleums of St. Denis, the richly sculptured and fantastic devices, which cover the dust of nobles and illustrious men, in Père la Chaise, or the lofty dome of the Pantheon, raised by "*la patrie reconnaissante aux grands hommes*," who are honoured with burial in its crypts, and the unostentatious marble, which distinguishes the resting place of a "citizen of the world;" which tells, that even in death the history of his life was exemplified; that, as he refused the proffered rewards and honours which his deeds had won, and was contented to live on his private fortune, so he would not lie down at last in pompous state among the noble and the mighty, but humbly by the side of her who had shared the joys and sufferings of his chequered career. That lowly stone conceals a treasure for the storehouse of him who can call up the spirit of the place; who can realize that the ground on which he treads is sacred, and feel the pervading influence of the consecrating principle.

"The private cemetery, where the remains of Lafayette are deposited, is in the rue de Picpus, No. 15, at the extremity of the faubourg Saint Antoine. The entrance is through a spacious court, the buildings of which are occupied by a religious community, and at the bottom of which is a modest chapel. A large garden, covered with fruit trees, shrubs, and plants, is next crossed, and a long alley of lime-trees, bordered with a hedge of yoke elm-trees, then leads to the enclosure reserved for the cemetery. The latter is surrounded with walls, and represents an oblong square, into which there are three entrances by as many gates. It contains but two rows of mausoleums, belonging to distinguished families, those of De Noailles, De Grammont, De Montaigne, Destillièrre, Freteau, Gouy-d'Arsy, Rosambo, Lamoignon, De Perigord, &c. The two rows of tombs are separated by a gravel path, at the extremity of which is a stone cross. At the south-east angle of the ground, is the place reserved for Lafayette and his family. The tomb of Lafayette, which is surrounded with an iron railing, is but little higher than the ground, and is composed of two large black marble tablets slightly inclined, and forming a very oblique angle. Upon the angle is a little cross, the lateral branches of which extend on both sides of the monument, that covers the remains of both husband and wife, as with a roof. * * * Madame Lafayette having expressed a desire to be buried in this spot, her wishes were respected, and the observance of them ultimately decided the burial place of her husband."—Vol. II. pp. 112—114.

Thus far we have spoken of M. Cloquet's work almost exclusively, though our chief object in noticing it at all, was in the outset to draw partly from it, but chiefly from other and more abundant sources, materials from which to form a proper estimate of Lafayette's character. Americans have generally regarded him with feelings little short of adoration: certainly, no man ever received, from any people, a more pure and cheerful homage of gratitude and reverence, than greeted his last

arrival and short sojourn in the United States. Have we been carried, by national enthusiasm, or by the excitement of the spectacle, beyond the bounds of reason? Have we been blinded to aught unworthy of an object of such love, or by gratitude for his important services in our contest for independence? Does he dishonour that high station which, in our sight, he occupies by the side of Washington? Let each one form his own judgment from the incontrovertible testimony of history, or his personal acquaintance with men and events: let each one make the enquiry, guided by a sincere desire of truth, and laying aside all prejudices and prepossessions. Of such an investigation we might, without a prophet's power, predict the issue.

Why was it that the despotic powers of Europe were leagued against Lafayette for his destruction? Why was he doomed to pass some of the best years of his manhood in the depths of a dungeon, exposed to every privation and ignominy which his jailors dared to inflict? And why, at last, when compelled to release their captive, did his enemies so reluctantly loosen their grasp? We have a ready answer in the words of Napoleon, addressed to Lafayette. "All these people (the aristocracies of Europe) thoroughly detest me: they detest all of us; but it is nothing to the hatred they have for you; I should not have conceived that human hatred could go so far." The treatment which this illustrious prisoner experienced was but the effect of an instinctive struggle for self-preservation, of a hate nurtured by fear, such as prompts the culprit to arm himself against the officers of justice. And do not the same motives actuate those who, at the present day, are most active in casting contempt upon his character? The calumnies heaped upon him with so much bitterness and zeal by the myrmidons of a shameless and polluted portion of the English press, are clearly stamped with the evidence of their foul original. With what semblance of toleration could the sworn foes of all liberal opinions, on the subject of government, regard the very personification of such opinions?

The enemies of Lafayette have generally endeavoured rather to cast contempt upon his abilities than to impugn his motives. It is true that consistency is not readily discernible in their varied accusations; but they seem to feel themselves more safe in depreciating his head than his heart. He is represented as "making large steps in the dark towards rebellion."¹ And again, say his accusers, "We will not call M. Lafayette an *impostor*, because he has imposed on no one except himself; but we will venture to say that he is a most notorious pretender to qualities and merits which he never possessed, and which were

¹ Quart. Rev., vol. xlviii., p. 255. (Boston edition.)

indeed inaccessible to so weak a mind and so vast a vanity as his. No man of our day, not even Bonaparte himself, has been placed so fortuitously, and so fortunately, in circumstances where a vigorous intellect might have influenced the destinies of the world; and no man has shown himself more incapable of maintaining his temporary influence, or of turning it to any useful or even plausible account."¹ This latter passage, while it illustrates the mode of attack adopted by the *London Quarterly Review*, also develops the true principles of the writer. If Lafayette, in the hour of success, had forgotten his most sacred vows, and laid aside his patriotism, as an antiquated robe, to engage in the revolutionary strife for personal aggrandizement; had he employed his influence with the National Guard, which he himself had formed as a bulwark of his country's liberties, to enslave the French people; in a word, had he, instead of Bonaparte, wielded a sceptre snatched from the hands of a people, who, having torn it from the grasp of royalty, were madly sporting with it as a childish bauble, then indeed his abilities would never have been doubted. But are ability and mad ambition,—talent and treachery,—correlative terms? They may be so in the view of the writer above quoted. From rigid self-examination he may have adopted a more humbling opinion of human depravity than we have entertained. We are reminded of Lafayette's answer to an aide-de-camp of Prince de **, general of the Austrians, who "came to him on behalf of his superior to demand the funds of the army which he had been obliged to quit. Lafayette, astonished at the demand, laughed heartily; and when the aide-de-camp advised him to take the matter more seriously,—'How can I help laughing?' said he; 'for all that I can understand of your demand is, that had your prince been in my place he would have robbed the cash-box of the army.'"

Who can read the history of Lafayette's youth without discerning early developements of a superior intellect, and of uncommon strength of mind? Before attaining the age of twenty years he had refused the tempting honours of a splendid court, and embarked in the cause of those principles which he carried with him through life. Had he, in a fit of desperation, and when fortune frowned, crossed the Atlantic and entered the service of our country, as a refuge in his distress, we might feel grateful for his timely aid, but could not extol his magnanimity. But how different was the spectacle! At home he was honoured and beloved, and enjoyed the brightest prospects. A thousand difficulties beset his undertaking. The wishes of his family, the utmost exertions of his enemies, the powerlessness

¹ *Quart. Rev.* vol. xlviii. pp. 523, 4.

of those who represented the American cause, were all combined against him, but all failed to repress his ardour. How strikingly was the native energy of his character displayed in the events of his flight from the shores of France, and his appearance on the theatre of our revolutionary struggle! Did he display no military talent in the field, and no political sagacity in the council, during his eventful campaigns on the American soil, and his exertions in our behalf at the French court? Was not the uniform testimony of Washington an honourable evidence of the good qualities which adorned both the head and the heart of the youthful disciple of liberty?

And the influence which he exerted during the first days of the French revolution; was this so entirely fortuitous, and so unskilfully managed as some would have us believe? Was the fame which he had won in America the result of chance, or was it the hard earned reward of intrepidity and perseverance? Was he rushing along heedlessly in the path of a blind destiny, when in the assembly of the Notables, he demanded from the Count d'Artois, that the rights of the French people to personal security, personal liberty, and private property—rights so justly held dear by every Englishman and American—should be considered inviolate? When he demanded the emancipation of protestants from their civil disabilities, and the convocation of the States-general? Was he still the foot-ball of chance when, in the States-general, at length from necessity convened, he moved and successfully supported a declaration of rights? Is it to chance that we must ascribe his increasing endeavours to preserve the public peace, when, "from his position at the head of the embodied militia of the capital and its environs, he was clothed, in substance, with the concentrated powers of the state?" Was the organization of the National Guard altogether fortuitous? Did he exhibit no energy of character, no capacity to command, when, at Versailles, he preserved the royal family and his own life from an armed and infuriate mob? But why multiply such instances? Some may deprecate his principles, but that his talents should be called in question, is to us inexplicable.

Lafayette's influence declined as the revolution advanced towards its climax of horror. How difficult had been his situation for a long time before he yielded to the necessity of flight! On the one hand, the mob, which he had in many instances menaced and restrained, hated virtues which it could not appreciate, and raged against one who persisted, almost alone, in keeping inviolate his oath to the constitution and the king, in the midst of a perjured nation. On the other, the monarch, while he coldly confessed his obligation to Lafayette, warmly opposed all his plans and endeavours, even when their evident

object was the royal safety. Yet when first denounced to the national assembly, he triumphantly vindicated his character, and was cleared from the charges of his virulent accusers. Was it owing to indecision or imbecility that he finally bowed to the storm, which, after prostrating every landmark of public virtue and justice, at last scathed even those who had wantonly excited its ungovernable fury? Were the virtuous, the noble, the patriotic, spared? On the contrary, they fell the first victims. The best blood flowed most freely, mingling in the crimson current poured from royal veins.

We are informed by M. Cloquet, that Lafayette's general knowledge was very extensive. We copy the following opinion of this author respecting his talent for debate in deliberative assemblies, and for popular speaking.

"Lafayette spoke but little at the constitutional assembly, for at that time his functions left him less at liberty to ascend the tribune than to address the National Guards or the populace, whose passions he had often to blame, and whose excesses he was obliged to check. 'At the assembly,' as he said in a letter to the bailli de Ploëu, 'I spoke but little, and with the reserve which became the general of the armed force.' Since the restoration, his natural dislike to public speaking had yielded to his desire of defending the interests of his country. His talent for extempore speaking, which then dawned, and which increased still farther during his last journey to America, shone forth in all its lustre since the revolution of 1830. None of the speeches pronounced by him in the chamber of deputies were prepared. His extempore addresses were just, luminous, and often characterized by that manly eloquence to which his sincere patriotism gave birth. If the subject with which he was occupied interested him deeply,—if it was connected with the general interests of society, with the defence of the oppressed, with the relief of the unfortunate, with the maintenance of the dignity of France,—his language was most persuasive and engaging, and every listener felt that his talent and his eloquence were the faithful interpreters of his heart. His speeches were intelligible to all, on account of their simplicity and the clearness of the object at which he aimed. Being one day in a public place, I listened to the conversation of several artisans who were reading a newspaper among themselves, on the articles of which they commented in terms less courteous than just. 'Come,' said the reader, 'this man, (naming Lafayette) at least, speaks French—we can understand what he wishes to say.'—Vol. I. pp. 14, 15.

To the same effect is the testimony of all who heard his voice raised in expressions of grateful recollection and joyful hope, during his visit to the United States in 1824-5. "Hear him," says one, "hear him say the right word at the right time, in a series of interviews, public and private, crowding on each other every day, throughout the Union, with every description of persons, without ever wounding for a moment the self-love of others, or forgetting the dignity of his own position." The conclusion which we would draw from these opinions, and

our own perusal of Lafayette's speeches, is, not that his eloquence was of the highest order, but that he was distinguished for a simple, unaffected, appropriate, and dignified style of speaking, which, joined with his candour and earnestness, always secured an attentive and pleased auditory. His education and course of life had been little calculated to prepare him for superiority in parliamentary debate. How few, how very few, comparatively speaking, have ever attained eminence as public orators, whose lives have not been laboriously devoted to literary and professional pursuits! Let the history of English parliaments and of the English bar illustrate this remark.

A more difficult part of the task which we have proposed to ourselves, is to form a proper estimate of Lafayette's principles and public life: more difficult because every portion of his diversified career must be attentively considered in order to arrive at a just conclusion. Of course, our limits prevent us from entering fully into such an investigation: we shall, therefore, give only the results at which we have arrived, and the more obvious and important grounds of our deductions.

As to the general characteristics of Lafayette's principles,—that which widely distinguished them from the illiberal views of European monarchs and aristocracies, we, as Americans, could scarcely be at a loss in forming a judgment. His character was stamped during his services in our struggle for independence, and that impress was as deep and well defined in the last stage of his life as when it appeared fresh from the plastic influence of the revolution. With inconsistency we never heard him charged. Even his most bitter enemies, in asserting that "from the first days of the French revolution, il n'a rien oublié ni rien appris," give evidence to the contrary; and the well known declaration of Charles X. that he "knew but two men who had always professed the same principles—himself and Lafayette," adds still greater weight to our conclusion. But our enquiry shall not be whether his avowed principles were correct, but whether he ever invoked those principles to sanction unwarranted and inexcusable measures. Is there any Englishman, even, so recreant to British institutions and laws, as to deny that France, under Louis XVI., needed reformation? Radical reform, in church and state, had become the only hope of French patriots. The revolution was but the violent action of a remedy too long delayed. Lafayette, laying aside his predilections for a constitution moulded after the American pattern, fixed his eye on the English government, as the only imitable model which would, in any degree, accord with the hopes and demands of his countrymen. Were not the first changes which he proposed essential to the enjoyment of the rights which every Briton holds most dear? When, in a liberal constitution, he beheld

the object of his exertions, he swore a willing obedience to his king and country, an oath which was never violated. The humiliations and outrages to which the unfortunate monarch was subjected, were by none regretted more deeply, or opposed with more firmness, than by Lafayette. His final denunciation and long imprisonment were but the effects of his firm adherence to his promises and principles.

After his release from captivity, how clearly did his patriotic firmness manifest itself, in all his intercourse with Napoleon ? He was not to be dazzled by the gilded banners of a republic floating over a throne of despotism. Read his letter to Bonaparte, on the occasion of his declaration, "I cannot vote for such a magistracy, (the consulate for life,) until public liberty has been sufficiently guaranteed. Then will I give my vote for Napoleon Bonaparte."

"General," said he, "when a man, penetrated with the gratitude which he owes you, and too much alive to glory not to admire yours, has placed restrictions on his suffrage, those restrictions will be so much the less suspected when it is known that none, more than himself, would delight to see you chief magistrate for life of a free republic. The 18th Brumaire saved France, and I felt that I was recalled by the liberal professions to which you have attached your honour. We afterwards beheld, in the consular power, that restorative dictatorship which, under the auspices of your genius, has achieved such great things, less great however than will be the restoration of liberty. It is impossible that you, general, the first in that order of men, (whom to quote and compare would require me to retrace every age of history,) can wish that such a revolution, so many victories, so much blood and misery, should produce to the world and to ourselves no other result than an arbitrary system. The French people have too well known their rights to have entirely forgotten them. But perhaps they are better enabled to recover them now with advantage than in the heat of effervescence; and you, by the power of your character and the public confidence, by the superiority of your talents, your situation, and your fortune, may, by re-establishing liberty, subdue our dangers and calm our inquietudes. I have no other than patriotic and personal motives in wishing for you, as the climax of your glory, a permanent magistrative post; but it is in unison with my principles, my engagements, the actions of my whole life, to ascertain, before I vote, that liberty is established on bases worthy of the nation and of you."¹

Passing by the scenes of the empire and the restoration, we hasten to consider Lafayette's connection with the revolution of 1830. We before remarked that his accusers were not remarkably consistent in their defamatory assertions. As a single example we may observe, that, at one time, he is represented as "making large steps in the dark toward rebellion;" and again, as secretly plotting with Lafitte, the Duke of Orleans and others,

¹ Sarrans' Memoirs, vol. I. pp. 84, 5.

the overthrow of the reigning family, and the elevation of Louis Philippe to the throne.¹ Now we think that a passage in M. Cloquet's work completely refutes both these accusations. It is as follows :—

"In the month of May, 1830, an American in Paris, Mr. Mason, I believe, gave a ball, to which Lafayette and his family were invited. 'We must have some chat together,' said he to M. Lethière and one of his friends, who were also there. They crossed the rooms where dancing was kept up, and seated themselves at some distance from the noise. There they talked politics for some time with the ease and freedom of three persons who have a mutual esteem for each other, and who entertain the same opinions. Lafayette spoke at length of the infatuation of the Bourbons, and predicted what has since happened, terminating the conversation with the following words—'What would you have? they have lost their wits, and are three centuries in arrear of the age; Charles X. will get himself exiled, and yet, with a little good sense, he might have been as happy as a mouse in a pie.'"—Vol. I. pp. 122, 3.

We shall not stop to point out the evident bearing of this passage upon the first of the above assertions. But in regard to the second, we ask, can any man, in his senses, believe, that, while Lafayette was conspiring against the government, his volubility should have so far got the better of his discretion as to lead him to utter such an unguarded speech? We do not mean to intimate, by these remarks, that we hold rebellion and conspiracy to be in all cases unjustifiable, but only to give evidence against what we consider unfounded assertion.

We may add, as an appendix to the above, a precious morceau of secret history, recently furnished in Blackwood's Magazine.

"There is a secret connected with the indemnity sentiment which we will take this occasion to disburden ourselves of, as nobody else, that we know of, has blundered upon it. After the three days of July business, Lafayette had actually acceded to the wishes of the republicans, and consented to be named first president of the French republic. Before proceeding to the Hotel de Ville, where the party were assembled to inaugurate him, the General called on Mr. Rives, the American envoy, a worthy, sensible man, as we can testify from personal acquaintance, who had great influence over him. Monarchy trembled in the balance, and France was within two hours of a republic, when the advice and exhortations of Rives, who pointed out the perils of the undertaking, and the want of due elements in that country to constitute a pure democratic government, decided the veteran patriot. He repaired to the Hotel de Ville, and, to the astonishment as well as rage of his partisans, presented Louis Philippe to the people, as the *meilleure des républiques*. Louis Philippe was grateful—in his way—he saddled his debt upon France at the rate of twenty-five millions of francs American indemnity. Thus Rives accomplished in a few months what the astute Gallatin had failed in, and Ame-

¹ Quart. Rev. No. CIII. p. 143, *et al.* (Foster's edition.)
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rica had negotiated twenty years for in vain. The claims were but a Flemish account after all, but, having contracted, France ought to pay."¹

What a complicated and subtle intrigue is here ! Lafayette—the blind, the feeble, the imbecile Lafayette, on the one hand, conspiring against Charles X. and offering the crown to Louis Philippe ; and, on the other, conveniently *forgetting* his engagements, and himself aspiring to the chief place ! Are these contradictory statements made, in order that the public mind may run a double risk of being deceived ; in order that it may, perchance, " cleave to the one," though it " despise the other ?"

We will not, however, venture to deny the authenticity of this alleged disclosure, as we know nothing of the source whence the writer has drawn his information, and have not, at hand, any means of investigating its claims to truth ; though we should hardly be willing to adopt it, from such a parentage, as an article of belief. But, even if full credit should be given to it, when taken apart from the other assertions, with which it is above collated, it contains no imputation injurious to the character of Lafayette. It serves, in itself, as a complete refutation of the charges of deliberate conspiracy preferred by the London Quarterly Review. We take for granted that nothing more is intended by the expression that " Lafayette had acceded to the wishes of the republicans, and consented to be named first president of the French republic," than that he had agreed to take the presidential chair as head of a provisional government, depending for its continuance on the suffrages of the whole people. That he intended to usurp the chief magistracy, or to receive it at the hands of the citizens of Paris and the Chamber of Deputies, we shall never believe, without more convincing evidence. Such an intention is, indeed, disproved by his alleged ready acquiescence in the views of Mr. Rives, which acquiescence can only be accounted for on the supposition of an anxiety, on his part, for the welfare of the people. Such an intention, too, would have been entirely inconsistent with every prior act of his life. It is true, that, in the light of this disclosure, conceding its truth, he might be complimented for a small amount of discernment and sagacity, in imagining, for a moment, that France could govern itself under republican institutions. We freely admit that, if there was any error in Lafayette's political course, it was, that his patriotism sometimes blinded him to the faults and frailties of his countrymen ; that he sometimes indulged the hope of seeing his most ardent desires for France accomplished in the complete adoption of American principles of government. We would not say, with M. Cloquet, that " he was *too* virtuous

¹ Black. Mag. Vol. II. p. 77. (Foster's edition.)

for his age:" this would imply that private character should be graduated by the scale of public morals; but, let his detractors, if they will, add further evidence to what their very accusations frequently prove, that he was, by far, *more* virtuous than his age.

Apart from the light which this piece of secret history sheds upon the events of the revolution of 1830, nothing can be gathered from the generally received accounts of those events, but that Lafayette, as during the former revolution, still saw the dangers besetting an attempt to establish a republic, and sacrificed his predilections to his caution. The English government was again taken as the model, and the structure raised after its likeness, though the work of haste, instead of the gradual growth of ages, as is the British constitution, bade fair to fulfil the noble purposes of its founders,—to redeem their countrymen from civil and political bondage. We shall not here stop to discuss the question, whether the French people are capable of enjoying, in peace and quiet, the advantages of a liberal form of government; or are only fitted, as some have contended, for a military despotism, or to be wheedled into absolute submission by the corrupting example of a profligate court. Certain it is that, after the solemn pledges given by Louis Philippe, as duke of Orleans, and his systematic violation of them all, as king of the French, the language in which Lafayette is said to have expressed his disappointment,—"*Il est un fourbe, et nous sommes les victimes de sa fourberie,*" was strikingly expressive of the monarch's course, and of the subjects' condition.

We know, from various sources, that Lafayette's feelings in regard to Louis Philippe's government, were those of regret and reprobation. In the Chamber of Deputies, he constantly and strenuously opposed that course of subserviency to the royal will, which produced the law against associations, and other similar infringements of the rights of the people. He strove to maintain, in their full vigour, "the republican institutions" by which the throne, when raised from the dust of the Bourbons' discomfiture, was environed, but which have rapidly vanished at the touch of the "Citizen King."

We would not, however, dwell upon the evidence of this illustrious man's mental endowment, or of the consistency of his political career: a nobler praise may be awarded to his memory. Who can doubt the purity of his motives, his unchanging patriotism? Who that is conscious of his own moral rectitude; who that has not paid tribute, of his soul's best feelings, to the corroding rust of selfishness and base ambition, can see, in any act of Lafayette's public life, the workings of a spirit eager in the pursuit of personal interests, or of private fortune? Did

he gain a post of honour and command? He exercised his temporary power for the general good; and, when the object to be attained was accomplished, or when he perceived that his influence could not secure the co-operation necessary to its accomplishment, he resigned his post and retired from the struggle, in which he could not hope to better the fortune of his countrymen. True to his principles, he renounced even the hereditary honours of his family. Had he sought for personal aggrandizement, by worshipping the rising star of Napoleon's fortune, he might have realized his most boundless desires. Had he accepted the presidency of a republic, he might have assumed a dictatorship, and moved in the dazzling orbit of absolute command. If Lafayette ever, really, aspired to the highest office in the government, we cannot doubt, relying on the testimony of his whole public life, that his aspirations were consecrated by the purest and most patriotic motives.

As patriotism is but an enlarged friendship, so, on the other hand, it is but philanthropy acting in a confined sphere. What is patriotism, in a citizen of an individual state, becomes philanthropy in one who merits the more comprehensive title of a "citizen of the world." In the most extensive meaning of the term, Lafayette was a philanthropist. He had adopted principles which, he believed, would, when fully developed and applied, work the moral and political regeneration of the world; and the objects of his efforts were as diversified, as the application of his principles was universal. Struggling Greece, enslaved Poland, Spain and Portugal distracted and convulsed, as well as oppressed America, and his native land, participated in his sympathies, and engaged his exertions in the cause of liberty. Nor was his philanthropy bounded by the limits of Europe and the United States. To the emancipation of a people bound down under a worse than political bondage, his most strenuous endeavours were directed. In England, many powerful advocates of the cause of humanity had arisen to plead, with earnestness and effect, in behalf of the African slave. There and in France, vigorous efforts were simultaneously made, both prior to the French revolution and during its continuance, to abolish the slave trade, and to set at liberty its victims. While Wilberforce, Clarkson, Pitt, and Fox, urged forward these philanthropic schemes in Great Britain; in France, Lafayette and Laroche foucault, united in their plans and efforts, were among the most active and untiring advocates of the same noble cause. Nor were they content with mere declamation and agitation, in regard to the wrongs of Africa. They were ready to sacrifice their private fortunes to the furtherance of these plans of benevolence. We cannot better convey an adequate idea of their exertions in this behalf, than by extracting a part of M.

Cloquet's brief narrative of a single instance of their disinterested and unsparing labours.

"Lafayette and Laroche-foucault were so united in sentiments, opinions and conduct, in the cause of negro emancipation, that it is impossible to separate one from the other. Both were so opposed in belief to the pretended property of slave owners, that during their whole life, they sustained, at their joint expense, before the French tribunals, all trials entered into by negroes, for the recovery of their freedom.—"

"After the decisive campaign against Lord Cornwallis in 1781, Lafayette, on receiving the thanks of the state of Virginia, which had particularly profited by his successes, replied by the expression of a wish, that liberty might be speedily extended to all men, without distinction. But he was not content with sterile wishes, and on his return to France, flattering himself, like Turgot and Poivre, that the gradual emancipation of the negroes might be conciliated with the personal interests of the colonists; he was desirous of establishing the fact by experience, and for that purpose he tried a special experiment, on a scale sufficiently large to put the question to the test. At that period, the intendant of Cayenne was a man of skill, probity and experience, named Lescalier, whose opinions on the subject coincided with those of Lafayette. Marshall de Castries, the minister of the marine, not only consented to the experiment, but determined to aid it by permitting Lescalier to try upon the king's negroes the new regime projected. Lafayette had at first devoted one hundred thousand francs to this object. He confided the management of a residence which he had purchased at Cayenne, to a man distinguished for philosophy and talent, named Richeprey; who generously devoted himself to the direction of the experiment. The Seminarists established a colony, and, above all, the Abbé Farjon, the curate of it, applauded and encouraged the measure. It is but justice to the colonists of Cayenne to say, that the negroes had been treated with more humanity there than elsewhere. Richeprey's six months' stay there, and the example set by him before he fell a victim to the climate, contributed still further to improve their condition. Laroche-foucault was to purchase another plantation as soon as Richeprey's establishment had met with some success, and a third would afterwards have been bought by Malesherbes, who took a cordial interest in the plan. The untimely death of Richeprey, the difficulty of replacing such a man, the departure of the intendant, and a change in the ministry, threw obstacles in the way of this noble undertaking.—"

"When Lafayette had been proscribed, in 1792, the National Convention confiscated all his property, and ordered his negroes to be sold at Cayenne, in spite of the remonstrances of Madame Lafayette, who protested against the sale, observing, that the negroes had been purchased, only to be restored to liberty after their instruction, and not to be again sold as objects of trade and speculation. At a later period, all the negroes of the French colonies were declared free, by a decree of the National Convention. It is, nevertheless, remarkable that some of Lafayette's plans, with regard to the slave emancipation, were realized. Cayenne, the only one of our colonies in which the example set by him of instructing the negroes had been followed, was also the only colony in which no disorders took place. Urged by gratitude, the negroes of his plantation declared to Richeprey's successor, that if Lafayette's property was confiscated, they would avail themselves of their liberty; but that in the opposite case, they would remain and continue to cultivate his estate."—Vol. I. pp. 148—151.

It is an almost universal characteristic of weak minds, to be carried away to the farthest extremes of fanatical zeal, whenever any subject of interest has engaged their attention, and called forth their efforts. Especially would the history of the plans and operations of modern philanthropists substantiate this observation. But Lafayette never suffered feeling to get the better of reason. The helm which guided his course never became useless from the fury of the winds which urged him onward. Though he regarded the enslaved negro as a man, nay, more, as a fellow man, an equal in respect of natural endowments, yet he did not from these truths draw the absurd conclusion, which many, by their practice at least, recognize as correct, that the negroes were, in spite of their degraded condition, and entire destitution of all moral and religious, not to say intellectual culture, perfectly prepared to become good citizens, or to assume the prerogative of self-government. "*Fiat justitia, ruat cælum*,"—a very good motto, too often misapplied; for where would be the justice or humanity of restoring to liberty the captive eagle, whose wings had lost their flexibility by confinement, either to grovel and to die upon the earth, or to beat itself to death in vain attempts at flight? "Lafayette was desirous of emancipating the negroes, only by degrees, and in proportion as their moral and intellectual education rendered them worthy of freedom." Here we have the principle which guided his efforts; and, though events beyond control prevented the full success of these wise schemes, yet, their obvious tendency, and their actual effects, as developed on the occasion of the subsequent temporary emancipation of all the negroes belonging to the French colonies, by a decree of the National Convention, proved, beyond controversy, the maturity of judgment that had planned them, and, so far, guided their execution.

We must here conclude our survey of Lafayette's character. Though we have endeavoured to compress our remarks, under this head, into as small a compass as possible, little space is left for other topics. After the view which we have thus taken, the question naturally suggests itself, how were such talents, and such a life, estimated and rewarded by the French people? We need say nothing of the feelings which American patriots entertain toward him who was unanimously greeted as our "Nation's Guest," a title only second to that of "the Father of his People." But France owed a greater debt, a debt of paternal love, to a son whose proudest boast, whose predominating excitement to action, was a pure filial affection. And Lafayette's reward, though embittered by the untoward issue of his labours, was, emphatically, the reward of the patriot. The French people were bound to the gorgeous throne of Louis XIV. by

hereditary feelings of chivalric loyalty, nurtured by religion, and by the dazzling splendour of his reign. The same people followed the flag of Napoleon, and gazed, in awe and admiration, upon its proud bearing, from a constitutional passion for military glory, even without solid acquisition, and at an incalculable expense of blood and treasure. But Lafayette was *loved* by his countrymen: their affection was personal, and unadulterated by any spurious admixture. The great body, even of his political enemies, respected his character, while they opposed his principles and measures. But a short time before his death, the chamber of deputies, though ruled by a party decidedly hostile to liberal sentiments, by a mark of public sympathy, perhaps never before paid to a private citizen, directed their president to address a note to Mr. G. W. Lafayette, enquiring after the health of his venerable parent.

The vast majority of the French people were, on every possible occasion, instant in demonstrating their affection and reverence for the general. No other evidence of the prevalent feeling is necessary, than that afforded by the reception which greeted his return, after his last visit to America, and the honours which strewn his path, through whatever part of the kingdom he journeyed. From his landing at Havre, till his arrival at his residence at Lagrange, it was one triumphal march. The government strove, in vain, to check the universal flow of feeling—to stifle the loud accents of joy. It feared to employ force against the object of the people's veneration, and did not think it politic to use open measures to repress even the public rejoicings. It was left to subordinate officers—to the municipal authorities of the towns through which he passed—to act in this matter, as if of themselves, without any reference to the sanction of a higher authority. Thus, at Havre, at Rouen, and at Lagrange, endeavours were made to repress all manifestations of the popular feelings: but such measures were entirely fruitless. In this, if in nothing else, the people were determined to govern. The general's reception at Lagrange is thus described by a writer of the times:—"In their rejoicings, the populace of the neighbouring villages united, to the number of six thousand, and filled the air with cries of 'Long live Lafayette—Long live the friend of the people.' Addresses, expressive of the most ardent affection and admiration, were presented; and, according to the French custom of manifesting great joy, the dancing continued throughout the night."

From this time until the revolution of 1830, during all the struggles between the king and people; while the power of the former was daily diminishing, and the latter becoming more confident in their strength, the popularity of Lafayette increased

steadily ; and when, on the evening of the 27th July, 1830, after hostilities had already commenced, he arrived in Paris, his presence had an electrical effect. A few of the citizens had already appeared in the proscribed uniform of the National Guard, and the name of their former general was hailed with acclamations, and echoed, from mouth to mouth, among the thousands assembled for the defence of their liberties.

After the struggle was past, the gratitude and esteem of the people were still more forcibly exhibited in the offer made to Lafayette of the supreme authority. What greater homage could have been rendered to patriotism ? To his prevailing influence must undoubtedly be ascribed the reception of Louis Philippe as king of the French, without any violent opposition. To him, the ministers of Charles X. owe their escape from an ignominious death, and the substitution of a punishment which, though severe, leaves them the chance of an ultimate restoration to the world. The influence which could secure such ends, at such a crisis, must have been unbounded.

It may be asked, did the popular veneration and affection for Lafayette continue undiminished until his death ? As regards the nation, in general, we may answer—yes. With the lower orders of the people—the mob—of Paris, his popularity did, indeed, fluctuate, though we doubt whether it was ever, essentially, lessened. The unprincipled agitator, who courted revolution for its own sake, or the hot-headed republicans, sometimes stigmatize his course as weak and pusillanimous. Those who identified the cause of liberty with every *émeute* which raised the pavements of Paris into barricades, and considered Lafayette only as the personified spirit of agitations, would often exclaim against his "*mauvaise tête*," though they never doubted his "*bon cœur*;" but if a rumour were raised of his intended co-operation in their mad schemes, the cries of "*Vive Lafayette !—Vive la liberté !—Vive la patrie !*" were as loud from the fickle mob, as at any moment of the Three Days' Revolution. Witness the transports of the populace, again offering a crown, at the funeral of Lamarque, as if the overthrow of the existing government were an after consideration of little moment, and the settlement of the intended succession to the throne the only matter of present concern. Even during the *émeute* of April, 1834, when the general was lying on his death bed, the absurd report, that he was about to appear, on horseback, among the combatants, and lead them on to the attack, was rife among the populace, and, doubtless, increased their revolutionary mania.

Lafayette died at a good old age. Of his fellow actors in the scenes of the Revolution, few survived to bear the brunt of a second contest. Can we regret his death as untimely or

inauspicious? His best hopes and anticipations for France had been already grievously disappointed ; and well was it that he was not permitted to witness the revolting tragedy of the last anniversary of the 'Three Days, or to raise an unheeded voice in opposition to the recent proceedings against the liberty of the press. Happy was it, for him at least, that his life was not prolonged until he had realized the often expressed hope of again seeing the American shores ! If he were now amongst us, instead of rejoicing at the prosperity and happiness of our republic, at the unanimity and patriotism of its citizens, he might secretly mourn over much that is sadly changed since his departure. The honours, with which he was formerly welcomed by a grateful people, might, indeed, and would, doubtless, be renewed ; but after having been so often lavished upon others—after having become so common and unmeaning, they would have lost their primitive value. If he now looks down upon the things of earth, and views, with eyes unclouded by the mists of time, the scenes which are passing in both hemispheres, may it be from an abode where sorrow never enters, or where the full prospect of the final issue of the great struggle which now agitates the world may consummate the patriot's reward !

ART. VI.—*Narrative of the Arctic Land Expedition to the Mouth of the Great Fish River, and along the Shores of the Arctic Ocean, in the years 1833, 1834, and 1835.* By Captain Back, R. N., Commander of the Expedition. Philadelphia, 1836.

It will be remembered by the reader, that in the year 1829, an expedition was despatched from England under the command of Captain John Ross, to the Polar regions, with the object of attempting the discovery of a north west passage. From that time until the year 1832 nothing had been heard of the party, and the fate of these adventurous men became a subject of general anxiety—many believed that they had perished from the vicissitudes incident to so arduous a journey ; but the only circumstances which encouraged this belief being their protracted absence and the want of intelligence concerning them, it was determined by Captain George Back (who was then in Italy) to offer his services to the British government to

undertake the command of an expedition in search of them. When Captain Back arrived in England, he learned that an application having been made to government to fit out an expedition upon a plan proposed by Dr. Richardson, without success, it had been presented for consideration to other quarters, and particularly to the friends of Captain Ross.

A petition was prepared by Mr. George Ross, (brother of Captain Ross,) praying the sanction and co-operation of his majesty's government, in the despatch of an expedition for ascertaining the fate of his son and brother. The name of Captain Back, with his consent, was inserted as the proposed commander of the expedition, and the petition was sent to the secretary of the colonies. Various other measures were adopted to promote the success of their object, which it is unnecessary to detail here. Suffice it to say, that a letter was received from Lord Howick, in which he informed Mr. Ross that the lords commissioners of the treasury had been recommended by Lord Goderich to make a grant of £2000 towards defraying the expenses of the expedition, upon the proviso of its being commanded by Captain Back; and provided also that the supplies and canoes should be furnished by the Hudson's Bay Company without charge, and that the remainder of the expense, which was calculated at £3000, should be defrayed by the friends of Captain Ross. Captain Back was then formally offered the command of the expedition, and readily accepted it.

In November 1832, a meeting was called for the furtherance of the objects above mentioned, at which Vice-admiral Sir John Cockburn presided, and the interest excited on the occasion, when the plan of the expedition was exhibited, being very great, a subscription was taken, and a large sum of money was contributed on the spot. A standing committee for the management of the expedition was also formed, of which the Duke of Sussex was chairman. Under the direction of this committee the funds rapidly increased. The Hudson's Bay Company had given orders to their agents in America to make preparations for advancing the expedition; and in addition to supplying it with a large quantity of provisions, boats, &c. the directors offered to take it under the especial protection of the company. This offer was, of course, joyfully accepted, and a commission under their seal given to Captain Back as commander.

The plan proposed for the expedition, in a letter of instructions issued from the colonial office, was briefly as follows: The party was to consist of two officers and eighteen men—English and Canadians. From Montreal they were to proceed, by the usual route of the fur traders of the north west, to the great Slave Lake. They were then to pursue a north eastwardly direction to the Great Fish river, which lies to the eastward of

the lake, and communicates with it by a succession of smaller lakes. At this place they were to select a position for their winter quarters, and erect a house for their accommodation. While this house was in progress a portion of the party, under Captain Back, was to pursue the course of the river, exploring it to its mouth; erecting there a land-mark, and leaving notice of their intention to return to England in the following spring. This was intended for the guidance of Captain Ross, in case he should be journeying along that coast. When this was accomplished, Captain Back was to return to his winter residence, where two boats were to be constructed capable of navigating the Polar Sea. On the return of spring, the expedition was to proceed down the river to the sea.

The first object after attaining this point was to reach Cape Garry, the place where the ship *Fury* was wrecked—the distance being estimated by Captain Back at something less than three hundred miles—this last movement was deemed advisable, as it was known to be Captain Ross's intention to visit the *Fury*, for the purpose of obtaining such stores and fuel as could be got out of her, and in fact to return and winter beside her in case he should be unable to get to the westward during the summer.

If no traces could be discovered of Captain Ross in that vicinity, the party were to start, from the 12th to the 20th of August, on their return to winter quarters, taking every opportunity to erect land marks and signal posts, and depositing notes beneath them; that the attention of the wanderers might be arrested, and themselves informed of the means adopted for their relief. In case Captain Back should consider it proper to devote a second summer to this service, he was directed to do so.

As a secondary object in the enterprise, he was directed to prepare maps of such parts of the coast as were yet unknown, as well as to make such other scientific observations as circumstances might enable him to do. In case of meeting Captain Ross before arriving at Regent's Inlet, he was to offer to return, and conduct him to the Hudson's Bay settlements. Should any indications of his having been on that coast, and any memorial that might lead to a discovery of his intentions be found, Capt. B. was to search in whatever direction he might deem most likely to lead to him.

Such is a brief outline of the plan of the expedition, and the reader will perceive, by a reference to the map which accompanies the narrative, that it was an enterprise of a most arduous character. The preparations were completed by the engagement of a medical man (Dr. King) to attend the expedition. Three men only were taken from England; the remainder of the party

were to be hired in Montreal, and at the settlements of the Company in the interior.

It will be proper to mention here, that just one year after the departure of Captain Back from Canada, he received a letter from Sir Charles Ogle, on the part of the committee of managers, announcing the return to England of Captain Ross and the survivors of his party. This despatch was forwarded to him at Great Slave lake, by the Hudson's Bay Company. The reader is referred to the appendix of the narrative, for an account of the wonderful expedition with which this despatch was transmitted.

In consequence of the return of Captain Ross, Captain Back was directed to turn his whole attention to the secondary object of the expedition, viz. the completion of the coast line of the north-eastern extremity of America; and with this view an extract of Ross's proceedings was forwarded to him, setting forth the route by which he passed, and indicating the termination of his progress.

Sir Charles Ogle intimated that further instructions should be transmitted to him, by which he would be governed as to the prolongation of the enterprise for another season. These instructions were never sent; and, for reasons which are given at length by our author, if they had been sent, they would not have been available. To return to the expedition:—

In February, 1833, Captain Back, with his surgeon and three men, embarked at Liverpool, and after a passage of thirty-five days, arrived at New-York. From New-York they went to Albany, and thence to Montreal in coaches, where they arrived in the month of April, having been received every where, *en route*, with great hospitality. There was a short detention at Montreal, during which two of the men became rather refractory, and threatened to go no farther. However, our author convinced them of the disgrace which would attend such conduct, and, by way of securing their services, sent them off, by means of Mr. Keith, to a distant post of the Company. A fire broke out at the hotel, in which Captain Back lost a valuable barometer—the greater part, however, of his property was saved.

On the morning after the fire (25th April) our author, with the party of *voyageurs* whom he had hired for the expedition, embarked on the canal in two canoes, amidst the shouts of the people and the firing of musketry. A short time, and their little vessels were in the waters of the St. Lawrence, one loud huzza bidding them farewell.

From this time until the 17th of June, our captain and his party were pursuing their voyage. Of this, he gives us a tolerably minute description—though little of particular interest occurred in that interval. On the last named day they arrived at

Norway House, a depot of the Company, on the Jack river. At this place the preparations for the expedition were completed; provisions were laid in—boats procured—men and interpreters engaged. Captain Back was obliged to remain here for some days, awaiting the arrival of interpreters. At length two former acquaintances of his (Canadians) came, and presented themselves as candidates for the service. The Captain immediately engaged them. After they had contracted and were returning to the camp, they met their wives, and informed them of the enterprise on which they were about to embark—whereupon one of the ladies, a strapping, roistering she devil, began kicking and cuffing her husband at such a rate, that he took to his heels and sought shelter in a tent. The other wife, a beautiful, interesting young creature of seventeen, burst into a passion of tears, and clung to her husband in such agony, that the poor fellow yielded to her distress and gave up the service. Our author was therefore obliged to look elsewhere; and it was not until the 26th, that he was enabled to supply the places which these faithful spouses were obliged to abandon.

When the party was completely organized, it consisted in all of twenty-five men; and on the 28th June they left Norway House, and commenced the expedition. From 2 A. M., until 5 P. M., they paddled their canoes, with little cessation, when, near the northern boundary of Lake Winnipeg, they met the Company's canoe from the Athabasca, containing Messrs. Smith and Charles, two gentlemen whom our traveller had expected to see. From them, information was obtained in relation to Thlew-ce-choh, or Great Fish river (which Captain Back had been directed to explore to its mouth), that led to doubts whether its navigation would be practicable by large canoes. Another route, leading to nearly the same point on the coast, by the Teh-lon river, was mentioned, by which such difficulties would be avoided.

The men had been eighteen hours at their paddles, and needed repose; they accordingly encamped on the beach, and lay down amidst swarms of mosquitoes. At 3 o'clock on the following morning they started with a light breeze, which soon increased to a heavy gale, so that they were obliged to run into shoal water, to save the canoe from swamping. The men waded with the baggage to a place of shelter, where the canoe was also secured. Towards evening the wind abated, but the clouds grew heavier, and indicated the approach of a violent gale. On the morning of the 30th, the lake resembled a rolling sheet of foam; the mosquitoes had vanished; a few gulls were huddled together under a projecting sand bank. The men were assembled in the tent, and our author read to them divine service.

water near the shore was encrusted with ice. Our voyagers embarked, and after paddling for twenty miles landed on an island, consisting of a conical mount, about two hundred feet high. From its summit they beheld another immense lake. They then resumed their journey. On the 29th De Charloit and the Indian returned; the first bending under the weight of a musk ox's head and horns; the latter carrying the meat of a fat deer.

They had found the river on the second day after they left the party, and described it as being large enough for boats; they ascertained that it was the same stream, the source of which our author had accidentally discovered in the lake, seen from the conical mount; thus the existence of the long sought Thlew-ee-choh was placed beyond a doubt. On the 30th the canoe was put in order, and our voyagers moved on to the river. Having passed the portage from Lake Aylmer, they entered it, and on the 31st arrived at Musk-ox-lake. They pursued their journey with but little adventure for several days. Passing near the western shore of the lake in which they were (our author gives no name for it) it was observed that the two Indians assumed a look of superstitious awe, and maintained a rigid silence; the reason was enquired; when Maufelly, with much gravity, related a traditionary tale which our author gives at length, and which the reader will find to illustrate the Indian character. Our limits prevent us from extracting it; it referred to the island they were passing. "Ill fares the Indian," said Maufelly, in concluding his story, "who attempts to pass this spot in his canoe, without muttering a prayer for safety: many have perished; some bold men have escaped; but none have been found so rash as to venture a second time within its power."

Our travellers pursued a dangerous navigation down the Ah-hel-dessy river; the rapids were numerous and violent, and they were obliged to land and journey on foot. At sunset they halted for the night.

"Our encampment was broken up, and we were on our way very early on the morning of the 7th of September, but every one was too busily engaged in picking his way to speak; not a word was audible until about eight o'clock, when a fine buck deer, betrayed by its branching antlers, was espied feeding behind a point thirty paces from us. It was brought down; and the haunch, covered with a rich layer of fat two inches thick, afforded a luxurious breakfast. Having put the remainder *en cache*, we proceeded on our way, and when we had gained the top of a hill, Slave Lake was seen right before us, hemmed in by mountains of considerable magnitude and height. A craggy range to the right determined the course of the Ah-hel-dessy; and many a steep rock and deep valley between the lake and us, announced the fatigue which was to be endured before we arrived at our destination. But how can I possibly give an idea of the torment we endured from the sand

I had formerly experienced. It was, to me, Portage la Loche, and nothing more,—the same beautiful and romantic solitude through which I had passed and repassed on two former expeditions. There was nothing new to excite surprise, or quicken delight; not a spot of latent beauty, not even a gleam of light glancing across the valley, which had not been well noted before, and diligently treasured in the memory. I looked upon it as I should look upon an exquisite but familiar picture—with pleasure, but without emotion.”

On the 23d they had passed the portage, and again launched their boats into the waters. The exhausted men threw themselves upon the ground, where they rested for an hour, and then resumed their voyage. On arriving at the Pine Portage our traveller met Mr. Stewart and Mr. M'Leod, who had come from M'Kenzie's river, with a cargo of furs. The latter gentleman had been requested by the Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company to accompany the expedition, and accordingly, to the great satisfaction of Captain Back, he joined his party. On the 29th they got to Fort Chippewyan, and were received by Mr. Ross, whom Mr. Charles had left in charge of the station. Our traveller remained at the Fort until the 1st of August, when he left it. On the 4th, they encountered a gale from the northwest, which so retarded their progress, that they were five hours in accomplishing twelve miles. This brought them to the Salt River. Here there had been a recent encampment of Indians. From the marks about the place it was supposed they had ascended the river to the plains, and our traveller being desirous of gaining information in relation to the two rivers Tehlon and Thlew-ee-choh, encamped on the shore, and then started with Mr. M'Leod in the empty canoe in search of the Indians.

“We had hardly rounded the second point, when the sight of a “cache,” suspended from the apex of a deserted lodge, convinced us that we should soon come up with the stragglers; and, accordingly, about a quarter of a mile further, two young Indians thrust their dark bodies through the branches of the trees, and called to us to stop. They formed part of the tribe of Slave Lake Indians, who were expected to be in this direction, and their friends were not far from them. They merely told us what we well knew, ‘that there was little water in the river, and they doubted if we could get up.’ Shortly afterwards, we met a whole fleet of canoes, whose approach was notified by loud and discordant sounds—a horrible concert of voices of all ages, utterly indescribable. Their chief was an intelligent looking old man, called by the traders, ‘le camarade de Mandeville;’ and from his extensive knowledge of the country to the northward and eastward of Great Slave Lake, there was every reason to expect considerable information, if it could only be wormed out of him. To achieve this, Mr. M'Leod returned with the Indians to our encampment; there with all befitting ceremony to open the preliminaries by the customary pipe: for a social puff is to an Indian, what a bottle of wine is to an

¹ Secreted heap, or store of any thing.

Englishman: 'aperit præcordia,' it unlocks the heart, and dissipates reserve.

"The *tout ensemble* of these 'people,' as they, with some vanity, style themselves, was wild and grotesque in the extreme. One canoe in particular fixed my attention; it was small even for a canoe; and how eight men, women, and children, contrived to stow away their legs, in a space not more than large enough for three Europeans, would have been a puzzling problem to one unacquainted with the suppleness of an Indian's unbandaged limbs. There, however, they were, in a temperature of 66°, packed heads and tails like Yarmouth herrings—half naked—their hair in elf-locks, long and matted—filthy beyond description—and all squalling together. To complete the picture, their dogs, scarce one degree below them, formed a sort of body guard, on each side of the river; and as the canoe glided away with the current, all the animals together, human and canine, set up a shrill and horrible yell."

The Indians represented the two rivers as running E. N. E. in a nearly parallel direction to the sea. They described the Thlew-ee-choh as full of shoals and rapids, cascades and rocks, and after a tortuous course falling in a foaming cataract into the sea. The Tehlon, they said, was a broad and noble stream, flowing without interruption to its journey's end. They affirmed that the mouths of the two rivers were but a short distance from each other, and used every argument to dissuade our author from going by the former stream. On the 8th the party reached the Great Slave Lake, and were received at Fort Resolution by Mr. M'Donnell. Here Captain Back resumed his investigations concerning the rivers. The original plan read before the Royal Geographical Society indicated the Thlew-ee-choh as the route to be pursued, but the reports of the Indians in relation to its dangerous navigation, caused our author much perplexity and embarrassment. He, at length, concluded upon following the original plan, and accordingly divided his crew into two parties—part being left with M'Leod, while himself with four men went in search of the Thlew-ee-choh. On the 12th, they entered the Little River, down which they continued their voyage. On the 14th, the thermometer had sunk from 58° to 30°, and the water was found to be slightly encrusted with ice. On opening round the northern end of the channel, a fine expanse of water was seen east and west, in which lay several islands. They crossed a wide traverse towards some table hills, on which they landed. On the 15th, while under way, a head wind and a heavy swell caused their canoes to ship so much water that they were obliged to run into shore. Pursuing their voyage on the 16th, they espied a bear on the shore, which they shot. Coasting along the rocky line of the northern shore, they came to the Rocky Point River, near which they encamped, at the close of a beautiful day.

August 18th.—They started at 4 A. M. and paddling along

the lake, came to a bend leading into a deep bay, which formed the eastern portion of the Great Slave Lake. Rounding a point they suddenly came into a smaller bay, at the bottom of which was a splendid fall, upwards of sixty feet high, rushing into the gulf below. This was a river they were to ascend—they then landed, and set about repairing the small canoe. The large canoe, with the greater part of the baggage, was left in charge of La Prise, who undertook to wait until M'Leod should come up, and deliver them to him.

They were now obliged to toil up the rocky bed of an unknown stream to the high lands, from which the waters take an opposite course, and our travellers were obliged to carry their canoe around several falls, and obstructions in the navigation. At this time La Prise was despatched with a letter for Mr. M'Leod, in which he was directed to begin building an establishment for winter quarters, as soon as he should reach the east end of the lake, our author informing him that he would probably join him some time in September. They pursued their journey, along the river, amongst rapids, rocks and falls, with infinite labour; the mosquitoes and sand flies almost devouring them. On the 21st, they entered a river barred by fifteen rapids, varying from three to ten feet in height; after a difficult portage, they launched into open water. They paddled on among islands, extending to a great distance, with an uninterrupted horizon to the westward. De Charloit, (a half breed,) and the Indian were sent to reconnoitre, (our author having landed,) and they discovered a lake in the line of their intended course. The mosquitoes here tormented them dreadfully, and the face of the steersman was so swollen, that he could hardly see.

At day break, on the 22d, they went to an adjoining bay, and after two portages got into a large sheet of water; a few hours more brought them to the east end of the lake, when scouts were sent out to discover the best route to the large lake they were seeking.

Towards evening the men returned, having succeeded in finding a chain of small lakes inclining to the eastward. On the 23d and 24th our travellers passed these small sheets and a succession of portages, and entered a rapid river, down which they passed into a magnificent lake. The country along the margin was generally low and level, being occasionally elevated into small hills. By one of these, to the eastward, lay the route to the The-lew (Téh-lon). Passing along the lake and through a strait, they entered a large body of water, along which they coasted until sunset, when they landed, and encamped for the night.

The following day the temperature had fallen to 31°, and the

water near the shore was encrusted with ice. Our voyagers embarked, and after paddling for twenty miles landed on an island, consisting of a conical mount, about two hundred feet high. From its summit they beheld another immense lake. They then resumed their journey. On the 29th De Charloit and the Indian returned; the first bending under the weight of a musk ox's head and horns; the latter carrying the meat of a fat deer.

They had found the river on the second day after they left the party, and described it as being large enough for boats; they ascertained that it was the same stream, the source of which our author had accidentally discovered in the lake, seen from the conical mount; thus the existence of the long sought Thlew-ee-choh was placed beyond a doubt. On the 30th the canoe was put in order, and our voyagers moved on to the river. Having passed the portage from Lake Aylmer, they entered it, and on the 31st arrived at Musk-ox-lake. They pursued their journey with but little adventure for several days. Passing near the western shore of the lake in which they were (our author gives no name for it) it was observed that the two Indians assumed a look of superstitious awe, and maintained a rigid silence; the reason was enquired; when Maufelly, with much gravity, related a traditionary tale which our author gives at length, and which the reader will find to illustrate the Indian character. Our limits prevent us from extracting it; it referred to the island they were passing. "Ill fares the Indian," said Maufelly, in concluding his story, "who attempts to pass this spot in his canoe, without muttering a prayer for safety: many have perished; some bold men have escaped; but none have been found so rash as to venture a second time within its power."

Our travellers pursued a dangerous navigation down the Ah-hel-dessy river; the rapids were numerous and violent, and they were obliged to land and journey on foot. At sunset they halted for the night.

"Our encampment was broken up, and we were on our way very early on the morning of the 7th of September, but every one was too busily engaged in picking his way to speak; not a word was audible until about eight o'clock, when a fine buck deer, betrayed by its branching antlers, was espied feeding behind a point thirty paces from us. It was brought down; and the haunch, covered with a rich layer of fat two inches thick, afforded a luxurious breakfast. Having put the remainder *en cache*, we proceeded on our way, and when we had gained the top of a hill, Slave Lake was seen right before us, hemmed in by mountains of considerable magnitude and height. A craggy range to the right determined the course of the Ah-hel-dessy; and many a steep rock and deep valley between the lake and us, announced the fatigue which was to be endured before we arrived at our destination. But how can I possibly give an idea of the torment we endured from the sand

flies? As we dived into the confined and suffocating chasms, or waded through the close swamps, they rose in clouds, actually darkening the air: to see or to speak was equally difficult, for they rushed at every undefended part, and fixed their poisonous fangs in an instant. Our faces streamed with blood, as if leeches had been applied; and there was a burning and irritating pain, followed by immediate inflammation, and producing giddiness, which almost drove us mad. Whenever we halted, which the nature of the country compelled us to do often, the men, even Indians, threw themselves on their faces, and moaned with pain and agony. My arms being less encumbered, I defended myself in some degree by waving a branch in each hand; but even with this, and the aid of a veil and stout leather gloves, I did not escape without severe punishment. For the time, I thought the tiny plagues worse even than mosquitoes.

"While speaking on this subject, I am reminded of a remark of Maufelly, which, as indicative of the keen observation of the tribe, and illustrating the humanity of the excellent individual to whom it alludes, I may be pardoned for introducing here:—It was the custom of Sir John Franklin never to kill a fly, and though teased by them beyond expression, especially when engaged in taking observations, he would quietly desist from his work, and patiently blow the half-gorged intruders from his hands—'the world was wide enough for both.' This was jocosely remarked upon at the time by Akaitcho and the four or five Indians who accompanied him; but the impression, it seems, had sunk deep, for on Maufelly's seeing me fill my tent with smoke, and then throw open the front and beat the sides all round with leafy branches, to drive out the stupefied pests before I went to rest, he could not refrain from expressing his surprise that I should be so unlike the old chief, who would not destroy so much as a single mosquito."

Our travellers had passed the confluence of the Ah-hel-dessy, with Great Slave Lake, and reached the eastern extremity where M'Leod had been directed to build the house. The sound of the axe was soon heard, and M'Leod with La Prise were seen walking near the framework of a newly erected building. Our party, which was ranged in single file, some carrying guns, others tent poles, &c., and all with swollen and bleeding faces, presented a singular appearance. M'Leod had been awaiting their arrival with anxiety, and testified his pleasure when it occurred. He had arrived on the 22d August, and with four men had erected the framework just mentioned.

On the 16th September Mr. King, with the rest of the party, came up. He gave our author a minute and interesting account of his adventures since their parting. We omit it here, our principal business being to follow the commander of the expedition.

The site of their intended dwelling was on a level bank, covered with shrubs and trees, at the northern extremity of a bay. The Ah-hel-dessy fell into it from the westward, and a smaller river to the eastward. Granite hills of feld-spar and mica surrounded the bay. The long sand banks which ran out between the two rivers, seemed to present an apt harbour

for the white fish, and preparations were accordingly made for a good fishing season.

The house and observatory were in progress, and rapidly approached their completion, when the Indians of the surrounding country began pouring in from all quarters. In consequence of the deer having left the barren lands where they had been accustomed to resort at this season, no game was to be procured, and the natives were in a starving condition. Many of them were relieved by our travellers to the extent of their means, but not a few perished from want and suffering. Many instances of misery that are related by Captain Back, are affecting in the extreme, and the benevolence of his character is strikingly exemplified by the privations to which he subjected himself, that he might diminish the sufferings of these wretched people. We give a single instance that will serve to show the condition of the aged and infirm, who were unable to take care of themselves.

"On the 29th September, a fire being seen on the opposite side of the bay, a canoe was despatched to see who had made it; and soon returned, not with a good load of meat, as we had hoped, but with a poor old woman, bent double by age and infirmities, and rendered absolutely frightful by famine and disease. The ills that 'flesh is heir to' had been prodigally heaped on her, and a more hideous figure Dante himself has not conceived.

"Clad in deer skins, her eyes all but closed, her hair matted and filthy, her skin shrivelled, and feebly supporting, with the aid of a stick held by both hands, a trunk which was literally horizontal, she presented, if such an expression may be pardoned, the shocking and unnatural appearance of a human brute. It was a humiliating spectacle, and one which I would not willingly see again. Poor wretch! Her tale was soon told: old and decrepit, she had come to be considered as a burden even by her own sex. Past services and toils were forgotten, and, in their figurative style, they coldly told her, that 'though she appeared to live, she was already dead,' and must be abandoned to her fate. 'There is a new fort,' said they; 'go there; the whites are great medicine men, and may have power to save you.' This was a month before; since which time she had crawled and hobbled along the rocks, the scanty supply of berries which she found upon them just enabling her to live. Another day or two must have ended her sufferings."

The house was speedily completed, and our travellers were fixed for the winter. Parties were sent out to procure fish, but they, as well as the deer, seemed to have abandoned those regions, and very few were obtained. Captain Back was therefore obliged to reduce the rations of his men. Our author continues to describe the acute sufferings of the Indians, who besieged the house with their moanings and lamentations.

On the 7th of December, being anxious to diminish the number of the party, Captain Back discharged De Charloit,

and two Iroquois, according to previous agreement. Many hunting parties of the Indians were out, with little success. Forty of the best Chippewyan hunters had been destroyed by famine, and many others had not been heard of. Our author describes two women, with their children, as being swept off by a whirlwind. One boy of the number only was found, and he died in excruciating pain the same night.

"December 16.—The interpreter came from one of the fishing stations with an account of the loss of some nets, and the inadequacy of their means of support. They seldom took more than thirteen small fish in a day, and the Indians, now reduced to a state of great weakness, crowded round them for a portion of what they could ill afford. It was the same with us; for those who happened to be within a moderate distance fell back on the fort, as the only chance of prolonging their existence; and we freely imparted the utmost we could spare. In vain did we endeavour to revive their drooping spirits, and excite them to action; the scourge was too heavy, and their exertions were entirely paralysed. No sooner had one party closed the door, than another, still more languid and distressed, feebly opened it, and confirmed by their half-famished looks and sunken eyes their heart-rending tale of suffering. They spoke little, but crowded in silence round the fire, as if eager to enjoy the only comfort remaining to them. A handful of mouldy pounded meat, which had been originally reserved for our dogs, was the most liberal allowance we could make to each; and this meal, unpalatable and unwholesome as it was, together with the customary presentation of the friendly pipe, was sufficient to efface for a moment the recollection of their sorrows, and even to light up their faces with a smile of hope. 'We know,' said they, 'that you are as much distressed as ourselves, and you are very good.' Afflicting as it was to behold such scenes of suffering, it was at the same time gratifying to observe the resignation with which they were met. There were no impious upbraidings of Providence, nor any of those revolting acts, too frequent within late years, which have cast a darker shade over the character of the savage Indian. While the party thus scantily relieved were expressing their gratitude, one of their companions arrived, and after a short pause announced that a child was dying for want of food, close at hand. The father instantly jumped up; and having been supplied with some pemmican, for we had no other meat, hurried away, and happily arrived in time to save its life."

On the 18th, Mr. M'Leod, with two men, went in search of Akaitcho, who was out with a hunting party. The day after their departure, Akaitcho arrived, with a small quantity of half dried meat, which he had dragged during eight days' march.

The hall of the house was now constantly filled with miserable beings, who, seated round the fire, roasted and devoured small pieces of their rein-deer garments. At this time the temperature was 102° below the freezing point. Those who required medical aid received it from Mr. King, who was unremitting in his attentions to them. On the 1st of January some Indians brought a small supply of half dried meat,—on the 13th the women and children were sent to the fishery, and

the allowance of the party was reduced a quarter of a pound each. Another supply of lean and putrid meat was received from Akaitcho, and a few days afterwards eighty pounds from M'Leod.

On the 4th of February, the temperature was 60° minus. So great was the cold that, with an immense fire, in a small room, ink and paint froze. Our author attempted to finish a sketch, by placing a table near the fire; but a scratch on the paper, and small shining particles at the end of the pen, showed that it was useless. On one occasion, after washing his face, within three feet of the fire, his hair was clotted with ice, before he could dry it.

On the 9th, Mr. M'Leod arrived with a party of men laden with meat. Their faces were much frost-bitten. The Indians complained bitterly, and compared the sensation of handling their guns, to that of touching red hot iron; it was so painful that they wrapped thongs of leather round their triggers, to keep their fingers from touching the steel.

At this time, owing to unfavourable reports from the fisheries, a further reduction of the establishment was deemed proper; and accordingly, at Mr. M'Leod's suggestion, the family of the latter was removed to a place, half way between the house and the hunting party. M'Leod started on the 14th, to conduct them to their place of destination.

For a long time our author had been under great anxiety for the fate of Maufelly, who had gone, with a small party, to the south east, and had now been absent some months. No intelligence of them had been received, and as they had promised to return in January, if alive, our party began to entertain gloomy apprehensions. These were of short duration, for Maufelly himself made his appearance on the 16th, with the joyful information that he had five deer, killed within two days' march. Three men were instantly despatched for the treasure, and returned with it in due time.

The weather having in some degree moderated, a little provision was, now and then, brought from the hunters. M'Leod sent word that he could get neither fish nor flesh, and as a last resource, had been obliged to transfer his men to the other fishery, under the charge of M'Kay. In performing this journey the men were three days without a particle of food.

On the 13th of March, Captain Back sent the whole of the men, with iron and planking, to the borders of Artillery Lake, where the boats, for the summer's voyage, were to be built: this occupied four or five days. About this time a supply of meat was brought by an old friend, the *Camarade de Mandeville*. The day following, intelligence was received from M'Leod,—six more natives, of either sex, had perished of starv-

ation; the nets had failed, and Akaitcho was at a distance of twelve days' march. Captain Back prevailed on M'Leod to send his family to Fort Resolution, and break up the fishery for the present.

On the 18th, the party returned from Artillery Lake, and informed our author that the carpenters had begun the boats. On the 26th, a packet arrived from York factory: the bearer informed our author that another packet had been sent, more than a month ago, under the charge of two men; that these had been accompanied by Captain Back's old friend, Augustus, (the Esquimaux interpreter, whom he had known in his former expedition); that having lost themselves, two of them found their way back to the fort, but without Augustus, who persisted in searching for our travellers. The letters confirmed this report. Three days after, the packet spoken of was brought in by an Indian.

The 25th of April was the anniversary of their departure from La Chine. Our travellers were conversing with each other, when they were startled by a thundering knock at the door.

"The permission to come in was unnecessary, for the person followed the announcement before the words could be uttered, and with the same despatch thrust into my hands a packet, which a glance sufficed to tell me was from England. 'He is returned, sir!' said the messenger, as we looked at him with surprise. 'What! Augustus?—thank God!' I replied quickly. 'Captain Ross, sir,—Captain Ross is returned.' 'Eh! are you quite sure? is there no error? where is the account from?' The man paused, looked at me, and pointing with his finger, said, 'You have it in your hand, sir.' It was so; but the packet had been forgotten in the excitement and hurry of my feelings. Two open extracts from the Times and Morning Herald confirmed the tidings; and my official letter, with others from the long lost adventurers themselves—from Captain Maconochie, Mr. Garry, Governor Simpson, and many other friends, English and American, removed all possible doubt, and evinced at the same time the powerful interest which the event had awakened in the public, by a great proportion of whom the party had long since been numbered among the dead. To me the intelligence was peculiarly gratifying, not only as verifying my previously expressed opinions, but as demonstrating the wisdom as well as the humanity of the course pursued by the promoters of our expedition, who had thereby rescued the British nation from an imputation of indifference which it was far indeed from meriting. In the fulness of our hearts, we assembled together, and humbly offered up our thanks to that merciful Providence, which in the beautiful language of Scripture hath said, 'Mine own will I bring again, as I did sometime from the deeps of the sea.'* The thought of so wonderful a preservation overpowered for a time the common occurrences of life. We had but just sat down to breakfast; but our appetite was gone, and the day was passed in a feverish state of excitement. Seldom, indeed, did my friend Mr. King or I indulge in a

* Psalm 66.

libation, but on this joyful occasion economy was forgotten ; a treat was given to the men, and for ourselves the social sympathies were quickened by a generous bowl of punch."

On the 5th of May, the men were employed in dragging the baggage and provisions to Artillery Lake, where the carpenters had finished one of the boats, and were working at the second. In consequence of the return of Captain Ross, the object of the expedition was no longer the same, and our traveller was now about to prosecute a journey of discovery.

On the 18th, the snow was fast disappearing ; and on the 25th, Mr. M'Leod arrived, to the great satisfaction of our author. Towards the end of the month, the weather became sultry, the temperature in the sun being 106°. At this time, Akaitcho, and thirty of his tribe, arrived, empty handed, followed by two Chippewyans, who brought a little dry meat from the Yellow Knife river, where one of their party had died from starvation. On the 3d June, the whole of the men came in from the fishery, bringing intelligence that the remains of Augustus had been discovered near the Rivière-à-Jean. It appeared that he was retracing his steps to the station, when, exhausted by hunger or cold, he had sunk under his sufferings. "Such," says our traveller, "was the miserable end of poor Augustus ! a faithful, disinterested, kind-hearted creature, who had won the regard not of myself only, but, I may add, of Sir John Franklin and Dr. Richardson also, by qualities which, wherever found, in the lowest as in the highest forms of social life, are the ornaments and charm of humanity."

On the 5th June, all the men but three had arrived from the fort. It was arranged that a party, with M'Leod, should precede the main body, for the purpose of hunting. The papers, journal, observations, &c., of our author, were secured at the fort until his return ; the doors and windows were securely fastened, and on the 7th June our travellers started on their journey. They reached Artillery Bay, and found that the carpenters had completed both boats. M'Leod had left there two days before, and our captain, on the 10th June, with a crew of eight men, started with the larger boat, leaving the smaller one behind until their return in the autumn. Their boat was fixed on runners, and dragged over the ice on the lake by two men and six fine dogs. They followed the eastern shore of Artillery Lake, occasionally finding the provisions which the hunting party in advance had left for them in the route.

On the 16th, the thermometer at 33°, they endeavoured to light a fire to cook their venison ; the only fuel they could find was wet, and would not ignite—they were on the barren lands. They pursued their journey through water and over ice, with

much labour and encountering many hardships (all of which are minutely detailed in the narrative); when, on the morning of the 27th, they neared the portage of the Thlew-ee-choh. As they approached it, a white tent was seen at a distance, with a crowd of people around it—this proved to be M'Leod and his party. The boat was soon after carried over the portage, and at 1 p. m. on the 28th, was launched on the Thlew-ee-choh.

Several portages were passed, and on the 29th they got to a small lake, where the runners were again rigged, and they proceeded on the ice to the extremity. The hunting party, which they had overtaken, was again in advance; and our travellers found several deer left for them on the route—in the evening they encamped at the head of a rapid and portage. On the 30th, our author, with two men, went in advance of the party; they passed Icy River, where more provisions were found. July 1, M'Leod joined them; at 4 p. m. they reached Musk Ox River on the ice. Here they learned that Akaitcho had been driven to the north by the scarcity of animals. At sunset they encamped, and soon after were found by M'Leod's party. July 3d, they carried their boats and provisions over a portage four miles in length. Our author describes vividly this severe labour.

It now became unnecessary that M'Leod should proceed any farther with the party, and, accordingly, he started with his men on their return to the fort, after receiving orders to be again on the banks of the Thlew-ee-choh by the middle of September, to meet our traveller on his way back; our party then proceeded along the river to a strong rapid. Standing on a rock, above it, they perceived Akaitcho's son, shouting to warn them of their danger—they passed the rapid in safety.

At the peak of a high hill, a few miles off, Akaitcho had pitched his hunting lodge. Hearing that our traveller was near, he came down to visit him. He cautioned him about the danger of navigating the Thlew-ee-choh, and told him to beware of Esquimaux treachery, which, he said, was always perpetrated under the guise of friendship; "and when you least expect it," added he, "they will attack you." They then parted.

With much labour they pursued their voyage, through ice, rapids, and rocks, and over portages. On the 14th July, a fresh and fair wind relieved the men from the labour of rowing, and they ran under a foresail until 8 p. m., when they were stopped by a ridge of ice. They were obliged to run in shore, and encamp for the night. The surrounding hills were literally swarming with deer.

On the 16th, the ice having given way before a heavy gale.

our voyagers again embarked ; after some time, the river contracted to about fifty yards ; the boat swept through this strait with fearful velocity, and the stream gradually enlarged to a magnificent river. Captain Back was inclined to the belief that this was the Têh-lon River ; not being certain of this fact, however, he gave it the name of Baillie's River ; passing the mouths of two tributary streams, they landed and encamped. On the following day, they entered some rapids, and passing through a deep abyss, formed by rocks of immense height which skirted the borders of the stream, emerged into open water. The weather had been very variable (the thermometer as high as 68°) ; and when they landed on the evening of the 18th, they were attacked by swarms of mosquitoes. On the 19th, they found themselves in a large lake. A slight current drew them into a rapid, through which they passed into a wide space, and landed on an island, which bore the marks of an Esquimaux settlement. On the 21st, they proceeded, and for three days, the labour which our travellers underwent, in overcoming the obstructions in the navigation, is described as excessive. At length they came to the end of this troublesome lake, and entered a rapid ; the current became violent, and on they plunged, through curling waves, and amongst large rocks, into smooth water, the boat being slightly injured. The river now kept to the northward, and opened into a spacious lake ; the extremity could not be discerned, and the current being lost, our voyager was embarrassed in deciding on the most probable direction for striking the river. They kept through a passage in the ice, and at length were led by the roar of waters to the end of the lake. Our author here describes a fearful scene.

"Bending short round to the left, and in a comparatively contracted channel, the whole force of the water glided smoothly but irresistibly towards two stupendous gneiss rocks, from five to eight hundred feet high, rising like islands on either side. Our first care was to secure the boat in a small curve to the left, near which the river disappeared in its descent, sending up showers of spray. We found it was not one fall, as the hollow roar had led us to believe, but a succession of falls and cascades, and whatever else is horrible in such 'confusion worse confounded.' It expanded to about the breadth of four hundred yards, having near the centre an insulated rock about three hundred feet high, having the same barren and naked appearance as those on each side. From the projection of the main western shore, which concealed the opening, issued another serpentine rapid and fall ; while to the right there was a strife of surge and rock, the roar of which was heard far and wide. The space occupying the centre, from the first descent to the island, was full of sunken rocks of unequal heights, over which the rapid foamed and boiled, and rushed with impetuous and deadly fury. At that part it was raised into an arch ; while the sides were yawning and cavernous, swallowing huge masses of ice, and then again tossing the splintered fragments high into the air. A more terrific sight could not well be conceived, and the im-

pression which it produced was apparent on the countenances of the men. The portage was over scattered debris of the rocks (of which two more, with perpendicular and rounded sides, formed a kind of wall to the left,) and afforded a rugged and difficult way to a single rock at the foot of the rapid, about a mile distant. The boat was emptied of its cargo, but was still too heavy to be carried more than a few yards; and, whatever the consequence, there was thus no alternative but to try the falls."

With incredible courage and skill the boat was guided by M'Kay and Sinclair down the rushing torrent. It was then taken from the water, and our party encamped for the night. On the next day they pushed into the stream and passed through many rapids to Sinclair's falls, where they made a portage.

July 25th—The weather was raw and cold. The river expanded into a lake. Several dangerous rapids were passed, when our party arrived at the remains of an Esquimaux encampment. Along the banks of the river lay several dead deer, which doubtless had been drowned in attempting to cross the rapids. Until the 29th, our voyagers pursued their way. The details are given at length in the journal. We omit them here, as they possess comparatively little interest. On that day (29th) they saw a party of the Esquimaux. Some called out; others made signs. Our Captain directed his course to the shore, on which the Indians brandished their spears and ran towards them. As the boat grounded they formed a semicircle at twenty paces distance, yelling loudly. Captain Back landed, and walking up to them alone, called out "Tima" (peace). Immediately the Indians threw down their arms, crying Tima. Our Captain, thus amicably received, walked up, and adopting, as he says, the true John Bull fashion of salutation, shook hands with them all round. Buttons, fish-hooks, and other trifles, were distributed among them, with which they were well satisfied.

Our author having thus gained the confidence of the natives, directed the men to examine and if possible to pass the fall which had obstructed them. He then went with the Indians to their tents: these are particularly described. The steersman returned, and reported the impossibility of getting down the fall; therefore, wishing that the Esquimaux should not see the baggage, our Captain directed Mr. King to make the portage, while he amused them by sketching their likenesses, &c. This greatly pleased them, and they were in high good humour. Our author gives a humorous description of one of his "sitters":—

"The women were much tattooed about the face and the middle and fourth fingers. The only lady whose portrait was sketched was so flattered at being selected for the distinction, that in her fear lest I should not sufficiently see every grace of her good-tempered countenance, she intently watched my eye; and, according to her notion of the part I was pencilling, protruded it, or turned it so as to leave me no excuse for not

delineating it in the full proportion of its beauty. Thus, seeing me look at her head, she immediately bent it down; stared portentously when I sketched her eyes; puffed out her cheeks when their turn arrived; and, finally, perceiving that I was touching in the mouth, opened it to the full extent of her jaws, and thrust out the whole length of her tongue. She had six tattooed lines drawn obliquely from the nostrils across each cheek; eighteen from her mouth across her chin and the lower part of the face; ten small ones, branching like a larch tree from the corner of each eye; and eight from the forehead to the centre of the nose between the eyebrows. But what was most remarkable in her appearance was the oblique position of the eyes; the inner portion of which was considerably depressed, whilst the other was proportionately elevated. The nostrils were a good deal expanded, and the mouth large. Her hair was jet black, and simply parted in front into two large curls, or rather festoons, which were secured in their places by a fillet of white deer skin twined round the head, whilst the remainder hung loose behind the ears, or flowed not ungracefully over her neck and shoulders. She was the most conspicuous, though they were all of the same family: they were singularly clean in their persons and garments; and, notwithstanding the linear embellishments of their faces, in whose mysterious figures a mathematician might perhaps have found something to solve or perplex, they possessed a sprightliness which gave them favour in the eyes of my crew, who declared 'they were a set of bonnie-looking creatures.'

Our Captain was now informed that the crew were unable to convey the boat over the portage; so taking advantage of the good humour of the Indians, he asked them to give him a helping hand. They cheerfully complied, and the boat was launched below the fall. Our party proceeded down the river to Cockburn's Bay, and thence to Victoria headland. Small islands were seen to the left, after which they entered a large bay. As they rounded Point Beaufort, the drift ice came down so rapidly that they were forced to land, in order to secure the boat from being staved in. They were detained here by the ice until August 1st. When the boat was again launched, they were again stopped by the ice. August 3d—Parties were sent out in different directions, to ascertain if it was possible to creep along shore among the grounded pieces; but they reported unfavourably. The evening of this day was spent in the performance of divine service.

On the 5th, our traveller reconnoitred from a hill, and discovered a large space of open water before him. When the wind abated they got under way, passed the open space, again were stopped by ice, and landed. An exploring party was sent ahead, who at night returned wearied and exhausted. They described the land as low and swampy, and some miles off there was an appearance of open water.

August 7th—Under the force of the wind the ice separated, and our party proceeded under sail, at the rate of five knots an hour. After a delightful sail they were again stopped. During the night the rain was incessant, and the light of the morning

disclosed a mass of ice closely packed along the shore. The raw and chilly atmosphere, together with the want of warm food, had excited the fears of Captain Back for the health of his crew—the more so, as M'Kenzie had for some days been so bloated and swollen, as to be unable to attend to his duty. The rest of the men, however, remained in good health.

The people were now despatched in search of fuel; but though they went a distance of ten miles, were unsuccessful. They continued here for some hours, suffering much from the weather.

"The place where we encamped, and, indeed, every foot of this sandy soil, was covered with small shells resembling cockles and bivalves. Innumerable rills of fresh water ran in opposite directions from the central ridge. About 8 P. M. the rain began to fall again, though without at all clearing the fog, and the wind from the north-west increased to a strong breeze. A shout of 'What have you got there?' announced the return of the men: the jocular answer of 'A piece of the North Pole' immediately brought Mr. King and myself from out the tent; and we found that they had really picked up a piece of *drift-wood nine feet long and nine inches in diameter*, together with a few sticks of smaller drift-wood and a part of a kieyack. When the large trunk was sawed, I was rather surprised to see it very little sodden with water; a proof that it could not have been exposed for any considerable length of time to its action. From the peculiar character of the wood, which was pine, of that kind which is remarkable for its freedom from knots, I had no doubt that it had originally grown somewhere in the upper part of the country, about the M'Kenzie; and of this I was the more competent to judge from my recollection of the drift-wood west of that large river, which it exactly resembled. Though we had strong reasons to be grateful for this unlooked-for treasure, as affording us the means of enjoying a hot meal—the first for several days,—yet there were other considerations which gave it in my eyes a far greater importance. In it I saw what I thought an incontrovertible proof of the set of a current from the westward along the coast to our left, and that consequently we had arrived at the main line of the land; for it is a fact well known to the officers of both Sir John Franklin's expeditions, that the absence of drift-wood was always regarded as an infallible sign that we had gone astray from the main, either among islands or in some such opening as Bathurst's Inlet, where, by reason of the set of the current, not a piece of any size was found."

The 13th of August set in with rain; but a narrow lake of water was seen between the grounded ice and the main body: preparations were made to get under way, when the wind chopped round and prevented it. On the 14th, the boat was lifted over various impediments, and launched in open water. On the 15th, the weather became calm, and the ice again set in to the southward. Our author reconnoitred from a hill, and saw a closely packed mass of ice, extending to the horizon. The appearance and marks of the surrounding region are here minutely described by Captain Back; we omit them, as also the reasons which induced him, at this point, to turn his face southwardly, on his return to Fort Reliance. We have, of

course, been under the necessity of omitting many interesting circumstances, for which we must refer the reader to the journal itself. Suffice it to say, that our Captain assembled his men, and informed them that the period fixed by his majesty's government for the return of the expedition had arrived; and that now it only remained to unfurl the British flag, and salute it with three cheers, whilst this portion of America should receive the name of William the Fourth's Land. This information was received by the crew with great joy, and the service was performed with befitting loyalty.

Our party were now on their way to their old winter quarters; on the morning of the 17th they reached Point Beaufort; the gale set in with great violence, and a heavy snow fell, so that they were forced to seek refuge on the shore. On the 19th, the wind abated and they proceeded towards the river; and in the afternoon, the gale again arising, they sought shelter under Victoria Headland. On the 21st, they reached the lower fall, where they had seen the Esquimaux: they were no longer there. Four miles farther, the tents they had before seen, were discovered, pitched on the bank of a strong rapid. It was impossible for the boat to cross this rapid, and the natives could not be induced to approach.

On the 30th, they ascended the long and hazardous rapids, leading to Lake Garry,—the 31st, they came upon a large encampment of Esquimaux. Our author approached, with demonstrations of friendship, but the Indians retreated, and our party proceeded on their way. September the 6th, they passed Baillie's River, and, ascending a long rapid, came to Lake Beechy. On the 19th, they crossed Musk Ox Lake, and found themselves abreast of Icy River. The next day they got to the first portage on the Thlew-ee-choh, and on the 17th, met Mr. M'Leod, with six men, who had been waiting several days already at Sand Hill Bay.

For two days the weather was very tempestuous, and our party could not move. On the 20th our author set out, leaving M'Leod, to follow at his leisure, that he might hunt along the shores of the lake: they then crossed Lake Aylmer, and got into Clinton Colden Lake,—passing the rapids of Little River they encamped on the western shore of Artillery Lake. About noon, on the 24th, they got to the Ah-hel-dessy. They proceeded, over rapids, falls, and portages, along this troublesome stream. Our traveller thus describes a cascade on the river:

“From the only point at which the greater part of it was visible, we could distinguish the river coming sharp round a rock, and falling into an upper basin almost concealed by intervening rocks; whence it broke in one vast sheet into a chasm between four and five hundred feet deep, yet in appearance so narrow that we fancied we could almost step

across it. Out of this the spray rose in misty columns several hundred feet above our heads; but as it was impossible to see the main fall from the side on which we were, in the following spring I paid a second visit to it, approaching from the western bank. The road to it, which I then traversed in snow shoes, was fatiguing in the extreme, and scarcely less dangerous; for, to say nothing of the steep ascents, fissures in the rocks, and deep snow in the valleys, we had sometimes to creep along the narrow shelves of precipices, slippery with the frozen mist that fell on them. But it was a sight which well repaid any risk. My first impression was of a strong resemblance to an iceberg, in Smeerenberg Harbour, Spitzbergen. The whole face of the rocks forming the chasm was entirely coated with blue, green, and white ice, in thousands of pendent icicles: and there were, moreover, caverns, fissures, and overhanging ledges in all imaginable varieties of form, so curious and beautiful as to surpass any thing of which I had ever heard or read."

On the 27th the journey was resumed, and at noon our party arrived at their old winter quarters, after an absence of nearly four months. It now remained to make arrangements for passing the winter comfortably; and to that end all necessary means were adopted for obtaining supplies of provisions. McLeod, with all the men except six, went to the fisheries, and our captain remained at the fort.

The manner in which the winter passed, and some few incidents of little interest, are briefly related in the narrative.

On the 21st of March Captain Back took leave of Mr. McLeod; and soon after, reached Fort Resolution. On the 10th of April he arrived at Fort Chippewyan. After detentions at several places, he got to Norway House, in Jack River, and soon after set out for Montreal, with a crew of Iroquois, and Canadians; having, at their desire, discharged his own men.

At Sault Ste-Marie our Captain was received by the commandant of the American garrison, with a salute of guns. On the 6th of August, he arrived at La Chine; having, since he left it, travelled over a distance of seven thousand five hundred miles.

Captain Back reached New York on the 17th of August, and embarked for Liverpool, where he arrived on the 8th of September, after an absence of two years and seven months. Mr. King, with eight men, reached England, in the company's ship in October.

The reader will perceive, from the abstract we have given, that the primary object of the expedition had ceased to be of importance at an early stage of it. Its secondary object seems to have been but partially accomplished.

The hope, so strongly cherished by our author, of discovering the wanderers, was the great impulse to all his exertions—his support under much privation and suffering; and the enthusiasm with which he had undertaken, and for some time prose-

cuted the enterprise, was doubtless greatly diminished by the intelligence of Ross's return to England.

The journey was continued to the point we have indicated, with a comparatively flagging spirit; when, discouraged by the obstacles which Nature opposed to him, our traveller began his homeward voyage. The important object of ascertaining the existence of a passage along the coast to Point Turnagain, was not effected; nor can we perceive from our examination of the journal, that the secondary instructions of the committee, in many other particulars, were satisfactorily accomplished.

Our author draws an inference, from circumstances which he details, in favour of the existence of a southern channel to Regent's Inlet; but whether or not his inference is a correct one, must be ascertained by the researches of future discoverers.

Referring the learned reader to a copious appendix to the Journal, for much valuable scientific information, we close our notice of this interesting narrative.

ART. VII.—*Works of Chateaubriand.* 22 vols. Pourrat, frères.
Paris: 1832.

The Vicomte de Chateaubriand, during all the term of the Consulate, the Empire, and the Restoration, and even until now, has been in possession of one of the most distinguished literary reputations of his time—second for its brilliancy certainly only to that of Madame de Staël, far inferior as he is to her and to many others in substantial merit and real genius. The Vicomte is an extraordinary study; he is multifarious and amusing as an individual, and valuable as a specimen of a Frenchman; and after you have sufficiently considered what he really is, it is curious enough to compare your conclusions, with respect to him, with his own ideas of himself. He is the most plausible of human beings; you can never take him without his reasons; no matter how incongruous, jarring, or inconsequent any given collection of his sayings or doings may seem to you, he will put them all into a story which, like a kaleidoscope, will show them in beautiful symmetry. He is approaching the end of a pretty long life, from the events of which he has it at his choice to produce a thread of any given colour, and to prove to you that he has always consistently guided himself by that. He chooses legitimacy and piety and real civil and religious liberty, and certainly

he makes out his case very creditably, and it is a pleasure to believe him. And, to do him justice, this is the interpretation which accords best with the general tenor of his words and deeds, though there have been exceptions which do not appear in this expurgated edition of his works, revised by himself. For example: in 1801, in publishing the third edition of *Atala*, he called Napoleon "one of those men whom Heaven sends in sign of reconciliation, when it is weary of punishing;" this phrase is now suppressed. In 1811 again, he made Bonaparte's eulogy a part of his *Itinéraire*; but afterwards, when it was necessary to find a reason for having praised the usurper, it had been done because he could not "for the sake of his bookseller's interests, refuse an act of complaisance which the minister of the police demanded." His address to the king too, on the 5th September, 1815, at the head of the deputation of the Loire, recommending severity towards the political offenders of the "hundred days," is not in keeping with his present part, and of course it does not appear. More such cases might be cited, and we shall have occasion as we go on to remark a little upon the tone of his religious writings; but, for the present, we merely wish to show that the Vicomte, although really and truly as this world goes a most amiable man, and honest at least by preference, has nevertheless had his ebbs and flows, and that in order to make good his lofty pretensions now of being and having always been above truckling to circumstance, he is obliged to tamper a little here and there with truth. To show what his pretensions in this respect as well as in others are, we shall give his character of himself in his own words. We take it from various parts of his works, to which we refer in the note; but it has an air almost of having been written originally whole, and distributed, to make it go down better, to various places in small portions. If this be so, and the Vicomte has really cut himself up, as it were, and thus taken the proper business of reviewers out of our hands, it is no more than fair perhaps that we should reverse our own spells, and put him together again.

"My life for twenty-five years has been nothing but a battle against whatever appeared to me to be false in religion, in philosophy, and in politics, against the crimes and errors of the age, and against the men who misused power to corrupt or to enslave the people. I have never calculated the degree of such men's elevation, and from Bonaparte who made the world tremble, and who never made *me* tremble, to those obscure oppressors, who are only known by my contempt, I have dared to utter all to those who dared to act all. Wherever I have been, I have stretched out a hand to misfortune, but I do not comprehend prosperity. Always ready to devote myself to adversity, I do not know how to serve passion in its triumph. I have a cursed love of truth, and a fear to say the thing which is not, which with me overpowers all other considerations. Bonaparte repeatedly threatened me with his anger and with his

might, and yet he was swayed by a secret penchant towards me, as I felt an involuntary admiration for what there was that was great in him. I might have been every thing under his government had I wished it, but for success I have always lacked a passion and a vice; ambition, and hypocrisy. Educated as the companion of winds and waves, those waves, those winds, that solitude which were my early teachers, suited better perhaps with the nature of my mind, and the independence of my character. Perhaps I may owe to this education some wild virtue, which otherwise I might never have known. Greatness of mind or of fortune never awes me. I admire the first without being oppressed by it, the second inspires me with pity rather than respect. The face of man will never discompose me (*visage d'homme ne me troublera jamais.*) I do not make any boast of my labours, my habitual feeling on the subject of my works is not pride, but an indifference which I carry perhaps too far."¹

Add to this what he says about his early studies, and we shall see what a prodigy of learning as well as virtue we have to deal with.

"J'aimais passionnément la métaphysique; mais que n'aimais-je pas? Je me plaisais à l'algèbre comme à la poésie, et j'avais pour l'érudition historique le goût d'un véritable bénédictin."—Vol. II. p. 116.

There is a good deal of matter for argument in this account of studies, and it may be improved either way, by proving *à priori* that a man who read in this manner would not learn much; and thus condemning the practice by the vice of the principle; or contrariwise by showing the badness of the principle, by the results in the Vicomte's own case of the practice. He has no doubt read many books, and he most certainly is not a learned man. He has acquired simply what Johnson calls the "knowledge where knowledge is," and when he wants to show off on a given subject, he takes down a book, and flings quotations at you whole, hit or miss. His learning is not like golden sands carried along in a pactolus of eloquence, and tinging all its waters; on the contrary, it lies at the foot of his page in notes in solid lumps like a pebbly bottom, and his stream is neither better for it nor worse. He regurgitates with quotation in his learned writings, throwing out unchanged, like a dice-box, what he has just thrown in, taking always good care to make it rattle, but when he attempts to talk learnedly without book, he is in constant danger of a blunder. Take for instance his declaration about the fall of the false gods, (*Génie du C. Part I. B. 2. Ch. 4.*) when he asks if Serapis did not fall with Thèbes. Now the worship of Serapis came to Alexandria from Pontus two hundred years after Thèbes was destroyed, and it was at Alex-

¹ See Vol. II. Pref. vi: Vol. VIII. 214: Vol. I. Pref. iii. Vol. VII. 7—21. Vol. VIII. 203. and Vol. I. 2.—In this order.

andria that his worship was most famous for six hundred years, till Theodosius destroyed his temple. And this the Vicomte must once have known, and forgotten, for he quotes Heraclides of Pontus, and Porphyry, only a few pages before, for an oracle of Serapis, which shows he had been exploring the subject, but he let a part of the fruits of his research get a little too old before he used it. Again, in his preface to his travels in America, among a vast number of crude facts relating to every body, that ever travelled any where, serving no purpose but to show that he has read about them all, he tells us that the Rev. John Campbell penetrated in Africa, setting out from the Cape of Good Hope, to the distance of eleven thousand miles,—he does not tell us where this journey ended. With a little searching, probably, one might find any quantity of such cases; but, whoever is curious in these matters may refer to an article on the *Etudes Historiques* in the *Foreign Review* for March, 1828, where the question, as to M. de Chateaubriand's pretensions to learning, is definitively settled.

The Vicomte is essentially a coxcomb. Vanity and the love of display are the bases of his character, and these principles have kept his mind all his life in a state of greater excitement than is compatible with sober study, or mature reflection. He has talent enough to shine upon a given occasion, and his writings consequently have almost all had a momentary success, and are all in progress of being forgotten. Every thing he does is theatrical, and there is nothing he delights in more, than in giving a sketch of himself in some interesting attitude, wrapped in his cloak on the promontory of Sunium, and leaning against a column to meditate by moonlight among the ruins, or finishing his "*Essai*" in the present expectation of death, "*dans le dénûment de son exil, n'ayant pour table que la pierre de son tombeau.*" Every thing that happens to him is extraordinary; he exclaims constantly, "*singulière destinée,*" upon occasions that are only singular because they happen to *him*, and which to any one else might seem ordinary enough. And with all his respect for the ancients, and his love of all sorts of reading, the author he has read most, quotes oftenest, and most at length, is himself. You are referred back and forth from one end of his books to the other, and very frequently to save you the trouble of taking down the volumes, you will find long passages extracted from his own *Itinéraire*, the notes to his *Essai*, the *Génie du Christianisme*, &c. Sometimes several pages of one work appear incorporated and used a second time in another, as the account of Marguerite de Valois in the *Etudes Historiques*, repeated without acknowledgement in *Voyage à Clermont*, and constantly passages from his travels. This, indeed, is not the worst kind of plagiarism the Vicomte has been

charged with. He incorporated, as it was said at the time, nearly the whole of the natural history, from Beltrami's journey to the sources of the Mississippi, into his *Voyage en Amérique*, edition of 1826. Beltrami complained in the newspapers, and the reviewer above referred to, who compared the two works, asserts that the palpable plunder amounted to near half of two of the Vicomte's volumes.

M. de Chateaubriand was born in 1769, somewhere near St. Malo. He was an officer in the French army, at the breaking out of the revolution. When that army became disorganized he left his country, for America, to attempt to execute a project, which his wise head had been a year or two at work upon, of discovering the northwest passage. The plan was very simple,—he meant to walk round from California, by the north pole, to Labrador, and thence to New York, keeping along the shore the whole way. Here are his words :

“Je voulois marcher à l'ouest de manière à attaquer la rive occidentale de l'Amérique, un peu au-dessus du golfe de Californie. De là suivant le profil du continent et toujours en vue de la mer, mon dessein étoit de me diriger vers le nord jusqu'au détroit de Behring, de doubler le dernier cap de l'Amérique, de descendre à l'est le long des rivages de la mer Polaire, et de rentrer dans les Etats Unis par la baie de Hudson, le Labrador, et le Canada.”—*Voyage en Amérique, Introduction.*

It is not very astonishing, perhaps, that a boy at school should conceive an idea like this, but that any person, old enough to travel, should set out with an expectation of being able to make a beginning of executing it, and that too, without any means or forces but his own personal wisdom and strength, is certainly a little difficult of belief. But the Vicomte goes further ; he appears to be persuaded, even now, that the conception was a proof of courage and genius, and that it possessed some sort of feasibility ; he recurs to it in many different parts of his works, dwells on it with evident complacency, and speculates on the different turn it would have given to his destiny if he had discovered the northwest passage.—“Qui sait même si j'aurois repassé l'Atlantique, si je ne me serais pas fixé dans les solitudes par moi découvertes, comme un conquérant au milieu de ses conquêtes. Il est vrai que je n'aurois pas figuré au Congrès de Verona, et qu'on ne m'eût pas appelé Monseigneur dans l'hôtellerie des Affaires Etrangères, rue des Capucines, à Paris”—(*Ubi Supra.*). It is rather a good joke to see in one of the prefaces to *Atala*, where he speaks of this scheme, and dwells upon it, a reference to a note which states that Mackenzie has since executed a part of it.—“M. Mackenzie a depuis exécuté une partie de ce plan.” Mackenzie's route

resembles the design of the Vicomte just as much as a diameter resembles a circumference, and no more ; but as for originality in his first expedition, he was already on his way, in 1789 ; and is more likely in the second to have acted on plans of his own than to have borrowed any from our lively author.

The Vicomte landed at Baltimore, in the summer of 1791. He was then, as he says himself, full of enthusiasm for the ancients—a Cato who sought for rigidity of manners and morals, and was greatly scandalized to find luxury and dissipation in a great republican city. He is convinced now, he adds, that it is not necessary to freedom that we should reject the arts and sciences, and let our beards and nails grow ; but then he thought differently, and this disappointment, by a process of reasoning difficult of conception, “*me donna sans doute l’humeur qui me fit écrire la note satirique contre les Quakers,—dans l’Essai Historique.*” The note in question is long and bitter, and it has another note fixed upon it, in the later editions, which praises its wit, condemns its “*tone,*” and does not retract its substance. But it seems odd, since it was “*élégance,*” “*frivolité,*” et “*luxe,*” “*le bruit des salles de bal, et de spectacle,*” that disgusted him, that he should have poured out his spleen chiefly on the very people who abjure all those things, whose ideas were nearest his own in regard to them. He waited fifteen days, in Philadelphia, to see Washington ; and though he was a little scandalized at him too when he first saw him in a coach and four, “*Cincinnatus en carrosse,*” yet when he went to his house to deliver a letter of introduction, he found “*the simplicity of the old Roman.*” At the interviews, the Vicomte was quite calm,—“*visage d’homme ne me troublera jamais*” ; but Washington was a little astonished, when his visiter told him what were his plans in America. “*Je m’en aperçus, et je lui dis avec un peu de vivacité, mais il est moins difficile de découvrir le passage du nord-ouest, que de créer un peuple, comme vous l’avez fait. Well, well, young man ! s’écria-t-il, en me tendant la main. Il m’invita à dîner pour le jour suivant, et nous nous quittâmes.*” There is something so excessively naïve in this recital, that one really does not like to dissect it, and yet the change in the sense that will be produced by a few variations, the slightest possible, will be so great, the causes of the Vicomte’s blunder too are so obvious, and so characteristic, that it may perhaps be worth while to exhibit them. It is evident he understood, and as he edits the book now unchanged, that he still understands, very little English ; though he gives his opinion, in his *Melanges Littéraires*, very authoritatively, and not very favourably, about Shakspeare. And it is also evident that whatever he did not fully understand he was always ready to interpret to his own

advantage, and that in telling a story, notwithstanding his "maudit amour de la vérité," he would not scruple a comma and a note of admiration, and the transposing of an action, and the heightening of a phrase, if all that were required for the effect. He lays his grand plan before Washington, and is a little damped with "monosyllabes françois et anglois," and "une sorte d'étonnement." He gets warm and talks like a fool,—why cannot I discover the northwest passage, when you have created a people. Washington stops his mouth with, well well, young man, invites him to dinner, and gets rid of him with a shake of the hand. Now it is only to put a comma between "well," and "well," a note of admiration at the end of the phrase, and it means, "Bien, bien, jeune homme!"—and this the Vicomte certainly thinks it does mean. The manner probably puzzled him; however, "s'écria-t-il" helps him along, and then putting the hand-shaking in here, which belongs, no doubt, to the invitation to dinner, and dismissal in the next sentence, "me tendit la main," the scene becomes all one could wish. The dinner of the next day is despatched in a few words, which are chiefly to the purpose that Washington had a key of the Bastile, which he believed was genuine, but his visitor did not, but thought it a "jouet assez niais"—a silly toy enough. A parallel between Washington and Bonaparte follows; and we extract a part of it, in the original, as a favourable specimen of Chateaubriand's style and manner, though we scarcely know of two mortals that ever existed, who require less to have their points of difference indicated, than these two.

"Washington n'appartient pas comme Buonaparte à cette race des Alexandre et des César, qui dépassent la stature de l'espèce humaine. Rien d'étonnant ne s'attache à sa personne, il n'est point placé sur un vaste théâtre, il n'est point aux prises avec les capitaines les plus habiles et les plus puissants monarques de son temps, il ne court point de Memphis à Vienne et de Cadix à Moscou, il se défend avec une poignée de citoyens sur une terre sans souvenirs et sans célébrité dans le cercle étroit des foyers domestiques. Il ne livre point de ces combats qui renouvellent les triomphes sanglants d'Arbèle et de Pharsale, il ne renverse point les trônes pour en récompenser d'autres avec leurs débris, il ne met point le pié sur le cou des rois, il ne leur fait point dire sous les vestibules de son palais

'Qu'ils se font trop attendre et qu'Attila s'ennuie.'

"Quelque chose de silencieux enveloppe les actions de Washington. Il agit avec lenteur, on dirait qu'il se sent le mandataire de la liberté de l'avenir et qu'il craint de la compromettre. Ce ne sont pas ses destinées que porte ce héros d'une nouvelle espèce, ce sont celles de son pays; il ne se permet pas de jouer ce qui ne lui appartient pas. Mais de cette profonde obscurité quelle lumière va jaillir. Cherchez ces bois inconnus où brille l'épée de Washington, qu'y trouverez-vous, des tombeaux? Non! un Monde! Washington a laissé les Etats-Unis pour trophée sur son champ de bataille.

" Buonaparte n'a aucun trait de ce grave Américain ; il combat sur une vieille terre environnée d'éclat et de bruit, il ne veut créer que sa renommée, il ne se charge que de son propre sort. Il semble savoir que sa mission sera courte, que le torrent qui descend de si haut s'écoulera promptement, il se hâte de jouir et d'abuser de sa gloire, comme d'une jeunesse fugitive. A l'instar des Dieux d'Homère, il veut arriver en quatre pas au bout du monde, il paroît sur tous les rivages, il inscrit précipitamment son nom dans les fastes de tous les peuples ; il jette en courant des couronnes à sa famille et à ses soldats, il se dépêche dans ses monuments, dans ses lois, dans ses victoires. Penché sur le monde, d'une main il terrasse les rois, de l'autre il abat le géant révolutionnaire : mais en écrasant l'anarchie, il étouffe la liberté, et finit par perdre la sienne sur son dernier champ de bataille.

" Chacun est récompensé selon ses œuvres. Washington élève une nation à l'indépendance : magistrat retiré, il s'endort paisiblement sous son toit paternel au milieu des regrets de ses compatriotes et de la vénération de tous les peuples.

" Buonaparte ravit à une nation son indépendance. Empereur déchu, il est précipité dans l'exil où la frayeur de la terre ne le croit pas encore assez emprisonné sous la garde de l'Océan. Tant qu'il se débat contre la mort, faible et enchaîné sur un rocher, l'Europe n'ose déposer les armes. Il expire, cette nouvelle publiée à la porte du palais devant laquelle le conquérant avoit fait proclamer tant de funérailles, n'arrête ni n'étonne le passant : qu'avoient à pleurer les citoyens ?"

There is more of this that we might quote, but we must economise our space, and be content with one phrase where he enumerates, under Bonaparte's advantages, that "il regissoit sur la nation la plus civilisée, la plus intelligente, la plus brave, la plus brillante, de la terre." There are a thousand passages scattered through this writer's works to the same effect ; his Indian warriors all have a great respect for the French ; the name of the François is in great honour among the Arabs ; and when he is in one of his paroxysms of puffing himself, he winds up with "et d'ailleurs quand j'aimerois un peu la gloire, ne suis-je pas François," &c. Now this national vanity is, no doubt, in its proper place in the writings of an author whom vanity, in all her forms, has marked for her own, but it is just as contrary to good sense and good taste as praise of one's own individual self. All the nations of the earth have been accumulating glory since the world began, and where is it ? They have used it up in psalms and hymns to themselves, which they have sung by themselves ; nobody ever heard, out of France, of the superior bravery of Frenchmen, nor out of England, of Englishmen, and so on. Every man will fight, and victories depend on the general ; Bonaparte at least sufficiently demonstrated that. *There is* a superiority which is recognised beyond the bounds of its possessors, but it is not military glory ; it is the superiority of the arts of peace. England has much of it, and many countries have more than France, and one reason why she is so far from being "la nation

la plus civilisée," is to be found in the excess of this mistake she makes in her estimate of herself. She has the ordinary capacities of human nature in climates like hers, no more and no less, but a better use is made elsewhere of equal capacity, by employing on something useful the time she loses in praising herself. She keeps out improvement like the Chinese, and imagines the loss is all on the side of her neighbours, and such self-eulogies as those we refer to, do much to perpetuate the deception.

In three more pages we find our traveller beyond the Mohawk, and when he had at length arrived on the confines of the eternal forest, where the axe had never come, he says he fell into a sort of intoxication, to show the effects of which, he quotes a long note again from his own "*Essai Historique*." He ran about, it seems, from tree to tree. Here, he said, are no more roads to follow—here are no more cities, no more houses, presidents, republics, or kings. In short, he performed a thousand capricious acts, which put the great Dutchman he had hired for a guide in a rage, and persuaded him, naturally enough, that his companion was mad. His adventures with Indians are now to begin, and they are such as a predestined writer of sentimental savage romances could not fail to meet; the very things he "went out for to see." We extract first, a doleful story, tending to show how susceptible the author's heart was, and also how much he could make by mere embroidery, without invention, out of the plain fact that an Indian woman had a lean cow. First he sees the cow in a meadow near a cabin, and then—

"I heard a voice from the bottom of the valley. I saw three men driving five or six fat cows. After having turned them into the pasture to feed, they came towards the lean cow, and drove her away with their sticks. The appearance of these Europeans in so desert a place was very unpleasant to me—their violence made them still more disagreeable. They chased the poor brute among the rocks with peals of laughter, exposing her to break her legs. A savage woman, in appearance as miserable as her cow, came out of the solitary hut, advanced toward the frightened animal, and offered her something to eat. The cow ran to her, stretching out her neck with a low murmur of joy. The colonists, from a distance, threatened the Indian woman, who came back to her cabin. The cow followed her. She stopped at the door of her friend, who coaxed her with her hand, while the grateful animal licked that hand for its succour. The colonists were gone.

"I rose and came down the hill; and crossing the valley, I came up on the opposite side to the hut, resolved to repair, as far as it was in my power, the brutality of the white men. The cow saw me, and made a movement to flee. I advanced gently, and arrived, without driving her away, at the habitation of her mistress. The Indian woman was gone in. I uttered the salutation I had been taught, 'siego!' I am come! The Indian, instead of replying by the customary repetition, you are come!

answered nothing. I concluded that the visit of one of her tyrants annoyed her. I began to caress the cow. The woman seemed astonished; I saw on her yellow and saddened visage, tokens of emotion, and almost of gratitude. These mysterious sympathies of adversity filled my eyes with tears; it is sweet to weep over woes which nobody ever wept over."

Especially for a writer of sentimental romances.

"My hostess looked at me some time, still doubtfully, as if she feared I meant to deceive her, and then she came and passed her own hand across the front of the companion of her misery and solitude.

"Encouraged by this mark of confidence, I said, in English, for my Indian was exhausted, 'She is very lean.' The woman replied, also in bad English, 'She eats very little.' 'They drove her away rudely,' said I, and the woman answered, 'We are used to that both.' 'This meadow is not yours, then?' said I. She answered, 'This meadow was my husband's, who is dead; I have no children, and the white men put their cows in my pasture.'

"I had nothing to offer to this indigent creature. My intention had been to demand justice for her, but to whom should I apply? * * * We parted, the Indian woman and I, after having pressed each other's hands again. My hostess said to me many things which I did not understand, which were, doubtless, prayers for the prosperity of the stranger," &c. &c.

The first touches here, without comment, the solitary hut; and its helpless mistress, and her cow chased from her pasture, are not destitute of the elements of the pathetic, and they suggest associations of sadness we are no way disposed to turn into ridicule. But the Vicomte's *scene* gives matters a gayer turn; few readers will get through it, we think, with grave faces. We come now to a most apocryphal looking story which the Vicomte, it seems, has been in the habit of telling, for he says it is already known, and he quotes it from his own *Itinéraire*, of his meeting with a certain M. Violet, and the things he saw on that occasion. M. Violet, it seems, had been scullion to General Rochambeau, but he had emigrated westward, and was now "maitre de danse chez les sauvages." The Vicomte found him surrounded by twenty of his scholars, all be-daubed like witches, men and women half naked, with slit ears, crow's feathers in their hair, and rings in their noses. They paid in beaver's fur and bear's hams for their schooling, and their master called them always *messieurs les sauvages* and *mesdames les sauvages*. All this is vastly entertaining, but the truth is, in almost every thing the Vicomte says about the savages, his professions of romancer and traveller seem to have insensibly blended themselves in his mind, and his "*maudit amour de la verité*" evidently occasionally relaxes. His accounts of the savage hospitality, of their mode of receiving strangers, and the "*danse du suppliant*," of their notions of honour, and punishing children by throwing water in their

faces, and saying "We me deshonoies," &c. &c., all these things appear to be mixed up with puerile inventions and exaggerations; how large a part of them belongs to M. de Chateaubriand we shall not attempt to determine. But when he gives us an extract from a letter which he wrote from the Falls of Niagara, and describes the scene which is round him at the moment, would any one expect him to enumerate the cotton plants, among its ornaments? and since he does, is it not evident that the letter was not written on the spot where he says it was, but merely invented afterwards for effect, in order to introduce more vividly some prettinesses of description? Here is the opening:—

"Il faut que je vous raconte ce qui s'est passé hier matin chez mes hôtes, (a tribe of Indians.) L'herbe étoit encore couverte de rosée, le vent sortoit des forêts tout parfumé, les feuilles du murier sauvage étoient chargées des cocons d'un espèce de ver à soie, et les plantes à coton du pays, renversant leurs capsules épanouies, ressembloient à des rosiers blancs."

The Indians are then described in their daily life, and the scenes that pass, with his Dutchman's interpretations, and his own comments and inferences, are sufficiently droll. The children are at play—

"Un sauvage d'une trentaine d'années a appelé son fils, et l'a invité à sauter moins fort. L'enfant a répondu: 'c'est raisonnable,' et sans faire ce que son père lui disoit, il est retourné au jeu.—Le grand-père de l'enfant l'a appelé à son tour, et lui a dit: 'Fais cela,' et le petit garçon s'est soumis. Ainsi, l'enfant a désobéi à son père qui le prioit et a obéi à son aïeul qui lui commandoit. Le père n'est presque rien pour l'enfant." &c. &c.

This letter is long, and all much to the same purpose. It is followed by an account of an adventure of the Vicomte in scrambling down a rock 200 feet high at the falls, to get to the water at the bottom, the stairs or ladder having been destroyed. There is no such rock there, but as the traveller fell and broke his arm, a little license must be given him. From Niagara he appears to have descended the Ohio and Mississippi to New Orleans, and to have found his way into Florida, but the narrative becomes confused, and takes for a time the shape of a journal, dated by the hours of the day, and for some parts which are missing we are directed to look in "Atala" and "Les Natchez." Then it stops short. We have some long chapters of natural history, the spoils, perhaps, of poor Beltrani, and some more upon the customs of the Indians, then a plan which the author once devised for improving the condition of the Spanish colonies, by forming them into constitutional monarchies. Then follows a short chapter which states that somewhere in a log house in the woods he found a newspaper with an account of

the flight of the king, the projects of emigration, and the union of the French officers under the princes. "Je crus entendre la voix d'honneur et j'abandonnai mes projets." He returned to France, emigrated, was wounded before Thionville, and went to England to recruit his strength, and open a new chapter in his life, to talk much about the northwest passage in after days, but to pursue no farther his actual search for it.

In England, where he seems to have written for bread, he began a work which, in its present state, is one of the greatest curiosities extant. It is an historical essay, written to prove that all the great revolutions of states in the world have resembled each other, not only in their general features, but in their minute details, and even in the characters of all the actors. The plan was to consider the revolutions of Greece and Rome, Florence, Switzerland, the Netherlands, and some French troubles, and compare each with the revolution of '89. The two volumes which were finished contain only the revolutions of Greece, and though the resemblances to the French revolution are sufficiently ingenious, they are forced and overstrained absurdly; but this is not subject for criticism now, because the author gives them up, and retracts and abuses them himself. The same remark applies to the irreligious part of the book, and it was upon this, chiefly, that he had to defend himself when he returned to France, and published the *Genie du Christianisme*; there was an outcry raised about the *Essai*; quotations from it were published; squibs of all sorts were made of it, and it was represented as so much worse than it really was, that the Vicomte demanded leave to publish an edition of it in France, to show how unjustly it was assailed.

The police replied to this demand, that the volume must go through the hands of the censors in the usual way. The censors, of course, might have struck some passages out, but the Vicomte did not give them an opportunity; it suited his purpose better to say he had been refused leave to publish an unmutated edition, as indeed nobody could publish any book at that time till the censors had pronounced it pure, according to their ideas, or made it so. However, all the Vicomte wanted was to make out a hard case, and to show that the book in question was not so bad, but that he was willing to republish it, provided he could give it entire. The fact is, whatever heresies in religion or politics it contains, are so softened by the affectation of elegance and philanthropy which pervades every thing the Vicomte does, that their sting is completely neutralized; and all you can gather about the opinions of the author is, that he has his head full of them of all colours, and does not know himself which are his own. Here, however, was an armory ever ready with weapons for whoever would assail the Vicomte; and

when his reputation became considerable enough for attack, he was badgered with it from all quarters, and certainly they managed to make him very uncomfortable.

The matter remained in this state till the Restoration, and long after indeed, for although the Vicomte began to promise to reprint the work himself in France, as soon as he was free to do so, for a variety of reasons he kept putting it off till 1826, when at last, in a complete edition of his works then published, he brought out the *Essai* in two volumes. It was pretty well charged with notes when he first wrote it, and all these are reproduced, as well as the text, word for word. Nothing is changed, lest the evil disposed should say the republication was incomplete. And then, to the text and old notes, new notes are appended in sufficient abundance, and the whole gives a curious view of the views of the author on all sorts of subjects at twenty-seven or eight years of age, and of the same man's views of those views and of those subjects at fifty-seven, or, as they now appear in the edition of 1832, at sixty-three. He begins the preface with some allusion to the causes which compel him to republish the work, and enters on a long narrative of the circumstances under which he wrote it, and the troubles it has caused him; and in the front of his story he tells us he had been to America to discover the north-west passage, and he adds in a note, what certainly cannot be denied, "*J'ai dit cela cent fois dans mes ouvrages et notamment dans l'Essai.*" He says that he has long ago abandoned all the heretical parts of the work, and has in fact treated it with more severity than most of his critics; and he quotes from a preface of his own to his *Mélanges Politiques*, a passage where he says, "*Littérairement parlant ce livre est détestable et parfaitement ridicule; c'est un chaos où se rencontrent les Jacobins et les Spartiates,*" &c.—(the catalogue of incongruities is long)—"*le tout en style sauvage et bon-soufflé, plein de fautes de langue, d'idiotismes étrangers, et de barbarismes.*" But he relents when he comes to judge his own offspring at this rate, and in a note he says he must be permitted to do himself justice—he was angry when he wrote that, and it is too severe. The new notes throughout the book are deprecatory, but a good many of them might be summed up by saying, "that is wrong," or even "that is wicked, but I was very young, and it is clever, isn't it?"—"assez piquante," "il y a dedans quelque lecture," &c. One thing in the book that has amused us infinitely is, to see that he is really disgusted now at his early admiration of Rousseau, that is, at its excess, for he retains a part of it still. But when he finds himself speaking in the essay of the "sublime *Emile*," it vexes him, and he comes out with a long note, in which, after refusing that work any other merit but that of the forms of its style, not

language, and "quelques pages d'une rare éloquence," he sets the Vicar's profession of faith aside as a tedious Socinian sermon, and the whole of the political works with one phrase, "la politique de Rousseau a vieilli." Finally, "Rousseau n'est définitivement au-dessus des autres écrivains que dans une soixantaine de lettres de la Nouvelle Héloïse (qu'il faut relire, comme je le fais à présent même, à la vue des rochers de Meillerie), dans ses Reveries, et dans ses Confessions." It gives us pleasure to see one Frenchman, and that Frenchman the Vicomte de Chateaubriand, expressing his admiration of Rousseau in moderate terms, and limiting it to parts of his writings. We feel abundantly authorized, wherever he stops, to fall a good deal short of him, and to deny that Rousseau is "définitivement au-dessus des autres écrivains," at all.

But to return to our Essay : the whole thing in the shape in which it now appears, is very instructive and characteristic : the history of its composition and of its abandonment by the author, of his excuses on the score of youth, ("dans ma première jeunesse,") for a book published when he was twenty-eight,—the mortification he suffered from its critics, and his vain efforts to get leave to operate upon himself, and so take away their occupation, his slowness to do so when he might, and his final accomplishment of the task eleven years after the Restoration, and then the little encouragement and friendly flatteries he mingles with his "corrections fraternelles," his sensitiveness, and shrinking even under his own kind hand which is so ready with its plasters ; all these things together make the Essay and its notes and appendages, if not a valuable literary monument, at least what Coleridge would call "a psychological curiosity." We cannot, however, admit the Vicomte's transcendental pretensions to consistency.—"Les grandes lignes de mon existence," he says some where, "n'ont point fléchi," and all these notes and prefaces are intended to prove that that is true, at least to a great extent, and that where he *has* varied, it has not been interest that has swayed him ; but that on the contrary he has set all worldly interests at defiance in the service of truth, and that it has been only the force of events which have happened to bring the right side up, and him with it, when he had had every reason to apprehend the contrary. In political matters he says he has never varied ; in religious ones, though the incredulity of the Essai is certainly pretty decided, he says he had always a deep devotional feeling, though he was not, when he wrote that work, a believer in Christianity. He was not an atheist, he was even "très-chrétien avant d'être chrétien," (see notes to the Essai,) and he gives a circumstantial account of his conversion by a letter from his sister in which his mother's death was announced to him. No one could wish to controvert a word

of this, only there are passages scattered through his works which show that his views of religion since his conversion, are not so lofty as to prevent an occasional profanation by bringing his king worship too near it. In one of the new notes to the *Essai*, he calls Louis XVI., "cet autre Christ," and in the *Genie du Christianisme* itself, his monumental book, he has the extraordinary piece of rant which follows, and which most religious persons, we imagine, will consider rather more presumptuous than becomes the humility of the faith. "Si Adam s'étoit rendu coupable pour avoir voulu trop *sentir* plutôt que de trop concevoir, l'homme peut-être eût pu se racheter lui-même, et le Fils de l'Eternel n'eût point été obligé de s'immoler." Again, take a less gross case, (but what shall we say of the man's ideas of religion, who could prostitute its name to flatter a royal family in this way,) in the *Mémoires sur le Duc de Berry*; speaking of his assassination, he says, "Lorsque l'on fit l'ouverture du corps, on reconnut que le cœur même avoit été blessé; le prince auroit dû mourir sur le coup; de sorte qu'on peut dire que Dieu le fit vivre pendant quelques heures par miracle, afin de nous le faire connoître, et de donner au monde une des plus belles leçons qu'il ait jamais reçues."—Again, "Plusieurs personnes moururent subitement en apprenant l'assassinat de Monseigneur le Duc de Berry. Des prêtres tombèrent à l'autel, et jusque dans les pays étrangers ces morts surnaturelles aux services funèbres du prince." A man may give what reason he pleases for the faith that is in him, and if it be a true reason, it is good for him, but such remarkable coincidences as have happened to Chateaubriand's faith, with the political aspect of his fortunes and party, must be allowed in other minds to establish some sort of association of all these things together. When France was republican and infidel, and he an exile, he writes against Christianity. When Bonaparte had made a treaty with the Pope, he comes out with his great book in favour of Catholicism, and discovers that the first consul is one of those men whom Providence raises up when it is weary of punishing; and when the Bourbons are in power, he calls in the same Providence to work miracles for them. But not the least characteristic part of this matter is, that in his own account of his conversion between the *Essai* and the "*Genie du Christianisme*," he represents the matter all to his own advantage, as if he had come out against the current of opinion and power, and turned it, instead of having floated on it, and turned with it. We shall cite a single passage, and it would be very easy to multiply quotations to prove that the Vicomte lays claim as far as he dares, and farther than he ought, to the credit of having supported an oppressed cause. He tampers with the truth in this particular instance in this way probably, that he dates his own conversion in 1798, and would

tell you, if he were cross-examined on this passage, that that was the epoch he referred to. But every body understands his displaying the standard of religion, to mean the publication of his religious work, and so no doubt he intended it to be understood, reserving the quibble in case he should ever have to justify himself upon it. Having spoken of his political independent course when in exile, he goes on,—“ Dans ma patrie lorsque j’y revins, je trouvai les temples détruits, la religion persécutée, la puissance et les honneurs du côté de la philosophie, aussitôt je me range du côté du foible, et j’arbore l’étendard religieux. Si je faisais tout cela dans des vues intéressées, ma méprise étoit grossière, quoi de plus insensé que de dire dans deux positions contraires précisément ce qui devoit choquer les hommes dont je pouvois attendre la fortune ?” Now the Vicomte returned to France we believe in 1800, so that the difference of time, if you grant him the benefit of it, is not much in his favour ; it could hardly be called even then “ ranging himself on the weaker side,” to add his strength to that public opinion which was already so strong in favour of an accommodation with the church. The concordat was signed 26th July, 1801, and that it was a step taken for popularity, and one that might have been long looked for, is sufficiently proved by the writings of the time, even down to the epigrams which circulated in Paris upon the first consul’s conduct and its motives.

Politique plus fin que général habile,
 Bien plus ambitieux que Louis dit le Grand,
 Pour être roi d’Egypte il croit à l’Alcoran ;
 Pour être roi de France il croit à l’Evangile.

Under such circumstances, and at so much risk of martyrdom, and in so much danger of shocking the men from whom he might expect his fortune, did the Vicomte “ arborer l’étendard,” and publish *Atala*, in 1801. It is an episode of his *Génie du Christianisme*, which he was then preparing, and is an attempt to show up some religious dogmas, in a sort of melodramatic story, with a quantity of marvel and improbability, quite uncalled for by the subject, and quite disproportionate to the total amount of incidents related. The plot is to this purpose : Chactas, an old Natchez Indian, being bound on a beaver hunting expedition, with his tribe, comes up the Mississippi, and is sailing up the Ohio, with canoes which have sails made of skins, (“ *peaux de betes*,”) and the assistance of the eddies. One moonlight night, when these marvellous canoes are flying before a light breeze, (“ *la flotte—fuit devant une légère brise*,”) the old fellow, who is blind, and René, a Frenchman, but adopted Indian, are the only two persons left awake, to take care of this extraordinary fleet and navigation ;

all the others "dormoient au fond de leurs piroques." There is nothing for them to do, and the old man grows talkative, and relates his own history. Seventy years ago it seems his tribe made war on the Muscogulges, in Florida, lost a battle, and he fled to St. Augustine,—a good flight from Natchez. A Spaniard, named Lopez, befriended him, and he staid there three years, and then the passion for a savage life returning upon him, he takes leave, with many tears, of his benefactor, and sets out for the Mississippi. The Muscogulges catch him of course, they tie him, and march him a great distance, intending to put him to death with torture, according to custom; several times, they are just going to do it, and do not; and the Vicomte does his best to tantalize his readers with this idea. In the meantime, a daughter of the chief is in love with the prisoner also: of course, they take long walks together, by stealth, at night, and he remembers a great deal about the moon and moonlight scenes, on those occasions. Here is a specimen from one of them:

"La nuit étoit délicieuse. Le génie des airs reconnoit sa chevelure bleue embaumée de la senteur des pins, et l'on respiroit la foible odeur d'ambre qu'exhaloient les crocodiles couchés sous les tamarins des fleuves. La lune brilloit au milieu d'un azur sans tache, et sa lumière gris de perle descendoit de la cime indéterminée des forêts. Aucun bruit ne faisoit entendre hors je ne sais quelle harmonie lointaine, qui régnoit dans la profondeur des bois; on eût dit que l'âme de la solitude soupirait dans la profondeur du désert.

"Nous aperçûmes à travers les arbres un jeune homme qui, tenant à la main un flambeau, ressembloit au génie du Printemps parcourant les forêts pour ranimer la nature. C'étoit un amant qui alloit s'instruire de son sort à la cabane de sa maîtresse. Si la vierge éteint le flambeau elle accepte les vœux offerts, &c."

Atala wishes him to fly, but he will not go without her, and she will not go with him,—there is some mysterious difficulty: the fact is, which the cunning man only brings out in the right place, long after, that Atala is a Christian, and the daughter of old Lopez, the benevolent Spaniard of St. Augustine; her mother, somehow or other, has married the Indian Chief too, but the daughter belongs to the Spaniard. The mother had died recently, devoting her daughter to the Lord, to ransom herself for this sin, and the daughter has sworn on the mother's death-bed, that the vow shall be accomplished. But now she is in love she regrets her compliance bitterly, and hesitates much between her love and her duty. She seems to have been a person of rather strenuous inclinations, as the citations we are about to make exhibit her; they are taken from a dialogue, toward the end of the book; but we are showing the

story on the wrong side for its effect, and of course reversing the author's work.

"Ah, s'il n'avoit fallu que quitter parens, amis, patrie, *si même (chose affreuse)* il n'y eût eu que la perte de mon âme.—Mais ton ombre, ô ma mère, ton ombre étoit toujours là, me reprochant ses tourmens, j'entendois tes plaintes, je voyois les flammes de l'enfer te consumer. Mes nuits étoient arides et pleines des fantômes, mes jours étoient désolés, la rosée du soir séchoit en tombant sur ma peau brûlante, j'entrouvrois mes lèvres aux brises, et les brises, loin de m'apporter la fraîcheur, s'embrâsoient du feu de mon souffle." Again, addressing Chactas, "J'aurois voulu être avec toi la seule créature vivante sur la terre, tantôt sentant une divinité qui m'arrêtoit dans mes horribles transports, j'aurois désiré que cette divinité se fût anéantie, pourvu que, serrée dans tes bras, j'eusse roulé d'abîme en abîme avec les débris de Dieu et du monde."

To resume the narrative, the young couple do at last fly. Chactas makes a canoe, and they go down the Tennessee together, brother and sister like, for the heroine abides by her vow. There comes up a terrible thunder storm, and it is terribly described; they get on shore, and take refuge under a tree, and talk sentiment until Atala's vow begins to fade from her thoughts in the vividness of her love. When, lo! amidst this tempest of passion and the elements, at the moment when he was the most wanted too, a monk appears with a lantern and a dog. He lives half an hour's march off, in a cavern of the mountain, but his dog had perceived the neighbourhood of the strangers at that distance, and informed him of it, and he had come out to seek them, and conduct them to his shelter. The writer makes all possible haste to connect this adventurous benevolence with the religion which he holds up as the principle of his work.

"Vieillard, m'écriai-je enfin, (it is Chactas who speaks,) quel cœur as-tu donc, toi qui n'a pas craint d'être frappé de la foudre? Craindre, repartit le père avec une sorte de chaleur, craindre lorsqu'il y a des hommes en péril, et que je leur puis être utile? je serois donc un bien indigne serviteur de Jesus-Christ."

We have not space to describe this "chief of prayer" and his wild flock in the Kentucky mountain; suffice it that Atala's internal combats having exhausted her endurance, she poisons herself to put an end to them, and dies very penitent in the hermit's cell. Her death-bed scene is wrought up with all the author's invention, and one circumstance brought in, in accordance with the plan of all the work, is made to heighten the remorse of the sufferer to the last excess, by showing her that she has thrown even her worldly happiness away, for she might have married Chactas after all; the monk would have written to the bishop of Quebec, and got a dispensation from her vow,

for her own soul and for her mother's. When she hears this, she falls into a long convulsion, and it is on recovering from this that she cuts off the last hope by confessing that she has taken poison. She exacts a promise from Chactas that he will become a Christian, and dies. Chactas, however, up to the time of the narrative, has never performed his promise; he has it still under consideration; but to relieve the reader on this subject, the author meets at the falls of Niagara the fugitive remnant of the Natchez, many years after, and among them the granddaughter of René; she tells him of the old man's baptism and death, and shows him his bones in a bear skin bag, as well as those of the old missionary, and of Atala herself, which Chactas had gone in search of, hearing that the mission had been destroyed by savages, and the holy father tortured to death. Now he makes no allusion to this in his narrative, so that it must have happened afterwards, notwithstanding his blindness. However, he had a miraculous fawn to show him where the bones were, and, of course, miraculous eyes to see them with could not be far off: he disinterred them and bore them off, "rattling on his shoulders like the quivers of death." Such is the story; what the moral is, we are totally at a loss to discover. When Chateaubriand talks of Christianity, he means exclusively Catholicism; and if Atala shows any thing in connection with that, it is merely that it is a good thing for the bishop of Quebec to have power of absolution from absurd vows, but how he justifies the system that makes such vows possible, one cannot conjecture. This rantipole production, as we have said, is an episode of the Genius of Christianity. We shall proceed to say a few words of that work, as the author rests his claim to immortality chiefly on it, and vaunts it in note, preface, and quotation, throughout his two-and-twenty volumes. It is comprised in three volumes octavo, in four parts, of six books each, the first part treating of dogmas and doctrines; the second and third of the relations of Christianity with poetry, literature, and the arts, and the fourth of worship, or, in the author's words,

"La culte, c'est à dire, ce qui concerne les cérémonies de l'église et tout ce qui regarde le clergé, séculier et régulier."

We shall cite a page or two to exhibit the whole design.

"It was not the sophists whom it was desirable to reconcile to religion; it was the people whom they misled. They had seduced them by saying that Christianity was a system born from the womb of barbarism, absurd in its dogmas, ridiculous in its ceremonies, the enemy of the arts, of reason, and of beauty." * * * "It was desirable therefore to prove, on the contrary, that of all the religions which ever existed, the Christian is the most poetic, the most humane, the most favourable

to liberty, to the arts, and to letters. It was desirable to show that nothing can be more divine than its morality, nothing more attractive or more pompous (*pompeux*) than its dogmas, its doctrines, and its worship. It was necessary to say that it favours genius, purifies the taste, develops virtuous passion, gives vigour to thought, offers noble forms to the writer, and perfect models to the artist." * * * "It is time to show, that, far from cramping thought, it lends itself wonderfully to the flights of the mind, and can charm the spirit as divinely as the gods of Virgil and Homer. We neglect too much, perhaps, in works of this nature, to speak the language of our readers. We ought to be doctors with the doctor, and poets with the poet. God does not prohibit flowery paths when they serve to return to him, and it is not always by the rude and sublime paths of the mountain, that the lost sheep comes back to the fold."

We imagine the Vicomte's manner of making religion poetical may be sufficiently appreciated in these extracts, and from his idea quoted a few pages back, that if Adam had sinned sentimentally instead of philosophically, he might have redeemed himself. His chapter on the Trinity is a good specimen of his manner of dealing with doctrine, or, as he calls it, dogma. Having proved in a preamble that mystery and a little confusion of ideas are indispensable to poetic effect, he now undertakes to show that the Trinity, the first mystery of Christians, opens a vast field of philosophic studies. We translate his words. And these studies, it seems, are mere researches into the records of paganism in all countries, to prove that such an idea as that of the Trinity prevailed, more or less, among them; that an oracle of Serapis spoke of such a thing; that the Magi had a Trinity (Arimanes, the evil principle, made a part of it), that Plato believed one, and Pythagoras, from whom he gives the following as quotation and Latin version—

"Προτίμα το σχῆμα καὶ βῆμα καὶ τριῶλον."

"Honorato in primis habitum tribunal et Triobolum."

As he does not inform us whence this piece of learning comes, nor expatiate at all upon its meaning, we are left to infer that it proves whatever he wishes it should; but as for Plato, he certainly ought to know that Plato's Trinity consisted of unequal persons, as one of his own quotations in fact shows, and that the theologians, who, for some inconceivable reason, have wished to prove that it strongly resembled the Christian Trinity, have fairly given up the point. Cudworth and Ogilvie, we believe, have set this matter at rest. As for the celibacy of the clergy, which he treats in a subsequent chapter, his reasonings are so puerile that one is ashamed to quote them. He holds this principle up gravely as a check to the too great increase of the human race, and refers to China as a proof of the

evils of surplus population, not knowing apparently, or trusting that his readers may not know, that the bonzes in China are obliged to celibacy by strict laws and severe penalties. The character of the Vicomte's mind is in the highest degree sophistical, and it appears no less in the forced arguments and illustrations of the *Genie du Christianisme*, than in the forced parallels and strained analogies of the *Essai Historique*. When he is dealing with matters which he feels at liberty to mutilate, as the events of his own life, or the abstruser part of his learning, he has a sufficient tact at making out a plausible story, by leaving out what makes against him, or throwing it artfully into the back ground. He is the genius of occasion; every thing he writes is well timed, and has a present success. His *Essay on Bonaparte and the Bourbons*; that published at the death of Louis 18th, "*Le roi est mort, vive le Roi*;" his account of the life and death of the Duke of Berri, which the duchess buried with the heart of her husband, and his great work, "*Mon premier titre à la bienveillance du public*;" the *Genie du Christianisme* itself; all these things come out upon states of the public mind peculiarly suited to receive them favourably. Even the unlucky *Essai Historique* itself, had he been enabled to give the edition he attempted to publish in France, when he published the first in England, would also, probably, as a letter he publishes in the preface goes to show, have had at that time "*un grand succès*."

We shall cull one more specimen out of many we had marked, to show the Vicomte's fashion of jumbling poetry and religion; we refrain with difficulty from some others, especially one where he asserts that if Voltaire had been a Christian it would have been a great advantage to his style,—but take one for all:—

"Entre plusieurs differences qui distinguent l'enfer chrétien du Tartare, une surtout est remarquable, ce sont les tourments qu'éprouvent eux-mêmes les démons. Pluton, les Juges, les Parques et les Furies ne souffroient point avec les coupables. Les douleurs de nos puissances infernales sont donc un moyen de plus pour l'imagination, et conséquemment un avantage poétique de notre enfer sur l'enfer des anciens." "A la vérité nous n'avons pas d'enfer chrétien traité d'une manière irréprochable. Ni le Dante, ni le Tasse, ni Milton ne sont parfaits dans la peinture des lieux de douleur. Cependant quelques morceaux excellents, échappés à ces grands maîtres, prouvent que si toutes les parties du tableau avoient été retouchées avec le même soin, nous posséderions des enfers aussi poétiques que ceux d'Homère et de Virgile."

We shall now dismiss this writer's works, passing over his pamphlets and speeches, and his poetry, as things of no permanent value or interest, and only remarking generally on his talent, that it is a superficial, gaudy one, occasionally brilliant,

constantly running against taste, and capable of no sustained effect whatever. All his openings are grand, and he always sprains his wings directly, and flutters through his longer works most lamentably. He wants unity and continuity of design, his eye is never single, he looks too many ways for effect, and can never divest himself of that species of literary attitudinizing, which is as incompatible with elevated thought or dignified expression, as the feats of a rope dancer with the delivery of an oration of Demosthenes. As to his personal character, we must make large deductions from his own account of it, but something good will still remain; he is not superhuman exactly in his disinterestedness and devotion to principle, and yet he seems always to have had some preference of a certain set of principles, and those liberal, loyal and philanthropic. He doubted once (in his *Essai*), if there were any such thing as civil liberty. "Est-il une liberté civile?"—*J'en doute*"—but now he says, that was before he had considered the representative system and the effect of improved morals and increased instruction, and on the whole his conduct under Bonaparte and under the Restoration, bears him out in claiming to have the excuse admitted. When the murder of the Duke of Enghien became known at Paris, Chateaubriand had just been appointed minister to the Valois, and he immediately resigned and never took office from Napoleon again. It was a good impulse that dictated this, and there was some courage as well as high principle in executing it, the more so as the Vicomte no doubt believes he should have been a very great man in the empire, had he continued to serve. Other people can see, that his utter want of solidity would prevent his being a very great man ever or any where, certainly under Napoleon; the sacrifice he made was much less, no doubt, than he believed, but as a question of temptation resisted, it is fair to put its value at all he really supposed it was.

He is now employed: he tells the world occasionally, in writing his own memoirs, to be published after his death, with that view to effect which is his ruling passion. In the mean time, he indulges us here and there with an occasional quotation in his works, and at Paris a select circle are sometimes favoured with a reading by himself of one or two chosen chapters. At each of these readings he receives as much incense as he can possibly snuff at a time: why should he then, to increase the cloud for a moment, overset the censer, by publishing the whole book at once to the world? He will read on while the breath is in his nostrils—the angel of death will find him reading, and will deliver over the precious volume to the public, the public will

accept it eagerly, tire of it speedily, and deliver it, together with most of these we have been treating of, back again to the angel of death.¹

ART. VIII.—*The Rationale of Political Representation.* 'By the author of *Essays on the Formation of Opinions, &c. &c.* London: 1835.

Reform is the progress of truth, and as truth is a pure and immortal principle, none but good elements can combine with, or accompany it. Human reason may indeed place an obstacle in its path where it intends to plant a stepping-stone; prejudice may fortify the obstruction, interest may strengthen it, and it may even appear invincible to the attacks of time; but error is error still; it changes not its nature with the accumulation of ages; it is foredoomed to destruction in its finite origin and nascent imperfection, being of the earth, earthy; while the principle it opposes is immortal in its inception, and co-existent with its eternal source. The philosopher who, with right notions of the character of his Maker, has at any period of the world looked upon his fellow-creatures in the spirit of wisdom, cannot have failed to see that the heated struggle or ominous repose of every age has wrought out something for the future, from the memories of the past, and the miseries of the present, and that however inadequate the good obtained may have appeared at the instant, when compared with its price, some succeeding generation has made it the basis of weightier claims and wider achievements. Moral advancement has been produced by physical suffering. Every battle-field has done something to teach mankind. The great schoolmaster, Experience, has gradually ameliorated human condition by chastisement. His book, wherein man, even untaught man, cannot help reading, is a mighty rubrick, printed in blood, but legible as the stars of heaven, and nearly as old. Its comments are in the deeds, its inferences in the passions, its moral in the destinies of humanity. The struggles it relates, are those which still agitate the world "between

¹ It is rather provoking to be forced to recant a prophecy so promptly; but since the above was written, we have seen a notice, that in consideration of a large sum of money, payable in different ways, the Vicomte has consented to bring out this biography, during his lifetime. It is to be published in a series of "livraisons," and to extend to sixteen volumes octavo.

low wants and lofty will,"—struggles which are perpetually renewed for objects new only in name, but which in their very renewal show the importance of the strife.

Philosophers are generally before their age—politicians almost always behind it. Both are in progress; but the former sail by the pole-star, the latter by the lead. The one class contemns the dulness of experience, the other despises the rashness of theory. Prometheus with his flint and steel would have been a laughing-stock to the conservatives of Otaheite for a couple of generations. Even in the Grecian allegory he passed for a malefactor. Men in former ages stoned those who taught them a new truth. In our own (and the difference is as much in favour of our argument as of man's humanity), they content themselves with sneering at or abusing them. In the next, it may be that they will receive their revelations with respect, and even omit to brand them as heretics or traitors, because their opinions did not sail with Noah in the ark. The Bastille has fallen within the last half century. The Inquisition survived it but a few miserable years, and there will yet be bright hopes even in the fortresses of Siberia.

Political speculation is still a hill of difficulties—it used to be one of danger, too. He who essays it, is not obliged to veil himself in allegory or fable (the axe and the cord are the fables *now*), but he has to encounter the host of his own prejudices, and the contempt of the herd whose interests and passions are of the growth of six thousand years—heirlooms, it may be, from Cain. He was a bold man who first went to sea in ships, but he was a bolder one who first crusaded in behalf of human rights. There would be a lofty monument to the memory of the oldest reformer, if the gratitude of mankind bore any proportion to their obligations. He probably perished in ditch or dungeon before the first echo of his new tones came back from the mountains. There was then no eloquence in his rags—no honour in his martyrdom. Like a far off, new-created star, his light had yet to penetrate space—to struggle through mist and vapour—to pierce the intensity of ignorance—to suffer refraction from every passing cloud of error—to glimmer faintly and fitfully "through the loops of time," before it could illuminate the point where it was destined to rest. The "first artificer in brass and iron" has an antediluvian record, and he was worthy of one. The universal deluge could not overwhelm his grave. It was higher than Ararat. But who can name that greater than Tubal-Cain, the first discoverer in political art—the first benefactor of social man: him whose steps were earliest in the pathway of justice, and who, in some remote era and distant land, stood forth alone and unfriended, at once a witness and a

victim to the immortality of truth? Like the river which covered the bones of Alaric, the stream of time seems to have been turned to hide his memory. His name is a riddle for eternity.

This is poor consolation for those whose love of their species is of that bastard quality which is subordinate to their love of themselves, and who would fain teach wisdom from the tops of pyramids. Those benefactors of mankind who have sat in high places, form a minority seventy times diminished. A child's horn-book might register them all and have a page to spare. Covered in the amber of their own great deeds, men sometimes flatter themselves that they are embalmed for ever in its brightness and transparency, forgetful that amber has another quality, and that it is concealed by the very dross it attracts. A successful revolutionist sometimes wins his way to greatness by playing with the passions of his fellow-men; so does an ardent soldier, by controlling their energies or developing his own: but a patriotic restorer of forgotten rights, a peaceful reformer of abuses, goes from his closet to his grave, for the most part, in darkness, and others reap his reward. If it were otherwise, perhaps too much of human motive would mingle with the love of country, and of mankind, by which such persons are inspired, and the progress of the world would be hindered. Men, for wise purposes, are judged and sentenced by their fellows after a corrupt and degraded standard. Fame, in her long flight, cares less for the nature than the weight of her burden, and Fortune, having no eyes, judges merit by the ear. She always votes for the loudest trumpet-call. As a historical personage, Regulus (the Regulus of the poet) could never have come down to us—he is a conception, an abstraction, an idea. The tramp of a Roman legion (in after times the clash of a gladiator's buckler) would have driven him out of Livy. With Niebuhr, he is, no doubt, an allegory like Cocles and Camillus. Human benefactors, therefore, must live on their own consciousness of desert, which is, in itself, "an exceeding great reward." They have nothing else to expect on this side heaven. Gratitude implies a sense of obligation, and that is not felt towards them until they have become nothing—beyond the reach of desire; "as content with six foot as the moles of Adrianus."

The power to look beyond present fame (not to despise it), is the noblest characteristic of a great spirit, and the surest guarantee of advancing knowledge. Our race would crawl instead of flying, if innate aspirations, superior to any earthly honour, did not prompt men to great deeds and great discoveries.

"Fame is no plant that grows in mortal soil,
Nor in the glistening foil
Set off to th' world, nor in broad rumour lies,
But lives, and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove."

"The last infirmity of noble minds" is still an infirmity. It is a false motive when it is a sole or a ruling motive. The German poet well classes it among the means used by the enemy of souls to augment the number of his victims.¹ It has desolated and ravaged, but never amended or ameliorated the world. Religion owes it nothing, although it may have had its martyrs. They were false witnesses who only injured her cause. Patriotism does not want it. It is in itself a higher and loftier stimulant to action. Science and art have not found it sufficient to sustain their votaries. The mad world called them mad, and shut them in cells, or forced them to close their light of truth within a misty fabric of error—Apollo in a lantern of horn. Half the prescriptive solecisms in political science are the result of this compromise, this conjunction without a unison—of jarring opposites. Philosophy chose Ignorance for her guardian, and they bewildered one another. Reason went to school to Superstition, and, finally, came to credit her dogmas, and to call them oracles. Men grew famous by delusion, and that way sought to live for ever in the mouths of their successors. The learned Florentine (better than half his abusers) courted this fame, and reached it. He was the first of his age, but his age was the last of its kind. He might have better earned his celebrated inscription; but had he deserved it really, it would have waited yet a thousand years to be written on the Alleghanies, or upon a column in regenerated Asia, instead of being presently walled into the bloody threshold of his native city. He dreamed not with all his great intellect (and his great deservings, too) that there is a higher principle than love of fame, or that there could be a worthier theatre than the surface of Italy.

The narrow, personal use of great means makes every thinking man despise Napoleon. He was (we had almost said) a common robber. He was, we must say, an uncommon one. But his time was to-day; his end was himself. The world retrograded under him, while he persuaded himself that he was worthily fulfilling a great destiny by picking up cast-off spangles and bedecking his courtier-marshals with them. He played out the old game (boldly, and sometimes even imposingly, too)

¹ See the beautiful passage in the *Faust*, beginning—

"Was willst du armer Teufel geben?"

of baubles and ribands, when he might have impersonated the great principle of simple freedom in purified France. We call it the old game, and a vulgar game, because with him it was an end, almost as much as with Louis XIV. He was a Louis XIV. with some traces of Louis XI., save that his barbers and provost-m Marshals, his Tristans and Oliviers, wore uniforms. We are not speaking of the policy or necessity of his wars. Every country in Europe had a share in their bloody responsibility. He is not, by any means, so much alone in that burden as England would fain have us believe. But what had he, the child of a revolution, to do with a dynasty and all its miserable trappings? The helmet and the crown sit ill together; the plume has no place in a diadem. Europe will see no more warrior kings. We can pardon Napoleon the bayonets of the 19th Brumaire. Life and honour were on the one side, the miserable intrigues of an effete assembly on the other. But then came the test and trial of his greatness.¹ Had he ultimately perished in an effort to carry out and consolidate the principles upon which the revolution commenced, and rightfully and holily commenced, he would never have known Jena and Austerlitz, but he would have set a great name in the light of immortality, and given an impetus to the freedom, which for so many years he contemned and retarded.

The career of this ambitious soldier is another of those lessons which, at length, will teach mankind not to trust their destinies out of their own keeping. They are every day learning to resume the trusts they have confided, and only to part with them again with broader security, and on a different tenure. They even begin to talk of governing themselves, though M. Polignac, dating from his *Doubling Castle* of Ham, declares that this is most absurd logic. "For all authority," says he, "implies subjection, and how can a party exercise control over himself; there is no one to exact the penalty." We should vote for the immediate release of M. Polignac, were we so fortunate as to have a seat in the French Chamber, to whichever political party we might adhere. He is incapable of farther mischief. But this is by the way. If a phrase is to upset all our state-theory and practice, we must change it. In the mean time, however, we must repeat that the people are beginning to talk of governing themselves. Ten-pound freeholders are

¹ The future emperor could hardly master his bent until he was sure of his first step. Before the commencement of the session he so abruptly adjourned without day, he perambulated the purlieus of the council chambers, "suivi de quelques grenadiers, et se livrant prématurément à son caractère, il disait, comme le vingtième roi d'une dynastie: *Je ne veux plus de factions: il faut que cela finisse; je n'en veux plus absolument.*"

ever and anon astonished at their own importance, all mute and voiceless as they have hitherto been. The canvass is becoming more costly and more troublesome. Schedule A. and schedule B. are but types of the decline and fall of schedules yet unbaptized. The unreasonable commons require that

“ —————their representatives
Should actually represent them ;”

and talk of triennial parliaments, close voting, and other the like enormities. They even hint at universal education and political equality, those unblest devices of cis-Atlantic radicalism. Gracchus has turned his face to the forum, and his back on the Curies.

We cannot help imagining what a sensation the book before us would have created in his mind, had it fallen in the way of the member for Rattenbury, or any other representative in Parliament of a smith's shop and an alehouse two hundred years ago. He would have made “a star-chamber matter of it.” It would have been burned in the market-place by the common hangman, and its author would have suffered some such gentle infliction as the loss of an ear, a slit in his nose, the pillory, or it may be the gallows. The worthy member alluded to, sitting in Parliament by the grace of God and of the Duke of Buckingham, voting, like a serf as he was, according to his master's orders, thinking, like Bishop Neile, that the breath of Parliament was in the king's nostrils, might be excused for his panic. What was he that he should be wiser than the universities, the bishops and the peers? Sixty or seventy years later, how the parasite Swift would have inveighed against it! With what apt scurrility of illustration and ready, dexterous sophistry, he would have exposed and entangled its simple truths. What changes would have been rung upon the constitution of the realm, the rights of Parliament, and the safety of the state! The poor slave of a court, the mortified and miserable expectant of honours for which he had changed his conscience into a foul and servile drudge, could not fail to have denounced the simple and honest logic of a freeman who knows no prompter but conviction resting on testimony. Later still that other overweening Leviathan, who was a sycophant without any of the rewards or honours of sycophancy, who had arguments ready made for tyranny, and knew small difference between patriots and rebels, could have found wonderful food for spleen in the volume before us. The man who judged dead poets by their political creed, would scarce have spared a living philosopher, and the jackall would have told how the lion roared—“Sir, every syllable that is not flat nonsense, is light reason.” A few

years nearer our own time, how delicately Canning would have refuted the "dangerous dogmas" of the new theory of representation, how clearly would he have proved that abuse, as it is called, is at the very foundation of the British constitution, and that the logic of common sense has nothing to do with the matter. How infinitely well he would have shown that Parliament represents *the whole nation*, and that modern ideas of district representation are absurd; that the Duke of Devonshire has a right to send six members to the House of Commons, although Leeds or Manchester sends but one. We have no quarrel with Swift or Johnson, the member for Rattenbury, or the member for Liverpool. They had a right to entertain and enforce their own convictions in such manner as their sense of duty suggested; by terror, by scurrility, by ingenious declamation or refined sophistry. Great as some of them undoubtedly were, they seem to have lost sight of, or rather they had not become aware of the fact, that thinking beings, enlightened by the mighty efforts of the last four centuries, the product, as it were, of all the toil and all the suffering of that bitter period, and of all its wonderful progress too, have alighted upon a new principle in political science. The philosophers of a past school of government, never looked beyond physical condition. Those of the present, assert man's intellectual rights. It is the age of mind.

We have taken up Mr. Foster's book, not because it contains any new truths, or any truths not very generally disseminated on this side the Atlantic. His theory of political representation is adopted and practised upon here; in truth, it is, in a great measure, borrowed from our constitution.—Foreign discovery has not yet proceeded beyond American experiment. But we think it useful occasionally to let our readers see the progress of opinion abroad, and what ground is taken by a sober man, of acknowledged honesty, integrity, and literary distinction, between the conservatives on the one side and the radicals on the other,—in short, what are the notions of an English reformer of the present day. We hold this work, on account of its calm tone, and logical course of argument, to be of especial value for this purpose. A parliamentary declamation, or a heated party pamphlet, always says more than it means,—a tale, an allegory, or a poem, frequently means more than it says; but a professedly scientific treatise, which states a proposition, explains, illustrates and proves it, before it proceeds to another, though it may not amuse, is pretty certain to contain definite and appreciable instruction. The author says of his work that

"The essay will probably be characterized as being substantially an attempt to deduce the science of government, as far as political repre-

sentation is concerned, from the principles of human nature ; a task which has been very unceremoniously classed amongst things not to be accomplished."

In his examination of the objections to this attempt, Mr. Foster impliedly, if not expressly, admits that the attempt has been made ; and so far we may add, successfully, that the advocates of a representative system can scarcely wish for a fuller exposition of the true basis of their political belief. The very great importance of the fact, that the foundations of our own system of government are deeply fixed in the very nature of man, and that the ultimate end of civilization, of human progress and knowledge, is to extend and confirm them, can be appreciated by every enquirer, who has been bewildered and dismayed by the idea that government is the mere accident of popular caprice or physical power. The most disheartening view of political history is that which forces upon us the belief that each succeeding system is an *experiment*, destined, like its predecessors, to recede and be obliterated, as wave washes away the remembrance of wave, instead of a step in the series of improvement by which our species is ascending to an ameliorated social condition. The one is the hypothesis of torpidity,—a stagnant, inert theory. It is to politics what predestination is to morals. The other is the hypothesis of action, of hope, and of progress, which brings the constitution of man into harmony with the best ends and aims of Christian philosophy.

"The system of political representation has, in actual practice, gradually worked itself, from a rude beginning, into a regular and determinate form, and has, at the same time, drawn the minds of men to investigate its objects and capabilities. These investigations have, in turn, modified its practical arrangements, till at length a political machine of great completeness and efficiency has been evolved, the joint product of experience and reflection.

"The system, thus matured, now presents itself as an object of science, the various parts of which are susceptible of explanation on determinate principles ; and which may be still further improved and enhanced in usefulness by a more accurate and consistent application of the principles on which its efficacy is found to depend."

Necessity first forced men to confide their political interests to agents, and to make legislation a delegated trust. The functions of the Commons, at an early day, extended little beyond the exhibition of grievances and petitions for redress. The history of the toilsome march of popular authority, and its final prostration every where save in England, is the saddest, yet in one sense the most triumphant, chronicle of freedom.

That authority has more than once saved Europe from religious thralldom and military subjugation. It has yet, in its revival, to save her in this latter age, and in the fulness and completeness of matured power, from the dominion of antiquated abuses, and of that philosophy which, walking backwards, can see no light save that which is reflected from the tinsel of old crowns and mitres. It matters not who is conqueror in a temporary contest. He who sacked Warsaw may ravage the continent. "The great avenger" abides his time. Opinion grows under pressure, as the camomile by being trod on. The dastard Plantagenet, triple traitor as he was to his king, his conscience and his God, struggled in vain against it. What a stride from the first reform to the last, and what a simple instrument has the advance of science substituted for the swords of Runnymede,—*"representation or no taxation!"* We have some pride in reflecting who first taught the obstinate Brunswick that stern doctrine, and enforced it with stout hearts and strong hands.

"——— *Manus hæc inimica tyrannis,*
Ense petit placidam sub libertate quietem."

In a country where the majority makes the law, it is not difficult to anticipate the principle in which any advocate of popular authority would enforce his theory of representation. It of course resolves itself into the true end of government, which, as we all agree, is to promote the public good, and the greatest good of the greatest number.

"Could it be shown that irresponsible power lodged in the hands of a single individual is productive of greater good to the community than any other description of authority, every wise man would be its supporter and advocate. On the same principle, could it be proved that such an arrangement, as placed power in the hands of an inconsiderable number of persons, who were not to be accountable for the use which they made of it, is recommended by a superiority in beneficial results over every other political system, a wise nation would not hesitate to adopt it. It would be no valid objection that it is unjust to give one man irresponsible power over his fellows, or a number of men uncontrolled authority over the rest."

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"This, then, is to be the universal criterion in matters of public concern, the test of forms of government, as well as of particular plans of representation, and of laws emanating from the constituted authorities. We are not to be decided in our choice by the circumstance of a political system conferring equal privileges, or by that, of its bestowing them on some descriptions of people, and withholding them from others. Whatever is the arrangement submitted to our option, it is to be preferred, on proof being adduced that notwithstanding its inequalities and partialities, it is, on the whole, the best for the community.

"This view of the subject relieves us from all the vague declamation about natural and inalienable rights, which has become the conventional language of almost all people struggling against the encroachments of power. It is a natural right (says one) that every man of mature age and sound mind shall have a voice in the government of the country, and not be subjected to arbitrary rule. It is an inalienable right belonging to all men, (says another,) that they shall not be taxed without being represented.

"Now a natural and inalienable right, whatever these terms may imply in the minds of those who use them, is one, the exercise of which, if it is not of a neutral character, (that is to say, of no importance,) is either beneficial or injurious to the community. If the enjoyment of it is beneficial, the right will be left undisturbed, should it be already existing, and will be conferred, if not existing, on the principle of utility here maintained. If, on the other hand, the privilege or mode of action is injurious to the community, of what consequence is it that it can be dignified by the name of natural right? For a nation to insist on the privilege of acting in some particular manner, inconsistent with its own welfare, or in other words, on the right of doing itself harm, would be folly. Whether, therefore, a country should have a representative government—whether every man of sound mind and mature age should have a voice in the election of the legislature—whether no one should be taxed without being represented; and on the other hand, whether supreme and irresponsible power should be lodged in the hands of a monarch, to govern and tax his subjects at his own discretion; are points to be determined by the effects of these several arrangements on the public welfare, and not by a vague affirmation that certain specified privileges, modes of action, or forms of government, are natural and inalienable rights; language, which, when closely examined, will prove destitute of any precise meaning.

According to the doctrine here advocated, if a representative government is to be preferred to all other kinds, it must be on the ground that it conduces to the good of the community more effectually than any other. That it is fully entitled to a preference for this reason, will not require any long deduction to prove."

We had occasion in our last number¹ to make some remarks upon this jargon of *natural and inalienable rights*, in connection with the proceedings of a body of men who claim to set them up as controlling and overriding the laws of the land, and the very constitution of society. It seems to be imagined by some that a social system can be maintained under the hostile influence of a power above and beyond the laws, and which is excepted out of the general compact, under which every thing is surrendered to the common good. Mr. Jefferson and the haranguers of the French Revolution have greatly mystified themselves and mankind in this matter. The author of the treatise before us, has shown how difficult the strong intellect of Burke found it to throw off the entanglement of this false phraseology. After quoting from the "Reflections on the Revolution," he adds,

¹ Am. Quar. Rev., June, 1836. Art. VI.

"There never was a finer struggle than that which is presented in this passage, between a strong mind and an impracticable or unmanageable term. Burke evidently saw the substantial merits of the controversy in which he was engaged, but his view was continually crossed, and his thoughts embarrassed, by an undefined notion of natural right. Through the whole of his earlier writings, there is a great abhorrence of what he calls "abstract politics;" and in his declamations and arguments against the French Revolution, his horror of "metaphysical" politics, is still more strongly marked. Against the doctrine of the rights of man, as bandied about in France, his arguments are in the main sound; but after an attentive study of his works, any one conversant with later writers, will, I think, perceive that he never attained to a full and perfect view of the truth, that utility is the sole proper foundation and criterion of political arrangements. He had continual perceptions, clear and strong, that utility, or "convenience" as he terms it, is at once the proper basis, and the test of measures and institutions; yet his mind still recurred to natural right as another principle on which they might be placed, or by which they might be tried, although he would in general have nothing to do with it. Thus in one passage he says, 'the moment you abate any thing from the full rights of men, each to govern himself, and suffer any artificial positive limitation upon those rights, from that moment, *the whole organization of government becomes a consideration of convenience.*'"

Granting the necessity of a check upon power when delegated, and the impossibility of avoiding delegation by a universal participation in its administration, (a proposition universally true in our own times,) it requires no very long train of reasoning to show that the required check is best found in the responsibility to his principal, of the agent to whom authority is entrusted.

"As from the nature of the case, the legislative power must be lodged in the hands of a few; and as the few possessing it will be tempted in a thousand ways to sacrifice the public good to their own private interest, it becomes essentially necessary to place them in such a position that their own interest and the public good shall be identified. The simple expedient which effects this is to make the office of legislator dependent on the will of the people. If his power were irresponsible, if it were subject to no direct control, if the improper exercise of it were not followed by evil consequences to the possessor, it would be inevitably abused; the public good would be neglected, and his own habitually preferred; but by the simple expedient of rendering the continuance of his power dependent on his constituents, his interest is forced into coincidence with theirs. Any sinister advantage which he might derive from the power entrusted to him, would cease with the loss of his office, and he would have no inducement to pursue an advantage of that kind, if, by so doing, he unavoidably subjected himself to dismissal. Such is the general theory of political representation."

And such, we may add, are its true philosophical principles, to which every hour's progress in political science and the history of mankind gives additional support. Even as we write, news has arrived, that the lords have thrown out the Irish Municipal Reform Bill, a step, the full extent of which we are too distant

to appreciate, but which is out of all question in contravention of the interests of those for whose good they profess to legislate. The remedy of the people of Great Britain is nothing less than a threatened civil war. Hear Col. Napier—

“I do not think that the true question is, whether corporation reform shall be extended to Ireland, but whether the house of lords or the house of commons, shall govern in England—whether the will of the people of England shall stand, or the will, the corrupt will, of some crazy and factious peers shall henceforth be permanent in this country? This is to my apprehension the true question, and the Irish corporation reform is but a limb of it—a subject on which to commence the business of agitation—aye, and a very good subject to begin the battle with the lords.”
Speech at Bath, May, 1836.

We do not quote a political harangue on this subject, from any prudish affectation of republican disgust at the existence of hereditary legislators, but because it is one of the straws which show which way the wind of popular feeling is blowing on the other side of the Atlantic. Men with ribands and crosses are still men, and the conduct of the peers is a good proof of it. They now form a constituent branch of the British government; whether for good or evil it is for the British people to decide, not for us. How long they will continue to do so with their present high immunities, it does not require much perspicacity to determine. Not that we believe they are to be demolished by any fierce and sudden concussion—(the English nation is too wise and sober for such mad outrages)—but their order will become naught by a gradual decadence. They are paving the way to their own contempt. A few creations, like Queen Anne's, of new nobility, an attack upon the laws of entail and primogeniture, some hard blows at the church, and finally an elective peerage or patents for life, and the end will be accomplished. How often have the peers successfully tried this very experiment of withstanding the popular branch of the British government? We cannot recollect a single instance, and we can name many to the contrary. Yet will they never learn that concession is one thing, and yielding to necessity another. They rejected the Catholic bill over and over again, yet finally were obliged to pass it. They rejected the reform bill, and great was the glorification of the tory prints thereon. Within one month after, it was carried in the house of lords without any important alteration. So soon did they succumb. They dared not, and they dare not now, risk the refusal of the supplies which persistence in opposition would inevitably produce. It would be like tampering with thunderbolts. Besides, they are not merely exposed to the effect of popular impulses; they may be the victims of prerogative. They are between

the upper and nether mill-stone. They can be overlaid at any moment by their own order. Is it improbable that the prerogative will be so exerted? It was equally so in the days of Lord Oxford and of Mr. Pitt—yet, if we rightly remember, the measure was executed under both those ministers. A similar proceeding was in contemplation at the passage of the reform bill. However this may be, if political reasoning is worth any thing, the irresponsibility of the house of lords, whether it be a circumstance to be desired or regretted, seems likely soon to be modified, not as we said before, by any furious attack, but by legitimate constitutional means.

“The fundamental principles then,” continues Mr. Foster, “on which the system of representation rests, are, that the proper object of all political power is the benefit of the community; and that the uniform exercise of political power, for the benefit of the community, can be depended upon only when it is subject to the control of the people themselves.”

He then proceeds to consider the objections, “that the people may not be determined in their choice of their representatives by the interest which they have in the proceedings of the legislative body,” and that “they may not possess the requisite degree of knowledge to make a right choice.” In other words, that they may not have either will to pursue, or knowledge to comprehend, what is their true interest in the business of delegation. The author confesses the possibility, in a rich and artificial society, of overcoming this interest, which is frequently remote and ill-defined, by the seducement of a nearer advantage. A man may be bribed by a five pound note paid in hand or intimidated by a threat of immediate pecuniary loss, into voting for a candidate whose parliamentary course can at the utmost affect his present interests only to the extent of five pence, whatever may be its influence on the liberties of his posterity. In our own country the short period of service, the ballot, and the great extension of the elective franchise, relieve us from any apprehension on this score.

“And even supposing the worst to happen, supposing the many to be thus grossly cajoled and perverted by the few, yet with a tolerably well-constituted electoral body, it can be only to an imperfect and partial extent: the sinister purpose can never be completely carried into effect, and the wisdom of the representative system will be vindicated. For, with what view do the few bribe and intimidate the many? Plainly to have their own way. It could be no advantage, therefore, to the many to give them their own way, without obliging them to employ such means, especially as their attempts can never completely and universally succeed: in other words, how imperfectly soever the representative system may work, there can be no reason to dispense with it, and yield up entirely and unreservedly to the rich and powerful,

what, with all their wealth and power, they can only partially obtain, where that system is interposed between them and their object.

“With regard to the second objection above referred to, which alleges it to be doubtful whether the people will have adequate knowledge to perform the part assigned to them under a system of political representation, it may be observed, that the very circumstances which have been noticed as weakening their interest in the direction of their votes, bring the business which they have to perform more within the scope of their intelligence and ability. As electors, they are not required to pronounce on the merits of complicated political questions, but on the fitness of individuals for the duties of legislation, and, in some cases, on the manner in which a candidate may have discharged the trust previously confided to him. The elements out of which they have to form their opinion are comparatively simple and obvious. Talents, integrity, and reputation, are things, in some degree, cognizable by all. There are similar grounds for judging in this case, as there are in choosing a lawyer to plead a cause, or a physician to treat a disease. It is true, that if the electors are ignorant, they will be liable to be deluded by a simulation of estimable qualities; the more ignorant they are, the more liable will they be to fall into the snares of imposition. For a time, unprincipled, crafty, and impudent pretensions, may prevail,—genuine merit may be overlooked and rejected; but it is not likely, except amongst the rudest people, that mistakes of this nature will be of great extent, or of long endurance; and should it prove to be otherwise, the evil must be submitted to, for the sake of the paramount advantages in which the system is fruitful.

“It must be borne in mind, that it is not necessary to prove that the people will always exercise their control over the government for their own good. They may sometimes err from a perverted will, and oftener from defective knowledge: it is needful only to show, that where they have this control, their happiness will be more uniformly consulted, and more extensively promoted, than where they are without it. If any one expects that any regulations of civil society will effectually keep out impure motives, put down all corrupt actions, and with uniform success prevent injurious measures, or that an ignorant community can be as well governed as an enlightened one, he has a great deal to learn of his own nature. This is no reason, however, why the most effectual expedients for accomplishing these beneficial ends should not be resorted to. •

The evil which threatens most the usefulness if not the purity of the franchise in a republican government, does not come in the shape of bribery or ignorance; it arises from the overwhelming influence of popular names, and the artful obtrusion of them by every aspirant who is in search of suffrages. Such names are like the red cross on the collar or the sleeve of the crusaders,—they cover and conceal every political enormity. When a measure or a man comes to be advocated merely because the former has received the sign-manual of the reigning demagogue, or the latter has signified his subserviency to the popular idol by his pot of incense and his three genuflexions, there is an end to free government. We do not object to party banners. Put terms on them—whig or tory—

democrat or federalist—cavalier or roundhead—right, centre, left; the *milieu* or the mountain. Put emblems on them if you will; a sword or a crucifix, an eagle or a leopard, a cap or a crown; any thing but a chain,—and we will make our choice among them. Festoon them with mottoes—garland them with flowers, the rose, the shamrock, or the lily, at your will; but let us gaze upward from the earth at no human effigies—let us sail with no carved puppet-work of hero or demi-god at the prow. Washington struck his image from the national coin, and substituted that of Liberty. A parasite of the modern Washington carries his master's semblance on the beak of a gallant ship. We pray that the stars in his ensign may not give place to "the rising sun." *Cæsarem vchit*, and like Cæsar's ferryman, doubtless, he keeps a stout heart. But where is this marshalling and modelling *per verba magistri*, this mummery of countersigns used for a night or a year, with no object but to serve as the *shibboleth* of a camp, where the term is of the tongue only, and carries no meaning save as a symbol, which a man may use, and fight under and vote under without pledging himself to one single principle, to end? What is to be the result of a system of politics where party belief and party action depend upon the spleen or the humour of a single man,—it may be of a weak or a wicked man—as the tides obey that "mother of mischief," the moon—it is not very difficult to answer. The suffrage which is given to a mere name is the suffrage of a slave. It is of worse augury than whole hosts of foreign invaders. What Gaul and Carthaginian could not do for Rome, was effected by a bloody mantle—the *exuvie* of a carcass. The black Duke of Alva, with Spain and the inquisition at his back, met a voluntary deluge. It was a Prince of Orange that dyed his purple in the blood of the De Witts.

The business of a legislative assembly is to make laws, and this is the case even when that assembly consists, as in some small democracies, of the whole community. But the difference between a popular democracy and a representative government, monarchical and republican, consists in this, that in the latter the legislature is a *deliberative* body. Save in a very small community indeed, it would be physically impossible for the universal democracy to participate in a debate. The laws must, in such a case, be made in the closet and carried by acclamation; a process not altogether consistent with modern notions of legislation. The *previous question*, that safe, secure, undebatable ground, would settle every thing. There would be no *jus et norma loquendi*, no coughing down Sir Andrew Agnew abroad; no theatre for "fiery spirits" to rave in, or for stupid spirits to prose in, at home. By what fiction all the inane, ill-digested, drouthy statesmanship which now circulates

through this country; all the speeches of the Smiths, the Browns, and the Jenkinses, which now load "the wings of mighty winds," and extra folios, would then find vent, we know not. Democracy would dumfound *logocracy* with an everlasting gag-law. We congratulate the senator from Missouri that no such fate awaits him. We congratulate ourselves that no such fate awaited the distinguished author of a "speech that was to have been delivered," and that his *fave Lucina* proved successful on a memorable occasion with a guardian of the press, though it availed not with the high functionary who presided over the house.

"The peculiar advantages of oral discussion are, that from the number and variety of minds, simultaneously handling the subject, it is rapidly turned on all sides and scrutinized in every part; and, secondly, that a state of clear-sightedness is produced in the understanding, which is seldom to be purposely created, and is only the occasional visitant of the closet. In the process of debate, the doubt which hung over the mind clears away, the information wanting and searched for in vain is supplied, the absurdity before unnoticed is made palpable, the fond conceit, blown up by some partial experience, melts into air, the attention is animated, and the perception sharpened by the alternate exposition and reply, attack and defence. It can hardly be questioned, that if a number of men, with adequate information, come together, and freely discuss a subject to the best of their ability, they will arrive at a truer conclusion than the same men could attain, in the same time, by any other means."

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"There are, it is true, many disadvantages attending discussions in public assemblies. The passions are brought more into play, and matters of mere personal concern are mixed up with the merits of the question. The desire for coming at the truth is exceedingly apt to be lost in the wish to avenge some mortification, or to make a display of oratorical power; and the measure which may be in discussion is almost smothered under the prolixity of debate. This is a fault in public assemblies, which **nothing** but the growing sense and intelligence of the age can repress. The habit of haranguing at great length, as now practised, is indeed one of the most formidable impediments to public business with which wise statesmen have to contend. Nor do the time which it may be said to destroy rather than to occupy, and the important business which it occasions to be neglected, form the only points to be considered. Those who are curious in speculating on the influence of habits on the character of the mind, must be aware that a practice of this nature cannot be inoperative on the mental constitution. It has unquestionably the effect of constantly diverting the mind from the effort to form a decision on the real merits of the question, and directing it to those considerations, which are likely to excite admiration, and applause, and sympathy in the audience—in one word, of making it superficial. The intellect thus comes to be habitually engaged, not in the pursuit of truth, but in searching out animating topics, brilliant points, striking figures, plausible rather than solid arguments, every form of sentiment and expression which will *tell* on the feelings of the hearers."

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"There seems to be an inveterate impression on the public mind, that the essence of statesmanship consists in the faculty of pouring forth an unlimited torrent of words; that he is the wisest and greatest politician, who is the readiest, the most prolix, and most dexterous debater.

"Nothing can well be more erroneous than this conclusion. Speaking in public is a habit, and there are few men, wise or unwise, who could not become ready speakers by practice. It is true, that amongst men equally trained and accustomed to the public expression of their opinions, a difference in point of fluency may generally be observed: some possess the faculty in an extraordinary degree, while others are as remarkably deficient in it; but if we examine into the qualities of mind which are the causes of this difference, we shall probably discover nothing to establish a connection between soundness of judgment and fluency of speech.

"Facility of expression appears to depend very much on the predominant mode in which the ideas are associated. If an individual's thoughts are principally connected together by circumstances of time and place, and superficial resemblance—by those casual ties, in a word, which usually prevail in the mental trains of people little accustomed to reflection, he possesses within himself the chief elements of a great talker. One idea perpetually suggests another, and as they all seem equally dependent, and there is no reference to any particular point on which the whole series is to be brought to bear, or at all events a very loose reference, no cause exists why the speaker should terminate his oration, except what the impatience of his audience supplies; or except, perhaps, the failure of his own physical strength. On the other hand, if a speaker's ideas on any subject rise in his mind because they are logically dependent, because they are strictly connected with the question before him, they are self-circumscribed within determinate bounds; a few words will frequently be sufficient to present them to the hearer; and as every thought will have a bearing on the conclusion intended to be proved, the process will naturally be brief.

"It will be found by every one who fairly tries the experiment, that the tendency of close thinking is to clear away all rubbish from the road lying between the premises and the conclusion. In proportion as the question before the mind arranges itself in perspicuous order in the course of long and steady contemplation, the accessory ideas which have mixed themselves up with it, and been at once the consequence and the cause of confusion, will fall away. The great staple of long and tedious dissertations is irrelevant matter. It has been justly observed, that most people are absorbed in business for want of method;¹ and it may be said with equal justness, that most speakers are prolix, for want of order and arrangement in their conceptions. Accordingly we find that men of analytic understandings, who discern most clearly the distinctions of ideas or objects, are not in general copious speakers; they are not apt to have a crowd of ideas rushing on their minds and struggling to find expression, often much more to the entertainment than to the instruction of the hearer. They see too distinctly what relates, and what does not relate, to the subject, to make long orations. 'Propter hoc quoque,' says Quintilian, 'interdum videntur indocti copiam habere majorem, quod dicunt omnia: doctis est et electio, et modus.'²

¹ Madame Roland's Appeal.

² De Institutione Oratoria, lib. ii.

"If we wish for an example of a mind of this description, we cannot do better than turn to Franklin. In almost every respect he presents a contrast to the eloquent English declaimer, whose picture the reader has just had placed before him. Simple, direct, cool, clear-sighted, and judicious, it was impossible that the American statesman and philosopher should be a prolix speaker. His was an intellect that would put the whole pith of an ordinary oration into a single sentence. Accordingly we learn from Mr. Jefferson, that as an orator, Franklin was remarkably abstemious.

"'I served,' says the former statesman, 'with General Washington in the legislature of Virginia before the revolution, and during it with Dr. Franklin in congress. I never heard either of them speak ten minutes at a time, nor to any but the main point which was to decide the question. They laid their shoulders to the great points, knowing that the little ones would follow of themselves.'"¹

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"The orators of the American congress seem to have profited little, either by the example or by the precepts here held out to them. It surely must be some misconception of the nature already described, some misapprehension 'that the extemporaneous arrangement of sentences is eloquence, and that eloquence is wisdom,' which draws our transatlantic oratory to so unparalleled a length. We are told by a recent traveller, that an oration of eighteen or twenty hours is not uncommon in the congress of the United States; and are therefore not surprised to learn, that the usual style of speaking is loose, rambling, and inconclusive. It may be safely asserted, that to make a speech of that length to the point, is impossible."

Modern legislative assemblies, particularly those of America, seem to have turned *debate*, the essence of which is brevity, point, and a rapid presentation of striking arguments, into *declamation*, which is, in its nature, turgid and elaborate, only fitted for the lower kinds of popular oratory. After a measure has been minutely sifted in committee, it is presumptuous in a deputy to keep a nation waiting on his long periods for two or three days together. Some of the most important questions ever settled in the British parliament have been decided in a single sitting. If we rightly remember, the reform bill occupied but three days of debate in its passage through the house of commons and its rejection in the house of lords. The act for the relief of the sufferers by fire in New York, a very simple matter, hung in the American congress three months, and caused half a dozen long speeches. Those darling constitutional scruples which, south of a certain parallel of latitude, have caused so many good and long words to be interchanged, are the grand hobbies of American discussion. The improvement of Bean Creek has carried many a scrupulous senator into the outermost regions of metaphysics and rights—in *omne volubilis ævum*—over all the mazes of the social compact. The theory of

¹ Memoirs and Correspondence, vol. i, p. 50.

state rights never begins this side the deluge, or stops short of doomsday. No man ought to address the congress of the United States until he has *thought out* his subject. Words ought to be the signs of ideas in such an assembly, not mere sounds, confusing or concealing thought. He who "has not time to be brief," should at least have the grace to be silent. We are not at all prepared to deny the importance of the tacit parliamentary regulation, by which a stupid or tedious speaker in England is prevented from impeding the public business, and we are decided advocates of an occasional "cheer." An orator ought to know when he carries the house with him. Something must be done at home by the renovation of our congressional rules, or the adoption of new checks to bring back discussion within its legitimate limits. Speeches delivered at Washington to *tell* upon the professional influence of a member from a distant state, or to make an electioneering pamphlet, are a vile abuse. A standing order, that no member shall consume more than two hours in the treatment of any subject, without the consent of two-thirds of the house, might induce windy orators to take something for granted. Why should every man who utters the words "Mr. Speaker," make them the preface of a long oration? What a length of tail has that little kite hoisted from the earth towards the recipient of lost things, the moon!

We question very much if the bar (whence most of our legislators come) is the true school of parliamentary eloquence. We once heard a distinguished advocate say, pointing to a crowded auditory, whom for two or three hours he had been interesting and amusing, that so much of his speech was "for the galleries." Men, moreover, who address juries, aside from their *ad captandum* oratory, deem it necessary to illustrate and enlarge to a most tedious extent. Many clients make the length of their counsel's harangue the test of its merit. The very extent of an American lawyer's employment, combining, as it does, the various departments of a profession which, elsewhere, are distributed, causes him to neglect that discipline of the mind, which a public speaker ought always to undergo. Possessed of the strong point of his case, he deems the mode of presenting it of minor importance. Hence it is frequently illogical and desultory. Either the speech is forgotten in the argument, or the argument in the speech. The author of the essay before us deems it important that the representatives of the people should be without professions or occupations. The main argument for this position is obvious enough, and in England it may be practicable that legislators shall be legislators *merely*, though hitherto it has not been found so. *Here* it obviously is

otherwise. While the residence provisions are in force, the men (of proper character) could not be found. Under any circumstances, the class will long be wanting. It will certainly be difficult to elevate the standard of our native oratory for a long time to come, though we do trust it may be made, as education and the means of improvement advance, more pointed, forcible, and direct. Our practical legislators are the least practical speakers on earth.

A word more on the subject of *debate*, properly so called, and as distinguished from *declamation*. The two terms appear to us to characterize two opposite systems; the one, that of Great Britain, during the palmy days of her parliamentary greatness and strength, the other, that of France in every stage of her legislative history. A tribune, a register, and a written harangue, seem to us more appropriate to a body of academicians than to an assemblage of statesmen; and we never have been able to contemplate Mirabeau or Chateaubriand, the one with his pocket full of clubbed metaphors, and the other with his ready-made charlatanisms, three days old, as belonging to the same category with Fox, or even that clever debater, Mr. Tierney. We have never heard of a French deputy who excelled at a reply, or even at a retort, although we have read exceeding good arguments from the pen of the Duc de Broglie, and very poetical and beautiful effusions delivered from the tribune by M. de Lamartine. If, however, we are to adopt the practice of the French legislature, let us adopt it with all its checks. If men are to declaim upon a subject, instead of discussing it, let them give a pledge that they will declaim knowingly, by previously registering their intention to do so. A member would be ashamed, after promising a week beforehand to speak to the order of the day, to deliver a desultory and feeble harangue. The excuse of want of preparation, or want of time for it, could not avail him. We might avoid, too, some of the intemperate and injudicious language, and the occasional personalities, which now do us discredit. Honourable gentlemen would hardly call names in anticipation. Personalities are seldom premeditated—they generally spring out of the heat of debate, and we may add, too, that they, for the most part, die with the occasion that gives them birth. Until, therefore, that evil grows more enormous, we hold it no sufficient counterbalance to the advantage of the parliamentary practice of Great Britain and our own country. An occasional duel (generally bloodless, however,) is, indeed, a bad commentary upon the calmness with which public affairs should be discussed, but it is not peculiar to the United States; and until we witness at home a scene similar to that recorded with so much

ndivété by the Cardinal de Retz,¹ we are not prepared to adopt a new system, however we may be desirous to remedy the defects of the old one. Clubs have been brandished on the stairs of the capitol—when daggers are unsheathed within it, change will be desirable, even should it not be inevitable.

In treating the relation of constituent and representative, our author goes largely into the theory of "instructions" and "pledges," which latter are but previous instructions. We have read with much attention the efforts of some distinguished American statesmen to place their defence of the right of instruction on firm, or even plausible grounds. The assumption, at the foundation of their argument, that the representative is a mere special attorney, seems to us the very thing to be proved. The reason for deputing power is not simply the physical one that the constituency cannot exercise it, but also that they cannot exercise it judiciously. Their pursuits and studies are in another direction. The attempt to direct the course of the man whom they have chosen, involves no less an absurdity, therefore, than this, that wanting the requisites to act themselves, they do not want the requisites to indicate the action of another upon the same subjects. The intervention of this supposed reserved power, by each separate constituency, would, moreover, puzzle and confuse all united action for general ends. If instructions are of any force, they must be imperative, and, upon a complicated measure, they might be modified by so many local interests that no grand object could be achieved. It seems to be forgotten that the legislature is a part of the *government* of the country, and that its measures, when sanctioned by the executive, become the laws of the land, requiring no ratification from the people. The check upon the abuse of power is the same with both branches, to wit, the recurrence of the period of election. Under the confederation, the matter presented a very different aspect. There the great council was literally a congress, in the original signification of the term. We can scarcely conceive of a readier mode of subverting the federal constitution than would be discovered in the universal admission and practice of this doctrine of instructions; for, to our view, it substitutes the principle of simple democracy, with all the momentary caprices and fluctuations of popular will

¹ Most readers will recollect the cardinal's amusing account of the scuffle with Rochefoucault, at the entrance of the grand hall of the parliament house, when the latter caught him by the neck between the folding-doors, and vociferated to De Coligni and De Ricouse to come and despatch him. It was a curious interview, to be held in the temple of justice between a high dignitary of the church, and a great moral philosopher.

stimulated into irregular action, for the great American discovery of a representative republic in which time is an essential element and of which a written compact is the fundamental law.

"A deputy to a legislative assembly has something more to do than to receive and execute the instructions of his constituents; and they, on their parts, even if they had not something more to do than to render themselves competent to direct his conduct, could not be in possession of all the requisite information for that purpose. The view which we have taken of the process of legislation has shown, that he is not sent to the legislature to be the passive instrument of their wishes, a mere index to record the movements of the political wheel-work behind: he has a business assigned to him, which he must study with especial attention, and in the transaction of which his position confers on him peculiar advantages. That position gives him an opportunity of making himself acquainted with the best evidence on every public question, of hearing the conflicting arguments of the most eminent statesmen, and of submitting his own views to the ordeal of unrestrained discussion and general scrutiny.

"If he fully and faithfully discharge his duty, the same result will follow in this case as in every other case where individuals engage in pursuits requiring habitual application: he will acquire an intelligence and skill in regard to the business entrusted to him, beyond those of his fellow-men otherwise employed. Unless the principles of the human mind are different in this matter from what they are in all others, he will attain a more enlightened, correct, and comprehensive view of the various questions which come before him in his official capacity, than the constituent body who appointed him could possibly attain in time to instruct him how to decide, engrossed as the members of it are with other pursuits, and more intensely interested in other questions. As a physician, whose time and attention and faculties are chiefly devoted to the art of healing, cannot without injury be restricted in his treatment of disease by the views and desires of the patient who requires his assistance, although they may be very properly taken into consideration; so to the political representative, unshackled by instructions, must be left the discretion of acting according to his own views of the public welfare, provided we would obtain the specific benefit for which he is appointed.

"There are then two distinct reasons why the representative should be left to his own judgment and discretion, in the determination of those political questions which come before him, unfettered by any instructions from his constituents.

"1. He is a member of an assembly, which, as the last section has shown, must possess peculiar advantages for conducting the process of legislation.

"2. By devoting his time and attention to public matters, he must acquire a greater insight into them at the time of decision, than the majority of his constituents from whom instructions would proceed.

"To control, by instructions, the representative deputed to take part in the deliberations of the supreme assembly, would, in fact, be tantamount to adopting the plan, already shown in the last section to be ineligible, of performing the preliminary part of legislation in a number of local assemblies instead of the national assembly, with the additional inconsistency of setting the national legislature on the investigation and discussion of questions already determined by other bodies. It would be deputing men to discuss measures of public policy, under the condition that their deliberations should have no influence on the determination of the

measures discussed. If you, the constituents, will not trust the business of examination to the supreme assembly, do it avowedly yourselves, and let that assembly meet merely to enact or register what you have decided upon; but if you devolve the task of examination upon a deliberative body, do not commit the absurdity of determining for it the result to which it must come.

"The inconsistency of giving instructions to their representatives may not strike any single constituency, who merely look at their own case. To them it will appear that they are guiding only one vote in an assembly where there is the utmost latitude of decision; that they are fixing only one point amidst universal mobility: but the incongruity will manifest itself when they reflect, that what is right, in this matter, for one body of individuals, must be right for all; that it is a question regarding a general principle, and that the consequence of adopting the general principle would be, that as each individual member would come pinned down by instructions, the whole legislative assembly would meet together to examine and deliberate about measures, the rejection or adoption of which was already fixed beyond the possibility of being affected by their deliberations.

"The only plausible objection to this argument is, that although the plan of leaving the representative unfettered by instructions, would enable him to avail himself of all the advantages of his position for forming an enlightened conclusion, it would, at the same time, leave him at liberty to follow his own pleasure, which might be adverse to the public interest: that the promotion of the public good involves two elements,—a knowledge of what it is, and a disposition to promote it; the last of which would not be secured by suffering the representative to act on his own judgment and discretion.

"The answer to this objection is not one that requires much research. In the affair of political delegation we must place a certain degree of confidence in others, and run a certain degree of risk, as we are obliged to do in other transactions. It would doubtless be well, if, in this and all other affairs in which we are concerned collectively or individually, we, who possess the completest desire on every point to secure our own good, possessed also, on every point, the completest knowledge how to attain it. But we are not so fortunate; and it becomes a matter of calculation in each case, where our own ability fails, whether it would not be advantageous to call in the aid of others, to whom our welfare must unavoidably be a subordinate consideration, and whom we must connect with our interests by some factitious tie. Whenever we employ a man to do what his superior knowledge enables him to do better than ourselves, it is because the superiority of his knowledge, combined with his weaker disposition to promote our interest, will, on the whole, produce a better result than our inferior knowledge, coupled with our stronger disposition. So it is when we appoint a political deputy; we can obtain the benefit of his services only by encountering the risk of trusting him. The advantage we look for at his hands, is incompatible with retaining the direction of his conduct.

"The security which we have that he will act rightly, is of a different character. It lies in the responsibility under which he is placed, and this is the other great point to be remarked in the relation between him and his constituents. We have seen what he has to do for them, the general nature of the duties which he has to discharge, and the peculiar advantages of his position; and we have now to consider in what sort of responsibility the security they have upon him, that he will be regulated in the discharge of those duties by proper views, consists.

"The specific security which they have is obviously the power of dismissing him, immediately or ultimately, from the office; in actual practice, it is the power of setting him aside at the first election which may take place. We shall hereafter have occasion to advert to the degree of intensity which ought to be given to the responsibility of a representative, and to the circumstances by which that intensity is regulated. Our present business is merely to describe of what the responsibility is composed; and it is manifestly composed of the consequences which his constituents can inflict upon him.

"This liability to dismissal is indeed not the only consideration at work on the mind of the representative to keep him in the line of duty: there are, besides, his own virtuous feelings, his regard for the esteem of his friends, his desire of approbation, his fear of public opinion, and other principles contributing to the same end: but how inefficacious all these are, without the specific liability to lose his seat, may be seen in the conduct of those English representatives under the old system, who commanded a place in parliament, by their wealth or station, with as much certainty as they hired a house or purchased an estate. There can be no reliance that he will be kept in the line of duty by any or all of these other principles alone: but when the master principle is in operation, all these subordinate ones will act with augmented efficacy.

"It is not, then, to the power of instructing their representative, that constituents are to look for an assurance that his efforts will be faithfully applied to the public service, for that would be inconsistent with the most enlightened legislation; but it is to the power of reducing him from the elevation to which their suffrages have raised him. What properly belongs to them is not a power of directing, but of checking; not a power of previous dictation, but a power of reward and punishment on a review of what he has done. The object to be obtained is not to compel the representative to decide agreeably to the opinions of his constituents, for that would be compelling him often to decide against his better judgment; but it is to force him to decide with a single view to the public good, and, at the same time, to obtain the full benefit of his intelligence. It is by leaving him unshackled with positive instructions, while he is subject to the ultimate tribunal of the opinion of his constituents, that the end in view is to be accomplished, of bringing into action, in the proceedings of the legislature, the greatest practicable quantity of intelligence, under the guidance of the purest disposition to promote the welfare of the community."

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"In the whole series of transactions implied in political representation, it is not the highest wisdom of the few that prevails; it is the general intelligence, the intelligence of the majority, of the many. It is the general intelligence of the constituents that selects the representatives, and it is the general intelligence of the representatives that determines the character of the laws enacted, and the measures of public policy pursued. From these considerations it follows, that if the constituents were to instruct their representatives, their instructions, bearing, as they must inevitably do, the stamp of their average intelligence, would virtually impose the views of a less intelligent body on one of greater information and judgment."

The following brief passage well exposes the absurdity of representative pledges:—

"To send a man to parliament bound to vote positively for a particular measure, under all circumstances, is to render useless all enquiry,

all collection of facts, comparison of opinions, and exercise of his reasoning powers, as well as to withdraw all motive for intellectual exertion. It is to say to him, 'We send you to a place where you will have access to a great deal of information, to many instructive documents, and to much oral evidence; where you will hold communication with some of the ablest and wisest men of the country, and hear them unfold their arguments and explain their opinions; and where your mind will be necessarily called into vigorous action, if you are properly alive to the duties of your situation: but recollect, that although in this process unknown facts may be discovered, new trains of reasoning developed, established errors exploded, and inveterate misconceptions dissipated; although in a word, new light may break in on your understanding, we insist on your making no use of it, we insist on your permitting it to have no influence on your vote. To show our disinterestedness, we insist on your not giving us the benefit of any such fresh information, but that you shall decide at all events, and at all risks, in the manner pre-appointed. In an age distinguished for inquiry and progressive knowledge, we send you to a deliberative assembly without the power of deliberation.'"

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"But, whatever objections conscientious individuals might have to pledges, or promises to vote in a prescribed manner, they could not reasonably object to an explicit declaration of opinions on those subjects which would come before them in their legislative capacity. The upright candidate would unreservedly communicate the actual condition of his mind on political questions. It may be urged, indeed, that, amidst the variety, complexity, and magnitude of these questions, a candidate might feel himself in a state of indecision on some important points: he might not be able, in regard to some of them, to arrive at any conclusive views, and the method here recommended might force him into rash and premature declarations. This supposed case, however, presents only an imaginary difficulty. If he is really undecided on any question, his proper course of conduct is the simplest in the world; he has only to say that he is. Nothing can be required on the part of the electors, but to learn the states of his mind, and his doubtfulness on any point is one of those states which it is wished to know. All, therefore, that he has to do in a case of this nature is, to declare that he has not formed a settled opinion; and if, fortunately, he has to deal with sensible men, he will lose no ground in their esteem on account of any suspense or hesitation which arises from an acquaintance with the conflicting arguments on the question, and not from sheer ignorance of matters within ordinary reach. If he has to deal with unreasonable men, he must submit to the consequences. Should he lose his election, he will preserve his self-respect. Let no one expect to combine the incompatible advantages of an honest, straightforward course, and of a hollow, insincere conduct.

"It seems, indeed, to be held out as a sort of discreditable thing, that a man should not have made up his mind on all public questions; but every one who has examined for himself, knows, that doubt and hesitation must be the frequent result of intricate enquiries. So far from these mental conditions reflecting any discredit on the candidate, it may be affirmed, with little fear of contradiction, that considering the new facts which are hourly brought to light, the better methods adopted of recording and classifying them, and the hitherto dimly seen or undiscovered principles daily evolved by thinking men, an openness to conviction from

novel information and additional experience, is an essential quality in the legislator of a free country.

"A settled set of opinions on public questions, stamped with the seal of immutability and supported by an orderly array of arguments trained and disciplined for the purpose, may be very convenient for the demagogue or the hereditary politician, but would be a poor preparation for a man who has to sift the evidence and examine the conflicting considerations of those difficult inquiries, which form the principal business of a modern statesman."

We are sure that nothing can be clearer or more philosophical than the whole of Mr. Foster's discussion of the subject of engagements to constituents ; and we exceedingly regret that it is extended to a length which forbids its extraction entire. Perhaps such persons as have read Burke's masterly argument on the same subject, in his speech to the electors of Bristol, with distrust (a distrust not very unnatural in those who deem him a traitor to the popular cause), may accept with more favour that of an Englishman who, without suspicion of selfish or sinister ends, dares to stake a reputation not wholly undistinguished upon the advocacy of a reform founded on American example, and comprising the ballot, a reduced parliament, triennial elections, provincial legislatures, and an extended suffrage. Whatever may have been the bias of Burke's mind, in view of the frightful excesses it was his lot to witness (the speech at Bristol, however, was delivered while he was committed to uncompromising whiggism, and long before the French revolution), no similar one can be suspected in a radical reformer of the present day.

It is a sufficient answer to those who affirm the controlling obligation of instructions, to reply, that in America there is no constitutional penalty for their neglect ; and that, as we said before, there is a constitutional inconvenience in their admission. The *tacit understanding* which is sometimes alleged is an assumption. Choice is fixed upon one individual rather than another, in consequence of the tenor of his political life, and his general qualifications. At least it is so in theory. At the north, especially, many a delegate never addresses his constituents, either orally or through the press. The endeavour to entangle the conscience of a representative with implied obligations, is a desperate resource of party : in fact it is only upon some vexed party question that, lashed by the newspaper press, the constituency thinks of the power of instruction at all. The mighty right is asleep while matters flow evenly. Men, then, leave their legislators to make their laws, as they do their judges to administer them. It is in fact the party press, under the control or influence of sinister and sometimes illegitimate influences, that meddles thus with the level course of constitu-

tional legislation. It is an old trick. Caligula used the *stylus* to despatch a refractory Senator.

In America, the prescribed qualifications for legislative service respect only age, residence, and citizenship. In England there is a property qualification, requiring a freehold of three hundred pounds a year for boroughs, and twice that sum for counties. In France, the payment of direct taxes, amounting to five hundred francs per annum, and the age of thirty years, constitutes eligibility to the chamber of deputies. The author of the essay before us, would reject the property qualification altogether; and *disqualify* all persons engaged in active pursuits. He also considers the age fixed in the French charter as sufficiently early for the commencement of a legislative career; although Fox and Pitt both entered the house of commons under their majority. Perhaps the highest benefit of aristocratical nomination, in England, has been to make parliament a school for the higher order of legislators. The production of two such statesmen and orators as we have named, would, at any rate, go far towards sanctioning the anomaly. Preliminary to this, however, is the general question, whether *any* qualifications should be prescribed by law.

“When men make laws, they are usually, perhaps always, in a fitter state of mind for discerning what qualifications are requisite for an office, than when they are engaged in considering the merits of actual candidates for it. In the heat of a personal contest the want of such qualifications may be neglected, although the parties who overlook the deficiency would feel, in the coolness of reflection, the paramount necessity of requiring them. It seems wise, therefore, at the outset, while the matter is merely an abstract question, and before any personal or party consideration can come into play, to fix on such qualifications as are at once highly desirable, and susceptible of being predetermined and enforced by enactment. On examination, it will be found that those qualifications which can be thus prescribed are necessarily very few. To be determined beforehand, they must admit of being precisely defined; and in order that they should be enforced, the possession of them must be accurately ascertainable, and (what is implied in that) not easy to be counterfeited. Age, sex, sanity of mind, and freedom from convicted guilt, and, perhaps we may add, freedom from the occupation of a trade or profession, appear to be circumstances of this class. The possession of any specified amount of property does not. A man may be rich one day and poor another, without any loss of fitness or ability to fill the office of representative; the possession of a specified amount of property cannot always be exactly ascertained, and the requirement of the law can be so readily evaded by the creation of a factitious ownership as to make it a nullity.

“The present qualification for a seat in the British house of commons is notoriously evaded, and has, probably, never kept half a dozen men out of parliament since it existed. If any have owed their exclusion to this cause, they have been just such as ought to have been admitted in preference to any other; such as were more scrupulously conscientious than the generality of their species. The regulation has, therefore, been positively injurious, in regard to any effect which it may have had in

sifting one description of men from another; while, in attempting that object, it has given rise to perjury, or to something approaching to it, and thus done what all restrictions which can be successfully evaded inevitably do, lowered public morality. When we first look at this requirement, it appears to have something whimsical on its surface. The legislators who imposed it seem to say to the electors, 'We have resolved that we will not suffer you to vote for any candidate who is not in possession of freehold property worth three hundred pounds per annum. To have a representative in parliament who had less than this amount of this particular description of property, would be highly injurious, and we therefore will not permit him to sit, although you should be imprudent enough to depute him. In other respects we think you competent to use your own discretion. We, consequently, do not prohibit you from delegating a gambler, a drunkard, a fool, a seducer of innocence, an uneducated, illiterate, or ignorant interloper, a liar, or a swindler. If you can make up your minds to choose representatives of this character, you are at liberty to do so, but we cannot entrust you with the perilous discretion of selecting a poor man, however virtuous or able: nor can we confide to you the dangerous privilege of fixing your choice on a man, however large his income may be, who possesses nothing but such evanescent property as leasehold estates, canals, railroads, public funds, manufactories, machinery, and ships. The danger which would arise from your choosing a virtuous and highly-gifted poor man, or the estimable owner of even immense personal property, so infinitely transcends that which would be the consequence of selecting the most abandoned profligate, that, while we permit you to follow your inclination in the latter case, we most rigorously prohibit you from exercising any option in the former.'

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"A law, disqualifying men from sitting in the legislative assembly, on account of possessing more than a certain amount of property, might be defended on better grounds than that which excludes individuals on account of their indigence. The possessors of extraordinary wealth have, in the first place, little sympathy with the great body of the people. Accustomed to command their gratifications, to have every thing presented to them almost as the wish for it rises in their minds, and to view their fellow-creatures as inferior beings, existing to contribute to their enjoyment, it is impossible for them to enter into the pains and pleasures of individuals hourly struggling in the world, some for a bare subsistence, and some for the preservation of their position in society.

"But not only have eminently rich men little sympathy with others, but they are deficient in another point—in habits of intellectual exertion and application to real business. Mental efforts are not made without inducements, and the easy manner in which the rich man's desires are gratified, leaves him bare of motives to overcome the *vis inertiae* of a luxurious condition. It is by no means needful, however, for the reasons already stated, to exclude by law either the poor or the rich, of any degree, from a seat in the legislature. No very poor man, it may be added, would be chosen in any circumstances, unless he were distinguished by remarkable qualities; and no very rich man would offer himself, under a proper system of representation, unless he were prepared to yield his time and attention to the duties of the office.

"Amongst the qualifications enumerated as legitimate subjects of predetermination by law, the only ones to which it seems necessary to advert more at length, are age and freedom from other occupation. It is of indisputable importance that a legislator should be of mature age, not-

withstanding the prevailing practice which implies the contrary. How, in the nature of the case, can a young man, however gifted with original abilities, and instructed and disciplined by education, understand those complicated and difficult questions which form the proper business to be submitted to the legislature? That depth of knowledge and solidity of judgment which are necessary for the full consideration and discreet determination of such questions, can be the result of nothing but the thought and experience of years. It is easy for a young man to catch the popular doctrines of the day, and expound them with force and eloquence; but it is not in the range of possibility that he should make the subjects fully his own, understand all their bearings, see all their consequences, and be completely aware of the modifications which may be requisite to adapt them to use. In legislation, as in other arts, there is a tact, a nicety of judgment, an intuitive apprehension of the relations of things, a wisdom which age indeed does not always bring, but which age alone can bestow. If the period of maturity for the legislative office were fixed, by law, much higher than what we have been accustomed to see in the practice of this country, great advantage would result from the exclusion of men of un-ripe minds, who now occupy seats which ought to be filled with senators prepared for the office by a long course of study and reflection."

It is but just to add the author's argument upon the remaining qualification, although, as we have already had occasion to remark, it can be of no practical application in the United States, so long as this nation retains her present system of laws, and the forms of opinion consequent upon it.

"But there is a qualification of even still greater importance than maturity of years; and that is, freedom from all other serious or momentous occupation—a qualification hitherto completely neglected. In common life, we should never dream for a moment of entrusting any affairs, which required incessant attention, much research after knowledge, and much thought, to a man whose time and mind were already fully occupied with other matters. And yet what private affairs are there that demand more time, research, and thought, than the business of legislation?"

"It is true, that, as hitherto conducted, a casual attention to it has enabled the legislator to escape without any high degree of blame; and it may possibly be contended, that, provided a small number of the members of the legislature devote themselves to the work, the rest will be of as much service as can be required, if they give the nation the benefit of their judgment on what others devise; which may be accomplished by clever men, although the chief part of their time is devoted to the labours of a profession. A delusive representation of this kind would hardly need exposure, had not it been recently insisted on in a quarter entitled at least to the deference of refutation.

"A slight consideration will suffice to show that every member of the legislative assembly ought to be an effective one, and devote to its business the principal share of his time and attention.

"All experience proves, that a numerous legislative assembly is an evil: the smaller the number of members, if they can do the work, the better; and, to obtain this advantage, it is essential that every member should attend during the appointed hours of meeting, and take an active and efficient part in the business. To give any individual the power of absenting himself habitually, occasions the necessity of an addition to the number of members otherwise sufficient. But this is not the most

pernicious effect. Unless he is present during the whole of the sittings, he can be no competent judge of the questions which he has to decide; and the chances are that his vote will do mischief, inasmuch as it must be given in a state of ignorance and misapprehension. Is it in the faintest degree conceivable, that the most gifted individual, after having been exhausted by the labours of a profession, after having had his faculties jaded or perplexed by the intricacies of the law, or by the calculations and anxieties of commerce, can be in a condition of mind fitted to take an adequately cool, keen, and comprehensive survey of a momentous political question, to weigh the evidence conflicting and multifarious, and to estimate all the circumstances which ought to enter into the determination.

"To have a great number of members who cannot or will not take a fair share of the business of the assembly, merely that they may drop in at the close of a debate to dispose of questions by an aye or no—questions which they thus cannot be in a proper intellectual condition to decide—seems an expedient to determine that by a mob, which ought to be determined by a senate; to fling to chance or caprice or prejudice what ought to be entrusted to careful and mature deliberation. It is no wonder, that, under a system admitting of such practices, the constituent bodies have fancied it to be their business to instruct those whom they depute. Such practices, in fact, take away all force from the arguments adduced to show that instructions are inappropriate and injurious.

"If the most thoughtless mind will dwell a few moments on the subject, it cannot fail to perceive both the importance and the difficulty of the task which the legislator undertakes. Its importance needs no illustration. Powerless as government is to create happiness, there is scarcely a day in our lives, the enjoyments of which are not affected by the acts of the legislative assembly, and which may not be embittered by one of its heedless errors. The difficulty of the task is not less than the importance. Political science is perhaps that department of intellectual exertion, which requires the greatest powers of mind, and the intensest application. Its facts are multifarious and complicated, often anomalous and contradictory, and demanding the guidance of clear principles: its principles are many of them abstruse, and to be developed only by long and close processes of reasoning; and the application of these principles requires the sagacity of quick observation and long experience. The whole business calls for that familiarity of mind with the subject which can be the result of nothing but habitual daily devotion to it.

"In making laws, too, not only is there a demand for powers of mind to cope with the disorder and complication of facts, and the abstruseness of reasoning, but there ought to be also a complete mastery of language, that nice and delicate instrument of thought and communication, by the clumsy handling of which so much confusion and uncertainty is yearly produced in legislative enactments. Every word in a law is of importance; every sentence ought to exhibit that perfectness of expression, which is to be looked for only from the skill and caution of undistracted minds. Well might Bentham observe, that the words of the law ought to be weighed like diamonds.

"Is this, then, a matter to be dealt with by an exhausted professional man in what should be his hours of recreation? Can such a one be competent to a task hard enough for the mind which comes to it every day with all its vigour fresh, all its perspicacity undimmed, its spirit of activity unworn, and its feelings of interest unabsorbed? Is the refuse

of an individual's time and abilities what a people are to be content with from a representative to whom they confide the determination of measures, in which their prosperity is deeply implicated? Is this sufficient for governing the destinies of a great nation? And why should the electors place such men in parliament? Why should they choose individuals, whose time is avowedly and unavoidably engrossed by their private pursuits? And why, above all, should they prefer men so occupied to those who are entirely at leisure, and who, in a country like this, are every where to be found?"

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"In carrying such a disqualification into effect (and of the judiciousness of doing it *by law* we would be understood to speak with some diffidence, from a dread of superfluous legislation), the range of selection left to the constituent body would doubtless be narrowed; but it is of little avail to have the power of choosing public servants who have not time to perform their duties; and the range of choice might be expanded again, by the obvious expedient of annexing a salary to the office of representative. In truth, this expedient seems to be required at all events, in order to secure the services of the ablest men, and to give the greatest intensity to the motives which impel the mind of the legislator to apply itself to the difficulties of the task, as well as to enhance the vigilance of the constituent body, by teaching them the value of his services, and of their own suffrages, in a way which the duller amongst them can understand. Under such an arrangement, men of energetic and comprehensive minds, trained to vigorous personal and intellectual exertion, but who are obliged to devote themselves to pursuits yielding a profitable return, and are consequently at present either excluded from the legislature, or are mere ciphers in it, would be, with all their faculties, at the command of the public. Men of this description, so gifted, and so placed above private cares, would be invaluable: for, instead of giving that lazy, gentlemanly attention to public questions, which, in their own apprehension at least, is all that can be reasonably expected from unpaid representatives living in luxurious opulence; or that casual and intermittent, and brief attendance on their duties, which is all that professional practitioners can bestow, they would make their legislative functions the business of their lives. Strenuous intellectual exertion, except in the case of a few extraordinary minds to which it is a pleasure, as severe corporeal exercise is to a man of great muscular strength, is irksome, and seldom habitually undertaken without a powerful external motive. It is surely policy in a nation to furnish this motive for due application to national affairs.

"To set against these advantages there appears to be nothing but the expense. On the most liberal calculation, less than half a million sterling would effect the object; and every one must own that this would be mere dust in the balance, when placed against the benefits to be derived from substituting masterly legislation for the deplorable work which has too often passed under that name.

"Another qualification has been prescribed by the constitution of the United States of America, namely, that the representatives should be resident in the state for which they are elected. This is doubtless a desirable qualification, but scarcely of that clear and decisive benefit which calls for the aid of an enactment. In America, where every state forms a sort of independent political body, and might, in extreme cases, detach itself from the confederacy, and is capable from its magnitude of erecting itself into a separate republic, there is more reason for such a regulation than there could possibly be in our own country. With us, a

restriction of this nature would limit the choice of the electors, without any adequate counter benefit, and would be attended indeed with a peculiar sacrifice of advantage. Many of our distinguished characters, although of provincial origin, reside in the metropolis, and would thus be precluded from all chance of a seat. Nor would such a restriction be needful for the purpose of securing a due attention to the local interests of the places represented. On the plan of district legislatures, the possession of local knowledge would be no longer necessary in members of the national legislature. The representatives deputed to the supreme assembly would then have to deal solely with questions of general interest and importance, and might be chosen from the pre-eminent men of the whole empire wherever they are to be found."

The recommendation in the foregoing extract, that a salary should be attached to the office of legislator, and that, like other public servants, he should be paid for his time and labour, (a recommendation which, to Americans, seems very natural,) is in strong contrast with the ridicule which Captain Hall saw fit to bestow upon the stipend allotted to the law-makers of the United States. If we rightly recollect, the captain intimated an opinion, that our legislation was dear at eight dollars a day. That sum would certainly be a cheap reward for similar services abroad, if the expenses of an active canvass be considered. It would melt rapidly at Crockford's, or Newmarket. The practice of paying members of parliament has, however, old example for it. We have not authority for the sum, but no less a person than Andrew Marvel is on record, as having fingered his *per diem and mileage*, in the reign of Henry VIII. Such a conservative as the gallant captain ought to admit the value of the precedent. A single word, too, upon the residence provisions, in the United States, to the same class of objectors. We are primitive enough to imagine that there ought to be a close identity of interest between the representative and the constituent; and while we deny the right of special instruction, we believe that this identity is best effected by, what a witty gentlewoman once told us was the origin of most matrimonial alliances,—*proximity and juxta-position*.

A clever writer has said that "there is no greater political fallacy than that which attempts to secure the good of the whole without securing the good of the parts." We fully believe that the good of the parts, and through them the good of the whole, may best be secured by allowing each part a distinct and precise place in the general council, and representing it by those whose habits and feelings are incorporated with its own. The unequal constituencies of Great Britain may alter the argument there. A handful of voters might not be able to find a fit representative among them, and this no doubt was the reason that for so many years the statute of Henry V. requiring actual residence was openly set at nought, and was even declared by t

King's Bench while it was still unrepealed, "unfit to be observed." The enforcement of it, so far as boroughmongery was concerned, would itself have been a radical reform. But the judges had not the courage to do it; they talked (or others for them) of a *principle of desuetude*, as if such a principle could be tolerated for an instant when the enforcement of an act of parliament was in question. Nothing was heard of any such principle when wager of battle was offered, for the first time for two centuries, under an older provision. Parliament took a safer course, and notwithstanding the residence act was not observed, and was "not fit to be observed," they repealed it the 14th of George III. When travellers, therefore, compare England and America, they ought to advert to what the principles of representation and the relations between the parties to it were when England herself was in a more primitive state of society. The opposers of reform—the *laudatores temporis acti*—ought at least to allow us to begin (as we are comparatively in the first stage of national progress) with the simplicity of ancient times to which they profess to adhere, or from which they have only gradually wandered. Even the suffrage was as unlimited in England, in the time of Henry VIII., as it now is with us. A paltry freehold of forty shillings was not demanded until the eighth year of that prince, and the English parliament rested where, say what we may, and argue as we can, all representative governments must rest, upon a broad popular foundation.

———"curæque, laborque
Pervigil, hanc requiem terris, hæc otia rebus
Insuperata dabant. Illæ tibi, Roma salutem
Angustæ peperere casæ."

This brings us to the proper constitution of the electoral body, and to the consideration of its composition and extent. The necessity of a property qualification, in the present state of education, as affording, though imperfect, yet the best evidence, or rather, the best *probability*, of fitness for the exercise of the franchise, is strongly put by Mr. Foster. He looks, it is true, upon universal suffrage as the only sure method of securing the purity of elections, but it must be the universal suffrage of an enlightened people, not of a nation whose numerical strength would overbalance its intelligence.

"In order that the influence of the electoral body on the legislature may be at the highest point of beneficialness, two qualifications ought to be combined in the electors in the highest possible degree which circumstances will admit; namely, intelligence, and freedom from partial interests. The more enlightened the electors are, the more capable will

they be of properly performing their duty of selection and supervision: the freer they are from partial interests, the more certainly will their intelligence be applied as it ought to be for the general welfare.

"In a country in which the inhabitants were thoroughly enlightened (if we may be permitted for the sake of illustration to make use of so vague a phrase), there could be no reason why the elective franchise should not be universal. It unfortunately happens, however, that in all countries, or almost all countries, the great bulk of the population are in a state, which can scarcely be calumniated by terming it intellectual darkness.

"When this is the case, the formation of the electoral body is a problem of no small difficulty. To make the franchise universal would subject the legislature to the control of ignorance, and lower the character of its enactments, to the injury of the common good: on the other hand, to limit the franchise to a part of the community, would enhance the danger to be apprehended from the prevalence of partial interests. The demand for intelligence in the electoral body, and the demand for numerical magnitude, are antagonist principles: one can be answered only at the expense of the other.

"The only thing which can be done in this dilemma is to effect a compromise between them; and the nature of this compromise must be determined, in every community where the question comes to be practically considered, by the character and condition of the people.

"Although, however, no general conclusion can be drawn as to the extent and composition of the electoral body, yet certain principles may be laid down to assist those who may have at any time to take the matter into practical consideration. This assistance we shall endeavour to render.

"In every country, then, in which the intellectual condition of the mass of the people will not admit of universal suffrage, the object to be proposed is the formation of an electoral body, the members of which shall at once be superior in knowledge to the mass of the people, possess an interest in legislative enactments and acts of administration identical for the most part with that of the whole community, and be placed by their numerousness (with the aid of suitable regulations) beyond the reach of bribery and intimidation."

* * * * *

"It remains to consider how far the possession of property is a criterion of knowledge. We must admit at once that it is a very inexact criterion, and, in regard to some classes, no criterion at all.

"It is not true that knowledge is in proportion to wealth. A man of £50,000 a year would probably be found less intelligent and capable of discrimination than a man of one thousand. Great wealth relaxes the motives to exertion, and efficient knowledge is not to be attained without labour. Place a man in boundless affluence, and (to use a phrase of a masterly writer) you shelter and weather-fend him from the elements of experience.

"When, however, we descend lower in the scale we find a different result. People who are raised above the necessity of manual toil can afford to cultivate their minds, and have time and motives for giving some attention to the acquisition of knowledge. One of the first effects of wealth on those who acquire it, is a desire to bestow a liberal education on their children, which of itself tends to maintain a superiority on the side of the rich. Knowledge, like many other things, is an article not readily acquired without pecuniary expense, nor yet without leisure;

and as a general rule, those who can afford to make the necessary outlay of time and money will have the greatest quantity of the commodity. Thus, people of two hundred a year will be found on the average to possess more extensive knowledge than people of fifty pounds a year, and the possessors of two thousand more than those of two hundred. Numerous exceptions to this rule will present themselves; but it is sufficient that it prevails on the whole, and affords the best criterion which we can obtain. If it holds on the whole, it will be practically useful.

"In order then to combine the two requisites of identity of interests with those of the nation at large, and adequate knowledge, the electoral body must be in the first place numerous, and in the second place possessed individually of a certain amount of property. No precise general principles can be laid down on either of these points,—either as to the number or as to the property required. The determination of both, in every particular instance, must greatly depend on the peculiar condition of the people, in regard to knowledge, agriculture, commerce, and wealth. Something would depend on established habits, and something on other municipal regulations."

We dare not say that in the United States we have untied the knot which has so much puzzled foreign philosophy—but we have at least cut it. The day is past for arguing the question of universal suffrage on this side the Atlantic. The franchise is "as broad and general as the casing air." All the powers of legislation cannot suffice to wrench it from the meanest citizen. But legislation has its task for all that, and that task is to prepare the general mind for its office, and to teach the use of the implement it has with so little caution confided. Where every man is to decide upon political questions, every man must be taught political truths. A wider and more comprehensive system of education is all that can secure this country from false theories of government, and wretched delusions with regard to the extent of popular power. The influx of foreign ignorance and vice must be checked before it sweeps up to the polls, carrying away all the barriers which the constitution of the country and the right influence of native opinion have placed there to save them from desecration. Science has yet much to do for the universal mind of this great nation, not only to elevate its destinies but to preserve it from contamination.

The author of the essay goes, however, in one point of view, a step farther towards universal suffrage than any practical legislator has yet ventured to do. He asserts the right of women to participate in the elective franchise: at least, he would extend it to single women and widows having independent possessions. The following is the sum of his argument:

"The limitation of the elective franchise by sex, is a more difficult subject, and surrounded with a host of prejudices; but it surely ought

to be decided by the same principles as any other restriction, and not by blind prepossessions and tyrannical prescription. The legitimate object of all government—namely, the happiness of the community—comprehends alike male and female, as alike susceptible of pain and pleasure; and the principle, that power will be uniformly exercised for the good of the parties subject to it only when it is under their control, or the control of persons who have an identity of interests with themselves, is equally applicable in the case of both sexes. The exclusion of the female sex from the electoral privilege can therefore be consistently contended for only by showing two things; first, that their interests are so closely allied with those of the male sex, and allied in such a manner as to render the two nearly identical; secondly, that the female sex are incompetent, from want of intelligence, to make a choice for their own good, and that on this account it would be to the advantage of the community, on the whole, to leave the selection of representatives to the stronger part of the human race, the disadvantages arising from any want of perfect identity of interests being more than compensated by the advantages of that superior discernment which the male sex would bring to the task. Let us examine, for a moment, the force of these allegations. The interests of the female sex are so far from being identified with those of the male sex, that the latter half of the human species have almost universally used their power to oppress the former. By the present regulations of society, men wield over women, to a certain extent, irresponsible power; and one of the fundamental maxims on which representative government is founded is, that irresponsible power will be abused. The case before us presents no exception: the power of man over woman is constantly misemployed; and it may be doubted whether the relation of the sexes to each other will ever be placed on a just and proper footing, until they both have their share of control over the enactments of the legislature. If none of these regulations applied specifically to women as women, and to men as men, and to the circumstances arising from their peculiar connection with each other, their interests might, perhaps, be considered as identified; but in the actual relative position in which, by nature, the sexes stand, and must always remain, as two parties marked by peculiar and indelible differences, separate interests cannot fail to grow up between them, and numerous laws must be directed to the regulation of their respective rights and duties. If the enactment of these laws concerning two parties who have distinct interests is solely under the control of one party, we know the consequence.

"There is no truth, then, in the argument, that the interests of the female sex in the regulations of the state are identified with those of the male; and even if the allegation were true, it would furnish no reason for excluding women from the elective franchise, unless it could be shown, that, from their general want of intelligence, they are incapable of making a good choice, or that (it may be added) they labour under some other disqualification. If it were alleged, that, inasmuch as all persons who inhabit houses at the rent of ten pounds a year have an identity of interests in political affairs, one half may be excluded from the elective franchise without infringing the true principles of representation, it would be quite as sound an inference, as that women ought to be excluded because their interests are the same as those of men. There must be not only proof of an identity of interests, but also a specific ground of exclusion from the privilege to be exercised.

"The specific ground urged in the case of women, is incompetency from ignorance—the same ground which is urged in the case of the

poorer classes of the community. It cannot, however, be urged with the same justice. Though the female sex may be allowed, in all existing societies, to be on the whole inferior in intelligence to the men, yet the higher classes of females are superior in this respect to the lower classes of the males. Women, for instance, possessing five hundred a year, are generally superior in information to men of fifty pounds a year, although, perhaps, not equal to men of five hundred. If this is a true statement, the obvious expedient is, not to exclude women, but to place their pecuniary qualification higher. Even the necessity of such a higher qualification may be doubted, inasmuch as in that peculiar intelligence which is requisite for a judicious choice of persons to fill public offices, females are in some respects greater proficient than men of the same station. Female tact, in the discrimination of at least certain qualities of character, is universally admitted; and it can scarcely be questioned, that such coadjutors would be highly useful in the selection of representatives, were their minds fully brought to bear on the merits of the candidates by their having a voice in the decision. With regard to any other disqualification under which the female sex may labour, if any exists, it has not hitherto been brought into discussion. The inconsistency of the exercise of a valuable political privilege with female delicacy, will scarcely be alleged. Were a proper method of taking votes adopted, and such other appropriate measures employed as will be hereafter suggested when treating on the subject, to disencumber elections of what at present renders them scenes of rudeness and riot, the exercise of the elective franchise would be compatible with the most scrupulous refinement of feelings and habits."

Without saying one single word about the right insisted upon above, we wholly question the expediency of offering to any portion of the female sex the smallest inducement to forget the private offices and domestic duties of life, or to become parties to political strife. The vexations of an incessant canvass are sufficiently tormenting, meeting them as we do at every turn in the pathway of active life, without introducing them into the one safe retreat, from which the refinement of modern times has seen fit to exclude them. Women are unsexed by mingling in the hot and virulent pursuits of men. Their tender natures more easily take a taint, as the sharpest vinegar is made from the sweetest wine. There is a fine meaning under the allegory which represents the Amazons as unable to wield a manly weapon until they had mutilated their choicest and most distinguishing beauty. Let it not be said that this is fanciful and over-refined. The sphere which woman fills, is one into which she has settled by universal consent, after many weary centuries of slavery, indignity, and neglect. That licentious era, during which distinguished females participated in the intrigues of a corrupt and witty court, scarce retained the shadow of a domestic virtue to purify its annals. It degraded the dignity of the sex as much as it sophisticated their manners and undermined their morals. We cannot, moreover, appreciate the

argument which would bring female influence into the turmoil of an election contest, and yet deny to individuals of that sex, capability to fill offices of trust and honour. If a spinster may vote for legislators, why may she not put on the white robe of a candidate for office, or claim to "set a squadron in the field," Penthesilea-fashion, with succinct garment and loosened zone; or in the guise of a cavalry officer, like that other heroine,

———"Volsca de gente Camilla,
Agmen agens equitum, et florentes aëre catervas,"

find glory or the grave in a dashing charge. Penelope or Cornelia, in the sanctuary of their homes, are better models for modern imitation than heroines or *intrigantes*,—Marfisa or De Chevreuse. The influence of an American woman is in the vicinity of her household gods,—the *domus et placens uxor* are as appropriately united in reality as they are in poetry. The argument presented by our author, that there is not a sufficient identity of interest between the sexes to ensure to the weaker those rights which the stronger secure to themselves, were the objection well founded, should suggest a better remedy than that of a distribution of the franchise, the direct effect of which would be, to create a new and frightful party distinction, and to bury all the harmonies of society in hopeless ruin. Party names now are evanescent, scarce cicatrizing, as they touch, the surface of life; but once establish them, upon the grand radical difference of sex, and a wound reaches the heart which no surgery can mitigate. The vocabulary of passion has no term, as the sciolism of politics would have no cure for it. Poets have imagined a female republic, but it has always risen by the sword, and men did task-work in it. The dreams of romance itself have never shadowed out of the relations of the sexes, a co-ordinate or partnership rule, much less "a kingdom divided against itself," by such anomalous differences as their opposition would produce. Fiction and truth alike revolt at such rebellion against nature.

We lose our patience when practical men forsake the labour which lies under their very ploughshare to tamper with dangerous problems and to peril the hopes of mankind upon riddles. We have no quarrel with the hybrids of ancient times—the Philistine Dagon, or the Phœnician Dercete; they had a meaning under their incongruous forms. The mythology of the pagan world is a monument of the immortality of mind. Its dark and corrupt old fables, like the toad's head, have gems in them. Neither would we have laughed, though Horace and the Pisos might, at the monster of the painter, with its union of fish, flesh and fowl, its fantastic plumage, its medley of bor-

rowed limbs,—*collatis undique membris*,—and all the absurdities of its brute-humanity. It might serve, as its description did, to point a moral; it might be a sport of the painter's imagination, or a trial of his skill. We can forgive the whole race of female centaurs, from Hylonome to Mrs. Thornton, and the whole progeny of huntresses, from Dictynna to Di Vernon. But we loath political androgyny, with all its preachers and proselytes. The former are, for the most part, deceived or designing men, the latter bold, bad women—Spartans on the forehead, and Sybarites at the heart. We can divine no readier method for the destruction of the female character, and the total uprooting of the best and softest qualities of that sex, than to make it a party to the engrossing and degrading struggles of an election; and so general has been this opinion, that few women have claimed to participate in political power, save those who had previously forfeited all claim to purity and honour. While such persons were the sole advocates of the miscalled "rights of women," we had nothing to say. Their life confuted their doctrines. The space devoted to the topic here, is a tribute to the respectability of the new advocate of a modern fallacy. A philosopher like Mr. Foster should have avoided the heresies of Mary Wollstoncraft.

We are sensible that we have not done full justice to the essay before us, but we have employed it as seemed to ourselves most profitable—to illustrate certain familiar topics rather than to present an elaborate system of doctrines. Having used it desultorily, we shall take our leave of it abruptly, with two or three words of historical reminiscence.

Previously to the 49th year of Henry III., the lords, spiritual and temporal, as well as all tenants *in capite*, attended, or had the right to attend, parliament *en masse*. The precept in that year, commanding the sheriff to return two knights for the body of their county, and two burgesses for every city and borough contained in it, was at the foundation of the present constitution of parliament. Even then, what with the neglect of the sheriffs, what with the supineness of the electors, many boroughs omitted to perform their duty, and finally lost their right, by prescription. On the other hand, places once prosperous have, through every stage of their subsequent decay, adhered to their original privilege. Hence that anomalous system by which important cities, formerly insignificant, remain, or until recently remained, unrepresented, while hamlets in the last stage of declension send two members to parliament.¹ The

¹ The system of *town* representation, on this very principle, still prevails in Connecticut. The old towns send each *two* representatives to the legislature without reference to their population. A new town,

poverty of the constituency in the earlier stages of representation, frequently induced them to solicit a charter of relief from the onerous obligation of sending members, while the same reason sometimes caused a burgess or a knight to decline the expensive honour of carrying the grievances of his city or his shire up to London. And no wonder, for at that period, and for a century and a half longer, the representatives of the commons of England had not even the honour to register their master's edicts. The form of proceeding in parliament was by petition, in which the king acted to grant or to refuse, and the statute was never engrossed until after the prorogation, when it saw the light with vastly more of the privy council than of the house of commons about it. In other words, it was a royal ordinance in the disguise of a popular enactment. This drove the lieges to their *bill*, a sturdy creature of parchment, which royalty might frown upon and repudiate, but could not tamper with. Yet so frail and feeble was popular will, even with this new aid, that the most servile parliaments ever assembled, perhaps, were those of the very next reign, unless we except that company of slaves that gave, by solemn enactment, the force of laws to the proclamations of the mean and brutal Henry VIII. In the reign of Elizabeth, frightened, probably, by Wentworth's imprisonment for asserting the freedom of speech, and the liberties of an English subject, the commons again resorted to petition, although a bill was before them intended to effect the very end at which the petition was aimed. For forty-five years that proud woman domineered, at her will, over the very name of liberty. The last of the Tudors was as thorough a tyrant as the first. Not one of the race (Edward VI. may, in some sort, be an exception) ever yielded an inch to the people, through fear or favour.

The first James attempted to cheat his parliament; the first Charles undertook to bully his. Had they succeeded, the Scottish dynasty might have quenched the new light of liberty instead of kindling it. Not succeeding, they but exposed themselves. The first of the Stuarts, notwithstanding the sagacity of his king-craft and the fertility of his expedients, was generally a bankrupt, or a robber by prerogative. His predecessors had been refused supplies thrice in six hundred years—he was refused as often in a single session. What the second and sterner, and mayhap honester of the race brought upon himself,

(generally composed of a fraction of an old one, most frequently a parochial division,) being a creature of the legislature, is allowed but one. If a Connecticut town could decay to the minimum point of an English borough, like an English borough it would retain its right to be represented. "*Quis tulerit,*" &c.

we all know. He read a lesson which Louis XVI. read after him—the lesson which subjects teach those kings who chance to stand at the end of an old era, and who will not, cannot, or dare not, steadily and steadfastly contemplate the beginning of a new one—who gaze on a mirror instead of looking through a telescope. Cromwell in his turn taught the commons one thing—that they could change dynasties. It was what he was sent to teach. He broke the charm of divine right with his iron mace, and it has lacked potency ever since. What he did for freedom, England has legitimated by her subsequent acts; what against it, imported nothing—the usurper writes his titles in the dust of an old edifice, but he sculptures his fame on the granite of a new one. Had a monarch made wise by adversity followed him to clinch that paradox of the parasite Claudian,

—“*Nunquam libertas gratior exstat
Quam sub rege pio,*”

there would have been a bloodier battle in 1690 than that of the Boyne, and it would have been fought upon another field. But the new Stuart led his mad orgies, his minions, and his “tipsy Bacchanals,” over the memories of recent slaughter. He insulted his father’s enemies whom he should have conciliated, and what was worse, he forgot his father’s friends whom he should have cherished. He sold England to buy a jest-book. He was the only sovereign his country has ever seen, who in every act and passage of his reign, perverted or degraded all the ends and uses of sovereignty, and prostituted the very name of king. Could he and his dark brother have changed places, the chain might have been riveted, and the enthusiasm which a restored monarch inspired, would have bound it on perhaps for a century. But Charles came first (let the well-wishers of human kind thank God for it), and tore off the robe from royalty. When his successor followed, there was nothing to conceal the fetters withal. The very populace heard their clanking. Then came the triumph of a representative government, and the true greatness of an English parliament. The problem of constitutional government was solved. The body that made the Prince of Orange king, might have made him protector, or found a king in the heart of old Castile. Cromwell founded his authority upon the old and bad example of a military election—the Prince of Orange did better; he sought a constitutional process and a popular sanction. His friends made the one, and he formed the other. The first revolution began with the heart and scarcely reached the head

—the second reversed the progress, though the Jacobites of the year forty-five can witness that it was a slow one. Years of blood and misrule terminated at length in a new theory of government, and parliament at last conducted public affairs by the simple calculation of the majority.

And thence, from that point where our great mother arrived, after centuries of strife, we have commenced our own career, perhaps in its turn to lead through storm and sorrow to some new discovery in the science of human government. We work for futurity. Each man who combines or creates, although in the lowest department of knowledge, lends a seed of truth to the great hereafter, which, though buried now, may fructify in a distant age, perhaps, (for who will measure the possibility of communicated power which man may hope for from heaven)—perhaps in some distant planet. Systems of government are experiments by man for the subjugation of his own passions, and for the happiness of universal nature. Who shall comprehend or limit the means which Deity in its wisdom has reserved to compass such mighty ends? The man who, surveying the past, can see the hosts of dead errors, “whose corpses lie in the wilderness,”—errors which, in their day, and that day no short one, have desolated and defiled the earth,—will look forward with a new faith in the prognostics of philosophy, and the promises of the gospel. We believe in the advancing progress of man,—in the amelioration of his moral nature; in the expansion of his intellectual powers; in the daily enhancement of his political discoveries, because by no other means can faith or reason, the sacred hopes of the heart, or the high-reaching thoughts of the intellect, solve the riddle of his existence. The politics of the feudal age imprisoned power in baronial castles, as its morals did knowledge within the walls of monasteries. But power and knowledge, like pent up streams escaping from their barriers, though their first rush was in a torrent, confusing, in its uproar, and devastating by its force, are at length calmly overflowing the broad levels of the world, and fertilizing its neglected wastes. The snows are melting on the mountains; the mighty Nile has reached its first water-mark. Feudalism is dead with its equipage of oppression,—bigotry is dying with its mask and dagger. The people are too strong for the one, and too wise for the other. They have essayed a great paradox, and gained dominion by dividing it. The source of power has descended, but its participators are multiplied. Commerce and the arts have been busy distributors, and the press has divulged the secret. While the one conferred authority on the many, the other taught them how to use it. The

invention of gunpowder scattered the ancient elements of society,—the application of steam to locomotion is fast re-uniting them, under a new form. Old Opinion has newly

“ ————— imp’d her wings
With feathers plum’d with thought,”

and Reason, long asleep, and Science, long obscured, and Revelation, long perverted, are adding clearness to her vision and strength to her flight. Above the darkness of the past, through the obscurity of the present, the halcyon of happy augury sings steadily and strongly her prophecy of the future :

“ Adspice convexo nutantem pondere mundum,
Terrasque tractusque maris, cælumque profundum ;
Adspice venturo lætentur ut omnia sæclo.”

ART. IX.—*Miscellanies*. By HARRIET MARTINEAU. In two volumes. Boston : 1836.

A comprehension of the principle of social responsibility is the great and rare merit of Miss Martineau's writings, re-appearing every where in them, and always bringing with it an eloquence of humanity which rejoices the heart. It is this which gives the glowing spirit to the essays on Sir Walter Scott, at the commencement of the first volume. This, also, gives their beauty to the Sabbath Musings, which, in their expression of this principle and feeling, stand quite alone and peculiar among devotional papers. The conception, in the first of these musings of the mountain meditations of Jesus Christ, which is one of the worthiest tributes the human heart has paid to its Saviour ; the elevating views, in the last of them, of the moral influences of love and marriage on the social character, together with the comparison of the effect of merely natural exercises of the social duties, in common relations, with the effect of the solitary devotion of the hermit, are all made *living* by this sentiment. In no place, in these volumes, however, does she do herself more justice, than in the noble essay on Moral Independence. Here she shows how sympathy with man must keep in strict correspondence to “sympathy with God,” as

she very felicitously calls the love of truth. Though the object of this essay is mainly to set forth the duty of "Godward sympathy," she shows that it should not be separated, in our language or thoughts, from sympathy with that which is "equally real and unseen; with the thoughts and feelings of our fellow beings;" and, finally, she sums the whole matter up in the following beautiful picture, which embodies, we suppose, her ideal of a Christian:—

"Can we not conceive of one who lives in freedom, transparent in character, simple in manners, strenuous in action, while living in intense repose; with a telescopic view of principles, and a microscopic observation of sympathies; planting his foot fearlessly in the highest regions of storm, and welcoming the faintest breath of love which wanders through the low places of life; having no concealments but of his solitary troubles; resenting no offences except inroads upon human rights; conscious of no fears but such as every hour is overcoming; of no desires but such as each moment is fulfilling; rejoicing wherever rejoicing is; never weeping but with those who have cause to weep; laying hold upon nothing but truth; possessing nothing but life; awed before the faintest presence of holiness on earth; awed by nothing but holiness in heaven?"

For the first time, since the period of recorded history, is the great principle of social responsibility receiving that development in literature, science, and political events, which proves it to be a great element in the spirit of the times. Hitherto the malignant error, "might makes right," has not only sapped the vital roots of national happiness, in every region of the globe, but has cast its giant shadow, if we may be allowed to change the figure, beyond the limits of this earthly orb, and eclipsed, to mortal eyes, the sun of the spiritual universe. For it is well known, that God himself has been so apprehended, through the cannon-smoke of selfish strife, that his throne has been believed to be founded in an inexorable power, quite independent of moral obligation. And that, for the purpose of explaining this false theology, first-rate genius has turned away from the subjects of thought, which, morally speaking, should press first on the attention of a social being like man, whose happiness is inwrought with the social system.

That the principle of social responsibility is struggling for expression, in political events, is evident from the revolutions in Europe and America; the reform of the English Parliament; the struggles of Ireland for equality with England; of the Greeks for independence on the sultan; of the Poles for freedom from Russian tyranny. Jacobinism, Radicalism, Owenism, St. Simonism, are but the false colours which the painted windows of the Gothic architecture of society throw over different individuals who are imprisoned in its stone-cold customs.

But light is shining, or there would not even be these colours; and there is hope mingled with the regret with which an impartial spectator looks upon the varying partizans who can see things only in one light—a hope that the idea may come to all, to go out under the broad sky, and behold the harmony of all the rays, and survey the face of the world in that white light.

The science of political economy, also, is the expression, nay, the creation, of this principle of social responsibility; and the idea of it will never die, although the form it may wear be reduced to ashes many times; even as the body of the phoenix, ever and anon, is consumed by the progressive fervour of its immortal life, which constantly requires a fresh and finer embodiment. In this science, Miss Martineau has come upon the world as a teacher—not that she pretends to have discovered any new principles, but that she has shown a wonderful power of illustrating the views of a certain class of political economists in a new form, and of placing the science itself on a moral ground.

We do not happen to agree with Miss Martineau in all her principles of political economy. With one of them, we would make open war.

But we cannot be insensible to the wonderful talent she has shown, in her series of illustrations: to the glow of moral life and beauty she has shed over those sad tales, which show the baneful effect of human errors in legislation; and to the strong-voiced and deeply-breathing humanity which pervades them all. If our object were to speak of these beautiful tales, we should have much to say. As works of art, they far surpass the two volumes of essays which are before us. But the latter, also, have several articles on political economy, taken up in a general point of view. In the essay on "Theology, Politics, and Literature," she presents a striking view of the claims of her favourite science, upon the student, by giving a very broad definition to the word politics, which we should ever keep in mind is hers,—in order to do justice to her,—however little we may be inclined to adopt it as our own. Also, in her essay on the duty of studying political economy, (a review of an American work upon the subject), she certainly proves that every man, who *votes in a community*, ought to understand what is to be known of this new science.

Following out Miss Martineau's principle, however, that "every man has a right to apply his capital" (in which, surely, his mind and time must be included), "as he pleases," many individuals will dispute her assertion, that no one has a right to be a member of a community, who does not choose to make himself master of political economy. Michael Angelo would leave society his debtor, even if he should come again, and do only as he did before, when no such science as political

economy was named among men. When riding this hobby, Miss Martineau sometimes forgets her liberality, if not her justice and kind-heartedness. The sneer upon Mr. Sadler, in the essay just spoken of, whatever may be his folly or wisdom, might be retorted upon Miss Martineau, with quite as much *logic*. There are many that think *she* "has a degree of influence, to which *her* qualifications do not entitle *her*, and which cannot long be maintained:" but there would be as little reasoning as good feeling in saying this, in reply to any of her arguments.

We think Miss Martineau is right in making political economy a branch of moral science. But when it is still more thoroughly felt, that the true science is but the application of the golden rule and law of love to the relations of the government and governed, writers will not be condemned, as devoid of understanding,—if, because an exception has been created in an isolated spot of earth, by a series of absurd laws, operating as a bounty on a species of population that goes back to no unsophisticated impulse as its origin,—they yet do not give up, as a first principle, a divine law which is ultimately found in nothing less than the true action of the unselfish and chaste soul. The question of population is too much complicated, at present, with party interests and by party prejudices, to admit of any satisfactory practical solution; but there are those who feel, that they, who will not let their system be governed by a rule of exception which a vicious state of things may promulgate for a time,—are obeying higher laws of reason than they break.

But to return. It is not merely science and political events, but literature, which wakes with a new life and purpose in this present age. Essays upon society, in every form, and starting from every point of the social system, are teeming from the free presses of England, France, and America. On the one hand, Burke and Mad. de Stael set an example of applying the highest philosophic genius, to viewing, in the light of first principles, the relations and duties of society. On the other hand, the light form of fiction has become the efficient expression of the same all-pervading movement. On this point we will quote Miss Martineau, herself:—

"If an author of equal genius with Scott were to arise to-morrow, he would not meet with an equal reception; not only because novelty is worn off, but because the serious temper of the times requires a new direction of the genius of the age. Under the pressure of difficulty, in the prospect of extensive change, armed with expectation, or filled with determination as the general mind now is, it has not leisure or disposition to receive even its amusements unmixed with what is solid and has a bearing upon its engrossing interests. There may still be, the

thoughtless and indolent, to whom mere fiction is necessary, as a pastime; but these are not they who can guarantee an author's influence, or secure his popularity. The bulk of the reading public, whether or not on the scent of utility, cannot be interested without a larger share of philosophy, or a graver purpose in fiction, than formerly; and the writer who would effect most for himself and others in his department, must take his heroes and heroines from a different class than any which has yet been adequately represented."—Vol. I. pp. 53, 54.

And a little farther back, in the same article, she says:

"The grandest manifestations of passion remain to be displayed; the finest elements of the poetry of human emotion are yet uncombined; the most various dramatic exhibition of events and characters is yet unwrought, for there has yet been no recorder of the poor: at least none who write as mere observers; who describe, but do not dramatize humble life."—Vol. I. p. 52.

In this new literature of the people, Miss Martineau, herself, takes a high rank. Inspired with the finest affections of a woman, and taking her stand on all in human nature and the counsels of God, which the affections reveal, her clear understanding gives her wide and true views of social relations and duties. This is not only abundantly displayed in her illustrations, from which we now turn aside, because we could not do justice to their merits in a paragraph, but in these volumes, in which *Lièse* and other dramatic pieces evidently prove that the dramatic form is her peculiar art. In telling a tale of human life, she is hardly rivalled by our highly gifted countrywoman, Miss Sedgwick; whom she supasses, indeed, in the power of painting stern and deep passions, and of drawing from them natural events—also, in masculine finish of expression—although she falls below her in gracefulness of thought and a certain natural tenderness, which enable Miss Sedgwick to touch the tears of joy still more frequently than those of sorrow and indignation, and win her readers to virtue with a smile of love.

But to return to the essays, which principally make up the volumes before us.

The preface is rather an elaborate disquisition, in which the author labours to show that a growing comprehension of the principle of social responsibility, which she thinks may be traced in these miscellanies, arranged as they are in a chronological order, is a *progress of worship*. We agree with her that it required herself to point this out, as far as this book is concerned. But whether it be true, or not, that her own literary life exhibits this progress of worth in any striking degree, we thank her for expressing the noble idea. The true worship of God is, indeed, a social action—more and more in conformity with the action of Providence. We like to have this stated in an abstract proposition, as well as set forth in "*Lièse*;" "*Solitude*

and Society;" and we would add, "The Early Sowing," but that, with the last, we have some fault to find. How could she draw such a picture of malignity as Ned, and then make him so quickly good? This instance of a sketch of character, which does not prove itself to be true, is unparalleled in all her works that we have seen. She generally makes her children true to nature, in spite of views of childhood, quite fatal to all that poetry has loved to say of it, quite inconsistent with the manner in which Christianity speaks of it. She intimates, in many places, among the rest in the musing of the poplar grove, that children have no natural attractions to the unseen and infinite; and that, inasmuch as they *can* have no perception of spiritual good, their very devotions must consist in thanksgiving for the outward only. Another notion of hers, and which may partly explain Ned's first state, is, that the sufferings of the heart naturally produce harshness and malignity. This idea deforms that otherwise beautiful musing in the hermit's cave, in which she describes to us the various exercises that the bride had gone through. We think it must have been a peculiarly infirm temper, which would have made the "persons and places" of a beloved parental home "*disgusting*," because a home of one's own could not be had at a wish.

The essay on Moral Independence, to which we have before adverted, contains several important ideas. Not only that sympathy with God and sympathy with man must keep in harmony, in order to all being right within us, which she illustrates by showing how sometimes the one and sometimes the other being exaggerated in proportion to its companion, moral evil has resulted, and what moral evil; but she shows in it that we can see and meditate on God to edification in society, as well as in nature. Finally, she shows, in pursuing the subject of the essay, that though moral weakness may result, in some rare instances, from extreme delicacy and modesty, leading one who thinks differently from all his fellows, to distrust himself, it more frequently results from want of nerve, love of wealth, office-seeking, or all-devouring vanity. And to each of these vices she speaks with eloquent exhortation.

Next to this essay, the most valuable in the book for practical wisdom are two—on the *agency of feelings in the formation of habits*, and on the *agency of habits in the regeneration of feelings*. These two essays meet the difficulties of a great many minds which are earnestly bent on self-cultivation and moral discipline. We recommend them especially to young women just entering upon the serious duties of life; particularly if they are at all discouraged with themselves. The question between principle and feeling is very practically considered, and satisfactorily settled, in them.

The essays on the proper use of the Retrospective Faculty, and the proper use of the Prospective Faculty, have also much practical value; though we think them not quite equal to the two preceding ones. And the essay on Country Burial Grounds displays much sweet feeling, though it is sensibility mainly excited by a doctrine in which we cannot agree. Every argument for keeping sacred the resting place of beloved dust remains, however, even to those who believe that the beloved spirits are away among the stars, no more to assume what they laid down at death. The Summer Evening Dialogue between an Englishman and a Pole closes this series of "Moral Essays." It is very beautifully written, and satisfactorily proves to our minds at least the absurdity and inhumanity of the corn laws.

We have spoken of what Miss Martineau is, or rather have given our notion of her merits. Our sympathy and commendation have been so strongly expressed as to prove our friendship; and, therefore, we think we may avail ourselves of the privilege of friendship, so far as to say, *what*, in our humble opinion, *she is not*.

She is not a poet. It was a pity that she placed the word poetry over the collection of pieces at the end of the first volume, which proves so plainly, even to the ear, that she wants the accomplishment of verse. Even the good sentiments expressed in them can hardly drag the reader over the unmusical stanzas. The Parables that precede these attempts at verse are quite musical prose, however, which she has a gift at writing. But, even in these, there is great deficiency of imagination, in the highest sense of that word. The allegory is verbal, and we may remark, that in all her descriptions of nature, she displays rather the eye of a painter of scenery (a beauty-loving eye, we admit), than the soul of an artist, which, whether on the canvass, or with words, creates or combines anew forms for universal ideas and feelings. In poetical thought, strictly speaking, she is absolutely deficient. Neither is Miss Martineau a philosopher. She has displayed no genius for metaphysics—by which is here meant psychology. This we do not think on account of her having adopted any particular philosophical opinions; for we know that great philosophical genius may be displayed in the setting forth and defence of false philosophy, as it often has been. But we draw our conclusion from the fact that she confounds systems of thought, essentially different, quite unconsciously to herself; and, in her Moral Essays, reasons on premises which she denies in her metaphysical articles. Thus, in one of her essays, she says of the human being after death:—

"How different must be the entrance, upon another world, of the enlightened from that of the perverted intellect? The one has been taught

to discover the *spiritual essence*, which resides in all material forms, and is, therefore, prepared to recognize them [it ?] in the new heavens and new earth; while, to the other, whose views have been confined to sensible images, all will appear strange and unintelligible."

Again :—

"All things of which we here take cognizance, are but attributes and manifestations of an essence which now eludes our search, but which we shall hereafter recognize as a manifest existence. These external things will then have passed away as shadows, and will be immortalized in their influences. These influences will not be summoned by memory, but recognized by consciousness."—p. 222, vol. i.

Again :—

"It is not more certain that the materials afforded by nature are those by which the immortal spirit is to be built up, than that *the stirring soul* is to exert a reciprocal action upon those outward things, which minister pleasure and pain to itself and others."—p. 227.

We do not exactly understand what this last sentence means; which is a discrimination between the soul and the spirit—the first of which seems to "stir" by its nature, and the latter to be "built up" by outward materials. Outward materials may be said to build up the understanding, but it is rather uncommon to call *that* faculty, when discriminated from the soul, the *human spirit*. Spirit is generally used as a more general term, including intellect, heart, and the moral nature, in one.

But all the above sentences would, we think, convey the idea to any reader that Miss Martineau thinks man an immaterial being, sojourning in clay, and not a mere result of organism, whose immortality is altogether an arbitrary gift, superinduced upon his being; whose energy and consciousness are suspended in the grave, until, by a new fiat of the Creator, he rises again; and who can have no primary suggestion from within, of *his* immortality, but must have ever received it from a *traditionary* revelation. Yet such, it appears, are her opinions; as we shall proceed to show.

In her "Review of Carmichael's Considerations," her words are, that Carmichael "vanquishes the immaterialist as far as he attempts it;" and "overthrows the ancient superstition (as we deem it) of a separate soul." And farther, in her "Review of Sir Walter Scott's Demonology and Witchcraft," she asserts materialism in the plainest language. "The greater number of ideas are compounded from, and *all are originated by, sensations.*" "The simple ideas which are *deposited by sensation*, or the compound ones which are formed by association from the simple ideas, are awakened, recalled, or revived, by the action of certain laws of suggestion."

We would ask, first, are these *laws* themselves a "deposit of

sensation?" secondly, is "the stirring soul" that "exerts a reciprocal action on outward things" itself a "deposit of sensation?" thirdly, are the influences of external things upon that essence, "which we shall hereafter recognize as a manifest existence;" and which are to be immortalized when "outward things have passed away—are the ideas of these, and the essence in which they exist, "originated" or deposited by sensation? Is that "spiritual essence which resides in all material forms," which is to be discerned by "the enlightened intellect" on its "entrance into another world," *itself* a material form or substance? It is not our purpose, in this place, to controvert Miss Martineau's materialism, but merely to state it, and show that it is inconsistent with what she herself says in other places. And it is worthy of observation, that whenever she becomes inconsistent with her materialism, she rises into her highest eloquence. Expressions in her Sabbath Musings, such as when speaking of love and grief, she says, "the otherwise incommunicable revelation of what the human spirit is"—"the fact" that "what spirits" are to one another, they must be for ever, &c., only occur when she ceases to attempt philosophical analysis.

In her Religion of Socrates she is most manifestly disturbed by her materialism. She wishes to ascribe some inspiration to Socrates, and says,

"As a miracle is an extraordinary event, not in itself, but only to human apprehension, so, in its own nature, *inspiration* is only a greater degree of power which is possessed by all."

We would ask, whether *inspiration*, also, is among the ideas "originated by sensation?" and if so, why it is called *inspiration*, a *breathing in of spirit*? if not so, what is that "which is possessed by all," of which it is only a greater degree? We cannot form, in our minds, a notion of this material inspiration, of which Miss Martineau is very tenacious. However, on page 273 she says,

"Inspiration itself being the natural result of a physical *miracle*,"

but she does not say of *what* physical miracle. But to return to her perplexity about Socrates, whose character and teachings her ever correct moral sympathies embrace without misgiving, she says, with an ingenuousness whose moral character we venerate,

"We own a difficulty in conceiving that the ordinary powers of man, exercised in any ordinary mode, should have effected so marvellous an enlightenment, as that of Socrates, in the midst of heathen darkness.

What means Divine Wisdom made use of for the purpose, will probably never be known on this side of the grave."

Here she acknowledges that her sense-founded psychology cannot explain Socrates.

With respect to the last remark, however, we would observe, that Miss Martineau is rather remarkable for saying that those things into which she does not see can never be known. For instance, in her essays on the art of thinking (in which, by the way, the disciples of Coleridge would find but little of their master's idea of thought), she says,

"Of the essences of beings which (for want of knowing better) we call spiritual, *nothing can be ascertained.*"

Again, in her Review of Dr. Crombie's book on Natural Theology, she says,

"To us it appears that the origin of evil has never been accounted for, and most probably it *never will be explained in the present state,*" &c.
* * * * * "It is doubtless well that such a *necessity is imposed.*"

This Review of Dr. Crombie's book presents more than usual of her inconsistencies. The very passage from which we have quoted above, closes with these words—

"The intellectual is not the highest department of our constitution; and while the understanding sinks, baffled and exhausted, the powers of faith may be strengthened for a steady and lofty flight."

Which sentence we take to mean, that faith is higher than intellect in the constitution of man; and to be an acknowledgment, that there is in man one idea, at least, not "originated" or "deposited by sensation." Yet this whole article is written to present the view of there being no recognizable principle of an eternal nature in man; that his belief of immortality, even his notion of it, must necessarily have been primarily suggested by a traditionary revelation; that all the natural arguments for it never were nor can be more than confirmatory of it, revelation having already suggested it. We would ask, how she supposes that the revealer of the doctrine of immortality knew it? If she answers that he received it by revelation, we would ask her, how did the angel of revelation know it? If God awakened this idea, or showed it, spiritually, to any being in the universe, why not to man, who is his image? But here is a difficulty, inherent in the system which makes sensation the inlet of all knowledge. The truth is, that if it be so, immortality is not an idea recognizable by the human being as true; and, as a human

being, man is not capable of assurance on the subject. If this be true logic, Miss Martineau's own consciousness might assure her that she is only, in fancy, a materialist; for is she not assured of immortality? We hope she will one day lay off the shackles of this system; and then, perhaps, she may begin to be the philosopher she never can be while she clings so tenaciously to contradictory systems of thought.

We might proceed throughout these two volumes, selecting contradictions on collateral subjects, which grow out of these general ones of which we have spoken. Thus, in the Review of Essays on the Pursuit of Truth, she says:

"The first declaration that we meet with is, that the belief in the uniformity of causation, is an instinctive principle. *We doubt it. Have we any belief in the connection of cause and effect, antecedent to experiment?*"

Yet, as she adds,

"A very short experience is sufficient to establish it too firmly to be overthrown."

All this is rational enough in one who does not believe in instinctive principles. But, a few pages after, in the same review, she says,

"We agree with the author in his reasonings in his third chapter, which prove that the *uniformity of causation* CANNOT be established by EXPERIENCE and testimony."

Is this a misprint? We should think so, if the whole of the latter part of the review was not an argument to prove that the uniformity of causation could not be established by that which she before says is sufficient to establish it, in a very short time, *too firmly to be overthrown*. We have room but for one extract more. On page 210 she says,

"We have all had experience of sleep, of faintings, of debility; and we know that if there be a spiritual principle unsusceptible of injury, it *is not detected by our experience*, our state in sleep and illness being the same as if mind and body were one."

This we think is a *petitio principii*. She goes on,

"If the *immaterial portion of our frame* be susceptible of disease in exact proportion with the material part, where is its *advantage over matter*? what evidence is there for it? or, rather, what evidence is there not against it?"

What is the *immaterial portion of a frame*?

Thus much for the logic of a materialist, who yet has the feelings of a Christian in her heart, and that faith of immortality which she may not let go, even for her "System;" for she is a true and humane woman.

But to turn away from the seemingly invidious task of pointing out imperfections; we cannot leave these volumes without a tribute of respect to several articles, that can come neither under the head of philosophical or moral essays. We allude to the very interesting letter upon the Hanwell Lunatic Asylum; the letter to the Deaf, which inspires a profound veneration for the writer; to the article on the Salem Witchcraft; to much of the articles on Prison Discipline, "Nature and Providence to communities," and "Romanism and Episcopacy." Practical subjects call out all her good sense, and truly moral character.

But we would repeat it, in the department of fiction alone, is Miss Martineau great. We would willingly write as much again as we have now done, in setting forth the claims of her illustrations, as works of art; not forgetting her beautiful little story, entitled "Five Years of Youth." It is this conviction of ours, that has made us say what we have of her want of philosophic genius. Perhaps we have been vain enough to feel that, should her eyes ever fall on these pages, *an idea might be deposited in her mind* (to use her own phraseology), that she had better devote herself exclusively to that department of writing in which she is, unquestionably, a genius, and realize the idea of a new class of novels, rivalling Sir Walter Scott's in beauty and interest, and grounded on a more universal condition of humanity than the feudal system. As she herself says,

"By achieving so much, within narrow bounds, he has taught us the power of fiction as an agent of morals and philosophy; 'and it shall go hard with us but we will better the instruction.' . . . Instead of tales of knightly love and glory, of chivalrous loyalty, of the ambition of ancient courts, and the by-gone superstitions of a half savage state, we must have, in a new novelist, the graver themes,—not the less picturesque, perhaps, for their reality,—which this present condition of society suggests. We have had enough of ambitious intrigues; why not now take the magnificent subject, the birth of political principle, whose advent has been heralded so long? What can afford finer moral scenery than the transition state in which society now is! Where are nobler heroes to be found than those who sustain society in the struggle; and what catastrophe so grand as the downfall of bad institutions, and the issues of a process of renovation? Heroism may now be found, not cased in helm and cuirass, but strengthening itself in the cabinet of the statesman, guiding the movements of the unarmed multitude, and patiently bearing up against hardship, in the hope of its peaceful removal. Love may now be truly represented as sanctified by generosity and self-denial, in many of the sad majority of cases where its course runs not smooth. All the virtues which have graced fictitious delineations, are still at the service of the novelist; but their exercise and discipline should be represented as different from what they were. The same passions still sway human hearts: but they must be shown to be intensified or repressed by the new impulses which a new state of things affords."—Vol. I. p. 55.

ART. X.—*Sketches of Switzerland.* By the author of the *Spy*, &c. &c. 2 vols. Philadelphia : 1836.

In common with the south of Europe, Switzerland is annually overrun by that restless and uneasy crowd of travellers, who, like their Gothic predecessors of old, pour from the north, but who, unlike them, are fleeced instead of fleecing. As a consequence of this yearly incursion, we have numerous works on these countries; though, from their very number, we are apt, unless some great name is given as the author, to allow most of them to float by us into oblivion without even a cursory examination. Let who will write a book of travels, it seems to be essentially an ephemeral production. A narrative of impressions of the face of a country is agreeable, if from any cause, such as personal acquaintance, or prepossession, we are interested in it; otherwise mere novelty is its only charm, and that not the novelty of a new thought, but of a new author. Who reads a tour of the last century—nay, of the last ten years? The tourists of those days are forgotten; new ones arise who visit the same places, write the same things about them, and in their turn yield to a newer throng. Perhaps no kind of writing is more difficult to excel in than the description of scenery; nothing more difficult than to convey an idea of locality; to give to the mind of the reader clear and definite impressions of a place. Whether we describe Mount Ida, or Mont Blanc, all we can say is, that it is a pile of earth so many feet high and so broad at its base, and we may also say that it is magnificent to behold, and sublime in its effect, but it is to be doubted whether that, with as many adjuncts of wonder as we please, would convey a clear idea of it to a Dutchman on the *Zuyder Zee*. Our author remarks this: he says, "A Swiss would readily comprehend a description of vast masses of granite capped with eternal snow, for such objects are constantly before his eyes; but to those who have never looked upon such a magnificent spectacle, written accounts, when they come near their climax, fall as much short of the intention as words are less substantial than things."

So peculiar is Switzerland in this respect, so remarkable for scenery, *sui generis*, so very Swiss, we may say, that we doubt very much if any one who has not seen it, can at all arrive at an adequate conception of its peculiarities from any description. Like the school-boy, who in his essay wrote that "there is nothing so virtuous as virtue," so one might gravely assert that there is nothing so Swiss as Switzerland, or, to modify the proposition, nothing Swiss but Switzerland. Nature has made it her sport. As if tired with the production of the fertile, the

level, and the available, she has there, in unsparing magnificence, thrown together the rock, the lake, the cataract, the glacier, and the mountain, in chaotic confusion. 'Tis as if she had made it the play-house of her wonders, and had left them strewn about in careless profusion. Alp after Alp, view after view, calls the traveller's attention ; he sees one but to find another more admirable ; he admires that but to discover another more astonishing. It is the paradise of the lovers of the picturesque, of the rugged, of the sublime. Nay, these are thrown together in the most brilliant contrasts ; luxuriant fertility touches eternal snows, the softest and most verdant valleys lie at the foot of glaciers, within the sound of ever-falling avalanches, under the most precipitous and lofty mountains. Often, too, the hardy inhabitant has terraced up the rocky side of a mountain, and covered it with grain, or the vine. In other parts of Switzerland, where the beautiful predominates, (and, be it known, the beautiful divides the country with the sublime,) the dark blue lake lies along a swelling and thickly peopled country, each hill, as it heaves its lessening swells to the water, crowned with a chateau, and each valley shining with a village. Every gradation of scenery is to be enjoyed there ; and of course, from some points, the Righi, for instance, one may enjoy all at a coup d'œil.

There can be no better preparation for the delights of a Swiss tour than riding through France to arrive at it. After the level treeless plains, the vineyards which, saving the poetry thereof, look like large pea-patches, the picturesque comes with peculiar zest. Never shall we forget one clear and sunny morning in July, when, after breakfasting near the top of the Jura, we dashed through a notch in the mountain, and Switzerland lay before us. There were the exquisite valley of the Rhone, the river glancing through it ever and anon, the lake of Geneva, the old gray town, chateau upon chateau in the midst of seas of green, and, on the other side of the lake, the mountains of Savoy, with their white towns clustering along their bases, and, above the whole, the glistening summit of Mont Blanc, around which the others crowded, like nobles around their king, the glorious feudality of nature. There are other views in Switzerland even finer than this, but it was our first—our introduction to the sublime ; and the impression it left has never been eradicated, and scarcely lessened, by the others.

The most frequented parts of the country, including Savoy, which is Swiss by nature, though not by government, are the valley of Chamouni and the Bernese Oberland. The former our tourist did not visit ; or if he did, he has not chosen to introduce it into a tour through Switzerland. Still it unites in itself, even in a greater degree than the Oberland, the

peculiarities of Swiss scenery. Situated at the foot of Mont Blanc, between it and the Breven, and hedged in at one end by the Col de Balme, its utter seclusion, one might suppose, would have protected it from even the traveller's prying eye. Five glaciers descend to the doors of its inhabitants; the roar of avalanches is continually heard. At the summit of one of these glaciers is the far-famed Mer de Glace—that sea of ice which astounds alike the learned and the ignorant, the philosopher and the peasant; which has been likened to frozen hurricanes and seas suddenly congealed, and all other wonders of ice and cold, and which still remains undescribed and indescribable. The goat browses at its side, the flower blooms on its bank, yet there it lies, unchanged by the summer's sun or winter's storm. Returning from Italy in '34, after crossing the Simplon, and arriving at Martigny, the fancy took us to visit Chamouni at that early period. We crossed the Tete Noire, encountering a little snow, en passant, and arrived after night at the hotel of Chamouni.

On awaking the next morning, we found the bottom of the valley verdant with the return of spring; but about half way up the mountains, the line being drawn as if with the accuracy of a machine, winter still reigned. The Montanvert had not been ascended yet that season, except by chamois hunters. Having come thus far, however, we were determined not to be disappointed, and accordingly procured a guide and commenced the ascent. Until we reached the snow, it was easy, but once upon that, softened as it was by the return of heat, our progress became exceedingly toilsome; always sinking up to our knees, and frequently to our waists: with our feet wet and frozen in the snow, and our bodies heated by the exertion and the temperature, we paid dearly for our excursion. To add to this, we crossed, from time to time, the paths of avalanches which had swept down trees and rocks in their headlong course, and which, for all we knew, might have been tottering over our heads as we slowly progressed. However, we at length reached the summit, and were amply repaid for our toil. The Mer de Glace, partially covered with snow; here and there a huge green mass of ice thrusting itself forth, the glacier descending to the valley from it, with the occasional roar of a detached part of it as it thundered down; the aiguilles or sharp needles of rock standing out like sentinels; above us, as high and unattainable as ever to all appearance, the cloud-like Mont Blanc; and beneath us, the valley with its little river and its fields enamelled with their just bursting crops, formed a view not to be surpassed even in this country of views. Our descent was made with much greater rapidity than our ascent. Sticking our pikes behind us, into the snow, we commenced a

race, half sliding, half running, directly down the mountain, which speedily brought us to the foot of the glacier. We stopped here to look at the cavernous source of the Arveron, and then returned to our quarters. In the course of the same year we visited Chamouni again, but its aspect had materially changed; we found Alpine flowers where we had left ten feet of snow.

We have digressed somewhat. The Oberland of Berne, which our author very fully visited, has much more extent than Chamouni,—it unites also two beautiful lakes, those of Thun and Brienz, the most picturesque valley in the world, that of Interlaken, and three of the most remarkable, also, those of Lauterbrunnen, Gründewald and Meysingen. In the first of these is the cascade of the Staubbach with nine hundred feet fall, where

“ ————— The sunbow's rays still arch
The torrent with the many hues of heaven,
And roll the sheeted silver's waving column
O'er the crag's headlong perpendicular,
And fling its lines of foaming light along;
And to and fro, like the pale courser's tail,
The Giant Steed, to be bestrode by Death,
As told in the Apocalypse.”

That of Meysingen boasts the Reichenbach, which, not as lofty as the other, is by many preferred to it. Add to these the passage of the Wengern Alp, and that of the Scheidegg, the glaciers of Gründewald and Rosenlaui, and the view of the Jung-Frau, the Eiger, and the Wetterhorn, forming a wall of snow-capped mountains, not equalled by Mont Blanc in its effect, and it is easy to conceive the interest of the Oberland. Byron's description of the view from the Wengern Alp will be remembered. Cross the Brunig and there lies the Canton of Unterwalden, a short ride down which brings you to the lake of the Four Forest Cantons, avowedly the most diversified, and we think the most beautiful of Switzerland. The Righi, affording the finest view under heaven, juts into it on one side, the Pilatus, only surpassed by the Righi, stands on the other: Lucerne lies at one end, at the other begins the ascent of the St. Gothard. Within five miles of this lake is the scene of the fall of the Ross-berg, which destroyed so many lives and so much property by an almost unexampled convulsion of nature. Besides all this, the genius of history has touched the scene with her wand, and has consecrated the shores of the Waldstätten Sea, as the cradle of Swiss liberty. There is the Tellsplatte, whereon Tell leaped from the boat, in which Gessler was conveying him to prison: the distance at which he cleft the apple on his son's head, marked out in the town of

Altdorf; the pass in which he so signally avenged himself on the tyrant. But let us hear our author on these points:

"Lauterbrunnen is commonly thought to be the most intrinsically Swiss, of all the inhabited valleys of Switzerland. It certainly strikes the novice with more of wonder and delight than any other that I know; but our tastes change and improve in matters of scenery as in other things, and the same objects, seen a second time, and after frequent occasions of comparison, do not always produce the same relative impressions.

"We walked to the waterfall, which was the celebrated Staubbach, (Torrent or Fall of Dust,) and at a short distance from the inn. It contained as much water as would turn a large mill, and fell over the face of a stupendous rock, itself an imposing object, seen as it then was, by twilight, beetling above the narrow valley. The perpendicular, or lower fall, is said to be eight hundred feet. About a third of the distance, the fluid descends towards the eye in a sort of thick spray; it then seems to be broken into fallen mist, until it touches a projection in the mountain, where it resumes the more palpable character of the element, and descends, washing the base of the rock, to the spectator, flowing past him in a limpid current. It is well named, for so ethereal or dust-like is one of its sections, that once or twice it appeared about to sail away like a cloud, in the duskiess of the evening, on the wings of the wind.

"I despair of making you see Lauterbrunnen through the medium of the mind's eye; still you shall have the elements of this remarkable valley, to combine in such a picture as your own imagination can draw.

"Standing at the foot of the Staubbach, you have in the near ground, a hamlet of truly rustic peculiarities; scanty, but beautifully verdant meadows, a little church, and the inn. The latter is merely for summer use, and, though Swissish in exterior, might be spared from the view. It has three stories, and twelve small windows in front; too much like a hotel for the picturesque: but it is scarcely observed amid the stupendous objects around it. The valley may possibly be half a mile in width, in an air line, though it does not seem to be nearly so much. One of its sides, that of the Staubbach, is little other than a rampart of ragged rocks; but the other is composed of a sort of verdant *débris*, that admits of herbage, and even of some little cultivation, though still so steep in the main as to require great care in descending. The whole valley, and the whole of this mountain side, are dotted with those perfectly rural objects, *châlets*, or small dark picturesque barns of larch, such as you have often seen in engravings. I counted one hundred and fifty-eight of them, from the windows of the inn. Towards Interlachen, or in the direction we had come, a huge mountain lay directly athwart the entrance of the valley, appearing to close it entirely; though ~~we~~ *pigmies*, by following the torrents, had stolen around its base; and, in the other, or the opposite direction, was one of those awfully mysterious and grand views that are occasionally seen in Switzerland, which present a strange and chaotic assemblage of the sublimest natural objects, thrown together in a way to leave even more to the imagination than is actually presented to the eye.

"We walked a mile or two up the valley, in the latter direction. At that hour, dim twilight, it was not difficult to fancy we were approaching a spot which Omnipotence had not yet reduced to order and usefulness. We looked out of our own straitened valley, through a gorge, into a sort of mountain basin, that was formed by the higher Alps.

Glaciers bounded the view, and torrents were seen tumbling into the chaos beneath, looking chill and wild. The whole gradually disappeared with the waning light."

As he crosses the Wengern Alps he sees an avalanche.

"Once or twice the sound we heard was like the mutterings of a distant storm, and we tried to fancy it a mountain turning in its lair. A mountain groaning is very expressive.

"My eye was fixed on the side of the Jung Frau, when I saw a speck of snow start out of a mass which formed a sort of precipice, leaving a very small hole, not larger in appearance than a bee-hive. The report came soon after. It was equal to what a horseman's pistol would produce in a good echo. The snow glided downward two or three hundred feet, and lodged. All heard the report, though no one saw this little avalanche but myself. I was in the act of pointing out the spot to my companions, when a quantity of dusty snow shot out of the same little hole, followed by a stream that covered an inclined plane, which seemed to be of the extent of ten or twelve acres. The constant roaring convinced us the affair was not to end here. The stream forced its way through a narrow gorge in the rocks, and reappeared, tumbling perpendicularly two hundred feet more on another inclined plane. Crossing this, it became hid again; but soon issued by another rocky gorge on a third plane, down which it slid to the verge of the green pastures; for, at this season the grass grows beneath the very drippings of the glaciers.

"This was a picturesque avalanche to the eye, though the sound came so direct, that it was like the noise produced by snow falling from a house, differing only in degree. The size of the stream was so much reduced in passing the gorges, that it bore a strong resemblance to the Staubbach, and according to the best estimate I could make, its whole descent was not short of a thousand feet. The hole out of which all this mass of snow issued, and which literally covered acres, did not appear to have more capacity than a large oven. We shook our heads, after examining it, and began to form better estimates of heights and distances among the Alps."

Of Grindewald, he says—

"Seen from the inn, the glaciers of Grindewald are apt at first to disappoint the traveller. The magnitude of the mountains diminishes the apparent size of all other objects, and it requires practice with these, as with other things, to form a true estimate of their dimensions. Before I had left the place, the very vastness of these immense fields of ice filled me with wonder. In order that you should have accurate ideas of what they are, it will be necessary to explain.

"You are to imagine, in the first place, that all Switzerland, with Savoy, and, indeed, the Tyrol, and other adjoining countries, lies on a huge mountain. They all have their valleys, it is true, but these valleys are more elevated than even the hills of the lower regions: thus Berne, which lies in a valley, is at the height of eighteen hundred feet above the sea; Interlachen is higher than Berne; and Grindewald, as you approach the Upper Alps, more elevated still. Though this formation is continued to the very highest peaks, which are separated from each other by their valleys, yet, towards the apexes of the great mountains, there is less confusion in the arrangement—the last ascents usually towering many thousand feet in distinct but neighbouring piles, that admit of different names and peculiar features. These highest peaks also run in

ranges, and, as a consequence of all, there is a vast upper plain, or a succession of connected valleys, out of which the summits shoot in a variety of forms—some conical, others more broken, and all sublime—that extends for a hundred miles. These plains or upper valleys are, of course, covered with eternal snow. I do not say that it is literally possible to find the extent I have mentioned in one continued field of ice; for valleys break the continuity in some portion of the range, and occasionally a barrier of rock interposes; but it is known that these glaciers are of very great extent. They are frequently traversed, from one inhabited valley to another; and histories of the perils of these journeys have been published, which have the interest of dangerous sea voyages. The snow falls in avalanches, from the peaks, and there is a constant accession to the masses, which, if they do not increase, as certainly do not diminish. There are writers who affirm that the glaciers add to their power by their own cold, and that, in time, without the intervention of some new natural phenomenon, they will eventually extend themselves downward into the valleys that lie on the next level beneath, overcoming vegetation and destroying life. A succession of cold summers might certainly extend the boundaries of the glaciers; but it is scarcely possible that the heat of the sun can be finally overcome in this manner. There must be a limit, somewhere, to the increase of the ice, and it is almost certain that these limits have been attained during the centuries that the present physical formation of Switzerland is known to have existed. Local circumstances may have induced local changes; but, as a whole, the contest between heat and cold ought to be set down as producing exactly equal effects.

"Here and there the ice has forced itself through gorges in the higher peaks, towards the inhabited valleys. These gorges are the natural outlets through which the water that flows from the heat of the sun (for it is not always freezing, even in the higher valleys) finds a passage. The ice is undermined by the currents beneath, and large blocks slide downward, until they reach the end of the inclined plane in the inferior valley, where their descent is necessarily arrested. In the course of time, the piles increase until that equilibrium state is attained, in which there ceases to be any very material augmentation or lessening of the masses. In this manner the glaciers of Grindewald have had their origin. Their terminations are sudden, presenting walls of ice, twenty or thirty feet high, out of which gush torrents full grown at the birth. The meadows are verdant to the very edge of the ice, and we gathered strawberries within a few yards of it.

"The distance from the lower end of the lower glacier, (they are called the upper and lower, from their relative positions in the valley,) to the plain of ice above, may be half a mile, and the width of the gorge through which it finds its way, seems to be less than half that distance.

"There formerly stood a small chapel on a point of rock near the margin of the upper valley, and in the gorge itself, where the chamois hunters, and those who attempted to pass to the other side of the great range, could offer up prayers for their safety. This chapel disappeared—for a succession of two or three severe winters could do greater marvels than swallow up a small pile of stones—and (a certain evidence of the manner in which these lower spurs of ice are fed) the bell found its way down to the meadows, and is now exhibited in the church of Grindewald.

"It is not an easy matter to walk on the surface of those parts of the glaciers which lie on the inclined planes, or between the gorges and the fields. The fissures between the broken masses are of a depth and

width that render it far easier to enter than to get out of them. There is a tradition, however, of a hunter who fell into one, and who effected his escape, with a broken limb, I believe, through the vaults which are formed by the passage of the water beneath. The thing seems possible, but the odds must be greatly against its safe achievement."

The view from the Righi he thus describes—

"The path was always upward, after leaving the *hospice*, though there was no very severe ascent. It led through pastures, and nearly in a direct line. *W*— and myself pressed on, nor did an inscription, in memory of some Saxon prince, cut on the living rock, tempt us to halt. Before us lay a broad reach of pastures on an inclined plane, the azure of the heavens bounding its upper margin. Thither, then, we eagerly held our way, leaving guides, horses, and companions, far behind. Twenty times, during the afternoon, I had been reminded of the Pilgrim's Progress, by the rocks, marshes, burdens, and weary ascents, and it now appeared as if the end of our labours, like his, was to be heaven. Upward, then, we urged, until, without the smallest sense of fatigue, we stood on the very verge of that line which, for half an hour, had lain before us, bounded by air.

"For myself, I can fairly say, that, the occasion of a total eclipse of the sun excepted, I never felt so deep a sentiment of admiration and awe, as at that exquisite moment. So greatly did reality exceed the pictures we had formed, that the surprise was as complete as if nothing had been expected. The first effect was really bewildering, leaving behind it a vague sensation, that the eye had strangely assembled the rarest elements of scenery, which were floating before it, without order, in pure wantonness. To this feeling, the indefinite form of the lake of Lucerne greatly contributed, for it stretches out its numerous arms in so many different directions, as, at first, to appear like water in the unreal forms of the fancy. Volumes of mist were rolling swiftly along it, at the height of about two thousand feet above its surface, and of as many below ourselves, allowing us to look through the openings, in a way to aid the illusion.

"The party came up in time to enjoy the effects of the vapour before it blew entirely away. We were at the point which is called the Righi Staffel, and I can describe the position no better, than by likening it to the roof of a shed, placing the spectator on its upper edge. The entire mountain is near thirty miles in circumference at its base, standing like an advanced bastion of the Alpine range, separated from all others; and the place we occupied was more than 4000 feet above the adjoining lakes, and about 5500 above the sea.

"The manner in which Lucerne coquetted with us, before the vapour drove away, was indescribably beautiful. This town, which is surrounded by ancient walls, that are bristling with towers, and which contains many striking objects in its churches and other edifices, was actually several leagues distant, though it appeared nearly beneath the eye. But why speak of one object, when there were a thousand? Of towns, there were Küssnacht, Sarnen, Lucerne; and villages without number. The blue of the water, too, imbedded, as it was, in dark mountains, was alone sufficient to make an uncommon landscape. It was of the colour of the skies in the old Italian paintings, which every one from the northern regions is ready to pronounce preposterous, but which was certainly seen here, in the other element, and to a degree almost to cause us to believe we had made acquaintance with a new nature.

"As we did not choose to stay at the inn which has been erected near this enchanting spot, with the bald head of the mountain at no great distance, and in plain view, we pressed forward for the Righi Kulm, or head. Having still a little time to look about us, however, the guide led us to a place at which the water had made a passage through the rocks, and where a stone dropped in the orifice above, found its way out at the side, several hundred feet down the high perpendicular wall which forms this face of the mountain. As you are so familiar with the state of New York, before quitting the Righi Staffel, I may give you some idea of the nature of its view by telling you that it is not unlike that from the terrace of the Pine Orchard, with the material difference, however, of the spectator being twice as high above the adjoining country, and three times higher above tide. The Righi is nearly naked of trees, too, at this elevation; the mountain is better placed, standing more forward from the great ranges; the atmosphere has that visible transparency which one observes in the most limpid water, and which great artists sometimes succeed in throwing around a landscape, while the country seen from the Kaatskill will bear no comparison, in either natural objects or artificial accessories, with those which cover the whole face of the land in the region I am describing.

"I very well know that these comparisons are little likely to find favour among patriots, in a country in which it is permitted to say with impunity what one will of the institutions, the work of man, and for which men are or ought to be responsible; but where it is *lèse majesté* to whisper aught against the perfection of natural objects, unless some plausible connection can be made out between them and democracy. American *bon ton*, in these matters, is of a singularly delicate texture, polite patriotism spreading its mantle before even the cats and dogs, when it will suffer those sturdy truths, which form the true glory of the nation, to defend themselves in the best manner they can. Thank God! they are strong enough to go alone. At the risk, however, of being set down as one spoiled by traveling,—a dire calamity!—and of certain defeat, should it ever be my ill look to be put in the way of preferment by a 'regular nomination,' I now tell you the Pine Orchard will compare with the Righi, only as the Kaatskill will compare with the falls of Trenton, and that the Hudson, unrivalled as a river and in the softer landscape scenery, bears some such resemblance to the lake of the Four Cantons, in the grand and the sublime, as the falls of the Canada do to those of the Niagara.

"After viewing the fissure in the rocks, which threatens another landslide at no distant day, we left the edge of the precipice, and followed a circuitous path which led to the summit. Here, although no longer taken by surprise, we enjoyed a still more extended and magnificent prospect. The mountain rises like a cone, from the shores of Zug, preserving this form for nearly half a circle, when it joins the more irregular and huge mass already alluded to, and up one of whose sides we had been climbing. At the extreme northern end, or that which overhangs the lake just mentioned, the conical form is preserved, even above the inclined plane of the Staffel, until it reaches the height of near 5000 feet above the neighbouring waters, and of more than 6000 feet above the sea.

"The summit of the Righi Kulm may contain three or four acres, on a slightly inclined plane, the irregular section of an irregular cone. There are a lodging house, à la Suisse, stables, a cross that is visible at a great distance from below, and an elevated platform, whence the most extended view can be obtained. This spot is without tree or shrub, but it is sufficiently well covered with grass.

"Most views lose in the detail what they gain in extent, by climbing mountains. After the first feeling of satisfaction at commanding so many objects with the eye is abated, the more critical amateur misses those minuter points of beauty which we come most to love, and which are lost for the want of the profile in bird's eye prospects. In Switzerland, however, this remark is less true than elsewhere; the grand scale of its nature rendering a mountain, even when reversed, a mountain still. As most of the country is in high relief, the shadows remain distinct, and little is lost, or rather that which remains is so palpable and bold, that the minuter parts are not missed. In the view from the Righi, towards the north and northwest, it is true, this remark is not quite infallible, for in that direction the eye is limited only by distance, the country being generally broken, but comparatively low. Even this wide sweep of vision, however, helps to make up the sublime, being, map-like, distinct, and in remarkable contrast to the magnificent confusion of Alpine peaks in the opposite points of the compass.

"The lake of Zug, being the nearest, is the most conspicuous sheet of water that is seen from the Righi Kulm. Over the dark blue expanse of this oval basin, the spectator seems literally to hang, as if suspended in a balloon. There is a spot, in particular, from which it appears as if one might almost leap into the lake, and nowhere is its southern shore visible immediately beneath the mountain. Art and its lovely valley, the desolation of Goldau, and the vast chasm in the mountain itself, whence the ruin came, the little lake of Lowerz, the town of Schwytz, were ranged along the left. Behind them rose mountains in a crowd and confusion that render description hopeless. I leave your imagination to body out the thousand grand or picturesque forms in which these granite piles lift their bald heads, for in that quarter few were covered with snow.

"I cannot tell you how many lakes are visible from the Righi Kulm. I counted thirteen; besides which, the lakes of Zurich and Lucerne peep out, from behind the mountains, in no less than six different places, each basin looking like a separate body of water. Then there are many rivers, drawn through rich meadows in blue winding lines. Every where the waters were dark as ultramarine. Of towns, and churches, and towers, it is almost commonplace to speak, on such an occasion. They dotted the panorama, however, in all directions; for it was not possible to look into one of the many valleys which opened around us like a spreading fan, without their meeting the eye.

"I presume you think you have now obtained some just impressions of the view from the Righi. So far from this, I have yet scarcely alluded to its leading—its most wonderful feature. The things mentioned, beyond a question, are the first to strike the eye, and for a time they occupy the attention; but the most sublime beauties of this elevated stand are to be found in the aspect of the high Alps. These peaks are clustered all along the southern horizon, looking hoary, grim, and awful; a congress of earthly giants. They are seen distinctly only at short intervals, in the morning and evening. Frequently they are shut up in a gloom adapted to their chill mysteries, and then again parts appear, as whirlwinds and mists drive past. At such moments they truly seem the region of storms.

"Amid the stern group, it is possible to distinguish the Jung Frau, and all her majestic neighbourhood; the Titlis, my Bernese discovery; and a hundred more that I could not name, if I would. I believe none of the great southern range of the Alps, including Mont Blanc and Monte Rosa, came into the view. They are excluded by the great height of the nearer line of the Oberland."

The lake scenery, too, of Switzerland is exquisite. The lake of Geneva is the largest, and its eastern end is pre-eminently beautiful. The view on it from the station at Lausanne is, for soft beauty, equal to any thing in the country. The lakes of Thun, Brienz, and the Four Forest Cantons, we have cursorily mentioned; those of Zurich, Zug, and Constance, are all bordered by lovely scenery. The falls of the Rhine claim pre-eminence over any European cataract, though to an American, after Niagara, they are like what Catskill would be to a Swiss after the Jung-Frau. The Geisbach and a host of other *bachs* meet the traveller at every mile.

But over all the astonishing features of Swiss scenery, the glacier is pre-eminent. These abound on all the lofty mountains. Seen at a distance, their pale green, contrasted with the dazzling white of the surrounding snow, indicates them to the eye. But when approached and examined, the wonder of their creation and existence strikes the beholder. A huge mass of ice, in immense crystallizations, heaped one upon the other, lies down the side of the mountain, in many cases, as we have before stated, to its base, of a dingy green colour. Whether it was that the sight of the two greatest wonders of nature produced similar emotions in us, or whether there is any real resemblance between them, we know not, but we remember when at Naples to have made the remark, on looking at an immense torrent of half cold lava which had just issued from Vesuvius, that if it were ice it would look exactly like a glacier. There seemed to us the same unformed, jutting protuberances, the same half-flowing, just congealed appearance, the same enormous bulk. It has been ascertained by the learned, that glaciers have a slight progressive motion; indeed substances have come to light after long congealment; in one instance, we think, the body of a hunter emerged from one of them. De Saussure thinks that the glacier des Bois, at Chamouni, moves about six or eight feet annually; in other words, that about that much of it evaporates and melts off in that time. The very great heat of the lower valleys would account for a much greater diminution; yet the rivers which flow from them are but slightly augmented in the hottest weather. The huge body defies heat. We have already given our author's account of the formation of glaciers, and it is the generally received one. There are one or two of comparatively modern existence, we are told, one particularly on the old route from Chamouni to Aosta.

In a country rendered so remarkable by nature, man, as our author says in his preface, seems to sink into comparative nothingness. The position of Switzerland, however, as the key to Italy by land, and as a bulwark against invasion of one

of the surrounding powers by another, renders it of some importance in European politics. It is nature's neutral ground. Its cantons have furnished forth armies, but its wars, as a separate power, are over. It cannot be considered any longer of sufficient moment to embroil Europe. Yet it may remain a long time quiet in its advantageous position. It may keep together its cantons, with their heterogeneous governments, their twenty currencies, their two languages, and their two religions. But as it has not sufficient moral or physical force in the scale of empires to maintain itself among the first, so we think there is not enough community of feeling or of intercourse between the different cantons to bind it together very strongly. It exists as much by outward pressure as by the adhesion of its components. Its neighbours have a necessity for it. This has not always been so. Time was—when individual bravery effected something in warfare—that Switzerland made a show among nations, and fought and won many a battle. The exploits of Tell and his compatriots, now, alas! fast becoming apocryphal, have been the theme of poets and painters. Swiss bravery, Swiss fidelity, Swiss love of country, are proverbs. But, as we before stated, the political existence of Switzerland is gone. Since the rude dissolution of the old Helvetic league, in '98, it has been the sport of France and Austria at intervals; at one time accepting a constitution from the former, and at another overrun by the latter for having done so. Finally, after a modified restoration of the old league, it joined the holy alliance, let us charitably suppose, because it could not help it. The revolution of the three days did not materially disturb its tranquillity. "*La Suisse*," says M. Thiers, "*n'a qu'un avantage réel; c'est d'ouvrir des débouchés directs à la France sur l'Autriche, et à l'Autriche sur la France. On conçoit dès-lors que pour le repos des deux puissances et de l'Europe, la clôture de ces débouchés soit un bienfait. Plus on peut empêcher les points de contact et les moyens d'invasion, mieux on fait; surtout entre deux états qui ne peuvent se heurter sans que le continent en soit ébranlé. C'est en ce sens que la neutralité intéresse toute l'Europe, et qu'on a toujours bien fait d'en faire un principe de sûreté général.*" Even in this sense Switzerland is fast losing its importance at present. The strongly conservative measure of Louis Philippe must so please the Austrian government, that one might suppose that they would like to be nearer neighbours than they are. Of the form of the governments of the different cantons it does not come within our purpose to speak. They all partake, in a degree, of aristocracy; many very much; others less. That of Schaffhausen was, according to Picot, in '98, says our author, *aristo-démocratique*, at which he laughs heartily, as being impossible.

Switzerland has had her share of eminent men. The reformation got some of its most distinguished champions there. The house of Hapsburg takes its origin and its name from one of its fastnesses—Haller, Lavater, Bernouilli, Euler, Zimmerman, De Saussure, and others, have aided in the advancement of science.—

“Here the self-torturing sophist, wild Rousseau,
The apostle of affliction, he who threw
Enchantment over passion, and from wo
Wrung overwhelming eloquence, first drew
The breath which made him wretched.”—

Gibbon, Voltaire, and Madame de Stael, made it the country of their adoption.

This very cursory glance at Switzerland, politically, has diverted our attention a moment from our author. We stand in a different position with regard to him from that of most tourists. A distinguished writer, we may say the Leviathan of our literature, has here given us his impressions of a foreign country. Of course we expect more from him, than from A, B and C, the herd of travellers. True, the country he has chosen to describe, does not afford an opportunity for any strong sketches of society or of people. We cannot have the deep sentiment, the powerful thought of Puckler Muskau, nor the discerning clear-headedness of Raumer. The book, so far as it is sketches of Switzerland, is but a description of its localities, its towns, and its scenery. Very little is attempted concerning its government, nothing concerning its people. It is a narrative of the daily occurrences of a tour, interspersed with many vivid descriptions of the picturesque, but more particularly with the author's peculiar opinions. The first one of these we shall advert to, is the almost ludicrous Anglo-phobia, or rather, aversion to the English, which he, on all occasions, exhibits. Never does an unfortunate John Bull cross his path, but he gets a slap. He tells on page 113 of Vol I., that he has kept a register of twenty-three gratuitous pasquinades on America written opposite American names in the traveller's books at the hotels; all written in English and all against Americans—and written by some blackguards, but hardly a reason for abusing the whole English nation, as participators in the offence. At Thun he found an Englishman who told him how cheap mutton was in Herefordshire, when our author called his attention to a beautiful effect of the sun on a mountain top. An English young lady would not bow to him in return to a similar civility on his part at Interlaken—p. 221. At Stantz he breakfasts with an Englishman, an Irishman, and a Scotsman—the two latter took little notice of him—the former was disposed to be

civil, until our author offered him a piece of toast from his own stores, when the offer was coldly declined, and I was set down as "*a nobody*," a "*shoving fellow*," and of course "cut." He meets a party at the glacier of the Rhone—"they were English at a glance." "I felt disposed to anathematize the restlessness which drives these people, full-dressed, and conventional, just as they issue from their assize balls, and county dinners, into every hole and cranny of Europe". This time his bow was responded to, and, *mirabile dictu*, the elder of two gentlemen of the party volunteered to tell him that Sir Herbert Taylor had been made adjutant-general. No doubt, every one who has been on the continent has been struck with the extreme vulgarity of many of the lower class of English travellers—men without any pretension to decency, who are enabled to travel from the much less expense of travelling there than in their own country, who commit these offences against propriety, of which our author complains, and who would probably write as much blackguardism after a Frenchman's name as after an American's, if they only understood the language. We cannot, however, admit that this proves any thing against the nation at large, or that as we are triumphantly told, these "straws tell which way the wind blows"—and it can hardly be objected to a person that he is well dressed, even on Mount Furca.

We cannot refrain from extracting an amusing resource to get something to eat, which we recommend to travellers in the German parts of Pennsylvania, where, if not acquainted with the Saxon, all one is likely to obtain is an eternal "yaw." "It was not difficult to make the hostess understand that we wished to eat," says our author—

"Café, as good luck will have it, like 'revolution,' is a word of general use in these luxurious times. So far, all was well—but '*what would we eat?*' We were sufficiently hungry to eat any thing; but how was one to express 'any thing' by signs? It might be interpreted so easily into 'every thing!' In this crisis I bethought me of a long neglected art, and crowed like a cock. The shrill scientific strain had hardly reached the ear of the good woman before it was answered by such a peal of laughter as none but village lungs could raise. W——, who is an admirable mimic, ran after the convulsed party, (two or three girls had been anxiously awaiting the result,) and began quite successfully to cackle like a hen. He was answered by screams that I think must have fairly ascended the Am Stoss. In due time, we had a broiled fowl, an omelette, and boiled eggs; but to the last moment none of the 'women-kind' could look at us without hearty bursts of merriment. To be sure it was droll enough to hear hunger bursting out spontaneously, in these paroxysms of natural eloquence."

The expedients of travellers are amusing. We have heard of an easy quiet soul, who went all over France and Italy with two words, which were "*Garçon, besoin*"—no matter what he

wanted, he said, "Garçon, besoin." Another, not too well versed in the mysteries of the French cuisine, after many abortive attempts at ordering a dinner, hit upon one he liked tolerably well, and ordered regularly day after day the same *plats*, until at length whenever he entered the restaurant, the waiters would cry to each other "Ah, voilà monsieur du même diner."

The book before us is also remarkable for containing the political creed of its author. In his preface he talks of it, and continues to do so throughout the work. He expects no favour for his opinions, having the misfortune, as he expresses it, to belong to neither of the great parties which divide our country. He speaks strongly, severely, and justly, of the bitterness of party spirit with us—of the toleration and even encouragement of the falsest abuse of the most virtuous citizens to serve party purposes, and considers these as menacing symptoms. Though his application of this censure, we fear, was meant to be partial, yet we are willing to let it stand against all. He is democratic, *ab imo pectore*, slashing right and left at aristocracies, particularly at some little Swiss "aristo-democracies," and generally at all "who consider themselves the cream of the earth." He puts his faith in the mass. He gives us a new doctrine on the subject of strong police in democratic governments, which may well be considered as applicable to us, in the present facility of getting up a mob about any thing that happens to irritate any particular class of people.

"One of the consequences of considering mere franchises as political liberty, is a confusion between cause and effect, and prejudices like these which exist against a *gens d'armes*. Political liberty does not exist in the nature of particular ordinances, but in the fact that the mass of a community, in the last resort, holds the power of making such municipal regulations, and of doing all great and sovereign acts, as may comport with their current necessities. A state that set up a dictator, so long as its people retain the practical means of resuming their authority, would, in principle, be freer than that which should establish a republic, with a limited constituency, and a provision against change. Democracies may submit to martial law, without losing any part of their democratic character, so long as they retain the right to recall the act. Thus may a democracy commission *gens d'armes* to execute its most familiar ordinances, without in the least impairing its political pretension. Laws are enacted to be executed; and if a man with a gun on his shoulder be necessary to their execution, it surely is no sign that liberty is on the wane that such agents are employed, but just the contrary, by proving that the people are determined their will shall be enforced. Liberty does not mean license, either through franchises or through disorders, but an abiding authority, in the body of a nation, to adapt their laws to their necessities."

We wish heartily that we had competent and proper means to show that "liberty is not license," and to protect property from the attacks of infuriated partisans. Yet we cannot wholly subscribe

to Mr. Cooper's reasoning upon the subject, any more than we can praise a long note annexed to the passage above quoted, the aim of which is to prove how wrong the senate were in passing their vote of censure on the president for removing the deposits from the United States Bank. He attempts this by a comparison between the intention and object of the "veto power" in the king of England and in our president. After carrying this out at some length, he bursts forth—"Surely we have not yet reached the pass, when, under the pretence of liberty (!), one portion of a branch of the government can step out of its sphere with impunity, and sit in judgment on the conduct of another branch of the government, by overt acts, as was the fact in the celebrated resolution of the senate during the session of 1833-34 !" "If the senate be suffered openly to assume the power of censuring the president when he is wrong, the time is not far distant, when, to effect the ends of party, he will be censured when he is right," &c. &c. Whether this be sound or not, we entirely deprecate its introduction into a book of travels through Switzerland. It is in bad taste to write out party doctrines to the utmost verge in this manner. We repeat that we are sorry to see it.

In the second volume are some strong hits at the propensity of the English newspapers to blacken those who stand in the way of their interests. An opportunity for this occurred (says our author) at the passage of the tariff bill. Accordingly, the whole English press opened their batteries on us. Our author thinks this a national trait—to wit—a love of "blackguarding" others, and ascribes it to the nature of English interests, which "get to be so high-wrought, if one may use the expression, that they are constantly liable to be injured by any justifiable measure to which others may resort for their own good." He finds Americans guilty of the same propensity, and we agree with him as to the fact, though we can hardly conceive that both being commercial nations is the cause of it; nor can we admit, what he so broadly asserts, that our journals are more abusive in the commercial than in the planting states. We are disposed to assert exactly the converse of his proposition as to the effects of commerce on a people. They are in a high degree beneficial and salutary. The mere possession of wealth, which commerce necessarily gives, is softening to its possessors; it affords them luxury and ease, and thence urbanity of manners and feeling. Certainly history teaches us this. Commercial nations have invariably been distinguished for high social excellence, for encouragement of arts, sciences, and literature, for freedom of opinion and of government. The germ of almost every advance the world has made is to be found with them. Liberality, in every sense, is the honourable distinction

of commercial men. An argument in favour of the tariff is next introduced, as a corollary, we suppose, to his proposition as to the close feeling which commerce engenders. After admitting that the doctrine of free trade is abstractedly true, he thinks the admission "amounts to no more than if one were to say that a man will run easier and faster without shackles than with shackles. Nations, as respects all their interests, are shackled by circumstances." He extends this idea to individuals. He would have each one to create a little tariff around himself. Let each man shake his own hand, and make his own hat and coat, and produce his own food. The position that one person, and one country, has abilities which another has not, and that, therefore, the production of such articles as these abilities lead them to produce will be greater, cheaper, and better, does not seem to have struck him.

But we are not about to argue the matter with him. His present work can, from its nature, add but little to his literary reputation. Though accurate in its details, and striking in many of its descriptions, it can hardly be said to be either novel or remarkable. It is lively, and well-written; but it is on a subject on which power cannot be shown to a very great degree. To one who has been in Switzerland, it of course affords interest to compare his feelings and impressions with those of the author of the *Spy* and the *Red Rover*. He has passed much more time there than most persons, and has traveled much more minutely; and as a correct description of the beauties and wonders of that remarkable country, his "Sketches" will command the attention of the reading world.

ART. XI.—*The Prophet of St. Paul's*. A play, in five acts. By DAVID PAUL BROWN. Philadelphia: 1836.

Mr. Brown has all the boldness of conscious genius. So far as depends on himself he is determined to realize the *non omnis moriar* of a classic poet, to the study of whose critical precepts, if we may judge from the work before us, he has assiduously devoted himself. An ordinary aspirant would have hesitated a little at the cool reception of so brilliant a work of art as *Sertorius*;¹ but with the blindness or prejudices of the public, Mr. Brown, in common with all who work for immortality, has

¹ *Sertorius*: or the Roman Patriot. A tragedy. By David Paul Brown. Philadelphia: 1830.

nothing to do. His works are made to keep,—embalmed for coming generations in the attic salt so profusely scattered over their pages. We never could fully account for the fate of *Sertorius*. Its letterpress was of the best, and its binding, if we mistake not, Russian. It was distributed at the author's charge, and acted at a very respectable theatre under his supervision. Mr. Lucius Junius Brutus Booth (on that particular occasion neither mad nor maudlin) gave, in the principal character, full effect to all the clap-traps, to which a willing, though somewhat limited, audience cordially responded. There was much thumping of feet among the gods, (we counted four very energetic applauders, too, in the pit,) and some tears in the dress circle, particularly at the assassination scene. We have no doubt that the second representation equalled the first. Our enquiries in relation to it have been numerous, and we have never heard the fact questioned, though we have been unsuccessful in meeting with any one who was present at the performance. Like many excellent pieces, however, there were peculiarities in the style of the tragedy, and in the conduct of its plot, that prevented it from becoming a stock play. The author's ready classical allusions and learned historical illustrations appear in every page; but, not content with wealth, managers want tinsel. The learning of Lempriere, condensed and abbreviated, though fortified by a prodigious familiarity with Plutarch's Lives, is not enough to satisfy them. Mr. Brown could not descend to modern stage trickery, the monstrosities of melo-drama, or pantomime—consequently he could not please the managers.

We may thus account, perhaps, for the neglect of this deserving drama by those who control the stage, but why its merits never enabled the *publisher* to carry it to a second or third edition, we are still at a loss to comprehend. Surely there is no lack of cultivated readers in our country—of those who appreciate and love the elaborate efforts of the dramatic muse. When we see the eagerness and energy with which the British press welcomes and applauds every play-wright who contributes in the smallest degree to raise the sinking cause of tragedy—what praise it has recently bestowed on Miss Baillie, and more particularly on the author of *Ion*, we have cause to blush for our country. *Ion* is doubtless a highly-finished production; so is *Sertorius*. The scene of *Ion* is laid in ancient Argos—that of *Sertorius* in ancient Spain; but (and here lies the difference) the interest which can be attached to *Ion*, a foundling in a temple, is and necessarily must be vastly inferior to that which we feel in *Sertorius*, a man and a general, surrounded by trumpets and banners. Mr. Brown has felt his advantage here, and made the most of it. His play is alive with

the *clamor virum clangorque tubarum*. He has studied a noted scene at Tilbury Fort to much advantage. We have little hesitation in saying, that no dramatic writer of our day has shown more judgment in that difficult part of his duty, the choice of a subject, than Mr. Brown in Sertorius. He, himself, we presume, was not aware what high sanction he had for that choice, for, "in the scanty intervals afforded by an arduous profession," he had other things to think of than the study of Corneille, a remote author who made Sertorius the subject of a tragedy in the French tongue, one hundred and sixty years ago. Some ridiculous notions of preference for this rugged, foreign production may have had their influence in depressing Mr. Brown's play in the estimation of those who affect taste at the expense of patriotism; but our readers may take it on our assurance, that however Corneille may have anticipated Mr. Brown, Mr. Brown owes nothing to Corneille.

Sertorius, however, (Mr. Brown's Sertorius,) is in a state of suspended animation, and whatever pleasure we might take in assisting to restore it, at least to a partial resurrection, our readers will pardon us the direct effort. We hope to accomplish that end indirectly by the consideration we are about to bestow upon its successor, "The Prophet of St. Paul's," second to it in nothing, save, perhaps, that the latter evinces a less daring genius, a greater reliance on the appliances of art, and a less sanguine trust in the candour and intelligence of the public. The enthusiasm of authorship has abated, but the intellectual vigour and cultivated fancy are undiminished.

From the title page of this new effort of our author, our readers have already learned that it is "a play, in five acts." From the dedicatory inscription to the members of the Philadelphia bar, characterized by the author's wonted modesty, they may learn that it is an "imperfect dramatic sketch;" and from the prologue, that it is a "drama," with the additional and desirable information that it

———"treats of beauty and of love;
Scenes it exhibits for the brave and fair,—
Especial scenes to greet the indulgent sight
Of dazzling eyes that sparkle here to-night:"

Meaning, we suppose, scenes especially intended for bright eyes to look upon. The peculiar propriety of this hint will appear in the fourth act, in which a tournament is introduced. The reader may conceive, moreover, that those scenes cannot be other than *especial* (the word is too narrow for the associations by which we are haunted) in which the interlocutors are no less than two kings, one heir presumptive, one queen in *esse*, and another in *futuro*, one cardinal, three dukes,

one ambassador, one duchess, the Chevalier Bayard, one marquis by creation and one by courtesy, knights, heralds, and attendants (all noble, no doubt,) without limit; the only plebeians being a jester, a tailor, and a waiting woman. If the property-man could only do his part, the mere spectacle of so much pomp, so many crowns and coronets, and so much armour, mingled, as they would be, with the cardinal's red hat, the tabard of the heralds, and the fool's motley, would work an anti-republican revolution. We should fear as patriots, while we admired as men. We would make a sober appeal to Mr. Brown on this subject, and ask him if he is not playing with edged tools. We are afraid of kings even in mimicry.

The play opens with an interview between Henry VIII. and Cardinal Wolsey. The scene is very properly laid in "a palace." Had it been between two gipsies, we cannot doubt that Mr. Brown's accurate knowledge of scenic propriety would have placed it in a wood, or perhaps in a barn. There is nothing like a *locus in quo*, as Mr. Brown professionally knows. True, he does not name the particular palace, or designate a room in it. It would narrow the importance of the persons too much to do so. We cannot but consider this a bold, as well as a happy scene. Bold, because it at once places Mr. Brown on the same ground with Shakspeare; as Captain Fluellen says, "there is salmons in both;" and happy, because the author throws such new light on the character of the said salmons. The opening address of the bluff monarch is very accurately modelled after history.

"Speak plainly, Wolsey, and forget the king;
It is the king commands."

No doubt Wolsey was duly impressed with his lesson, as nothing could have tended more happily to sink the individual addressing him into perfect oblivion than a reiteration of his regal title. The cardinal, accordingly, is soon reminded that he is *not to forget* altogether, either, but only *sub modo*, and with qualification. He might forget him until the story was told, but not at all in his moral reflections or commentary upon it; for falling into a hypocritical strain about "penance" and "things above," the monarch who, even at this early day, suspected his true character, affectionately reproves him with,

"Curse on this cant! dost palter with a king?"

Whereupon the priest whines a little more, and talks of his low beginnings and the royal bounty; the king, in turn, retorts with "*kingly honour*," and the like phrases, by way of remedying his past forgetfulness, and tells him, among other things, that

"If every knave build on his own construction,
 Death's decrees shall lose their bloody impress,
 And become a passport to a regal entertainment;"

a sentiment whose purport is as clear as its phraseology is harmonious.

The secret, thus communicated by the cardinal to the king, touches nothing less than the aspirations of the Duke of Suffolk to the hand of the Princess Mary, sister to his majesty. This Henry swears he will prevent, by marrying her to Louis XII. of France, De Longueville, ambassador from that monarch, having made proposals to that effect.

———"By the Rood!
 The treaty shall be closed, aye, on the instant;
 She is no subject's mate."

And he closes his impetuous harangue by adding, in melodious verse,

———"princes, like the stars,
 Were made to gaze at, by vulgar eyes,
 With awe and reverence—to worship, not to wed."

Upon which, the king having made his *exit*, the cardinal, as in duty bound, takes up the figure:

"Like the devout astronomer, who gazed
 With naked eye on the effulgent sun
 In close communion with these *earthly* planets,
 I am struck blind with light."

With one or two additional reflections, the cardinal retires, and we hear no more of him, save in one short, superfluous interview. We have the sad satisfaction, however, to reflect that if his blindness proved perpetual, he incurred it in the discharge of his duty.

In the second scene the princess herself comes upon the stage under rather equivocal circumstances. We confess we were frightened, and thought of Messalina, when we found her "in a *loose disguise*, in a by-street," but we were soon reassured on discovering that, after all, it was probably day-light, and that she only came there to have her fortune told. She soliloquizes, in strains worthy of a Tudor, at the door of the fortune-teller's hovel, who, by the way, is none other than the Prophet of St. Paul's, himself. We regret that we have not room for her original contemplations on the hardship of the kingly lot; they may be compared with those of Henry V., before the battle of Agincourt, without any disadvantage to Shakspeare. We cannot, however, omit a passage near the conclusion:

"I'll think no more—thought thickens upon thought,
And, like a dark and ravenous bird of prey,
Gloats while it gluts upon the quivering heart,
To die of surfeit."

Or, as Mr. Brown would say in prose: "I'll think no more. Thought, thickening upon thought, is like a dark and ravenous bird of prey, which gloats while it gluts to die of a surfeit upon the quivering heart." Surely the princess was in the right, and with a consistency for which Mr. Brown's characters are remarkable, she seems to have "thought no more" during the whole play. The passage itself is the most *intense* in the book, and on that account, as well as for the sentiment it so clearly expresses, we have quoted it.

The Prophet (and by and by our readers may, perhaps, guess who he is) is very oracular. He is, notwithstanding he deals in necromancy, a "holy seer," for which we are glad. We feared he might prove the devil incarnate. No such thing. He invokes no spirits, and scarcely uses a naughty word during his whole performance. In this, as in other portions of the machinery (if we may so call it) of this admirable play, Mr. Brown has looked to the happiness of that interesting part of an American audience, the rising generation. The Athenian magistrates were compelled, in order to preserve the wits of the women and children, to reduce the number of Furies in the chorus of Orestes from forty to nine. Their frightful contortions, their hissing serpents, and diabolical postures, produced alarming consequences. Not so with the Prophet. His very responses are in "the butter-woman's pace to market."

"Here is sunshine—there a cloud;
Here is mirth, and there a shroud."

The princess, gratified with his services and the kindness of his manner, rewards him with a ring, with a valuable promise attached:

"Accept this poor requital, and should time
Restore me to the blessings I have lost,
Present thou, then, this ring, and name thy boon,
'Tis thine upon the promise of a princess."

The king does a good deal of business in scene third. He announces the completion of the treaty, and the departure of De Longueville:

"(And Longueville, impatient to convey
The welcome tidings to the ears of France,
Has taken his departure."¹)

¹ As this verse is imperfect we propose to read it thus in the next edition,

"Has taken his departure in the packet."

He reads the cardinal a lecture on prerogative, and on the art of "forgetting the king ;"

———" Say no more, my lord !
Canst thou not see when kings are in the field,
A subject's proudest duty is—submission ?"—

takes Suffolk somewhat roundly to task for his contumacy and disrespect, for saying :

" Howe'er the state determine, 'tis not well
To wed the princess to a sepulchre,"

and concludes, by announcing to the same duke that he shall swell the princess's escort to France, by way of penalty for his presumption, little thinking how much pleasure he confers instead.

" The king's displeasure doth accord me more
Than supplication ever could obtain."

Suffolk announces his good fortune to the princess, who is less pleased than we had expected at the escort provided. Perhaps her lover had misbehaved on some former occasion, for she says :

" If thou *must* be companion of my voyage,
Remember thou art escort to a *queen*—
That the blue *waves* which sever adverse shores,
Are *Lethe's waves*—oblivious of the past.*

To which Suffolk assents, though as a general proposition (and so it is enounced by the princess) we hold it to be disputable. *Cælum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt*, is an old authority the other way. Suffolk is heart-broken at the ending of his hopes, and after the departure of Mary, breaks out with a bitter soliloquy about the grave, which strongly indicates suicidal designs. His melancholy musings are interrupted by Dorset, the Mercutio of the play, as Suffolk is its Romeo, who enters with a hop, skip, and jump, to tell him (what by the way he knew before) that he is proclaimed

" Lord Marshal in *King Cupid's* expedition,"

(every thing takes a royal aspect in this regal company to which Mr. Brown introduces us,) and that they must soon be off to France. This scene enables Mr. Brown to illustrate the

* We give the italics as the princess pronounced them. Why the ten words so printed should thus overcrow their twenty companions, we pretend not to conjecture.

characters of Suffolk and Dorset* by their opposites, and we should much like to give it to our readers entire, but they must be content with one specimen from each :

“ *Dorset.*—What! Mary, too—Margaret will not suffice.
Egad, my lord, you are a mighty hunter,
A second Nimrod among royal game.
Might I advise to furnish out the trio,
You'll take old Jane—the offcast queen of Louis.”

At which decent joke “the lord of Suffolk” becomes unreasonably indignant, but Dorset soothes him, and at length accedes to his request—adjuration we should call it rather—to be left alone :

“Nay leave me Dorset, if thou lov'st me, leave me!
I will not fail you at the morning's dawn;
But now 'tis midnight, and my gloomy soul
Holds her dark vigils—and would be alone.”

Being gratified, his dark vigils commence, and are accompanied by a soliloquy of five-and-thirty lines as instructive and full of meaning as all Mr. Brown's soliloquies are. In it we are informed that

—“love ne'er shrinks to *friendship* till it dies,”

but that *true love is death*, or that true love shuddering at diminution is death, or that true love in diminution is death; (for the phrase though beautiful is somewhat obscure) and that the glowing heart, all its charms being lost, sinks to the low level of instinctive brutes; but that hearts that have ever loved as *we should love*, can suffer no abatement, no restraint, but a soul for a soul. The *breast*, however, [whatever may

* We have some historical information concerning this nobleman, to which Mr. Brown may allude in his next edition. It is from “Burton's Description of Leicestershire,” and we copy it for our author's special benefit and information, as it carries out his ideas of Dorset. Lucretius talks of the “*semperflorens Homerus*”—the epithet would be a good one for the marquis.—“Thomas, Marques of Dorset, whose body being buried in 1530, was, in 1608, upon the cutting open of the Cerecloth, found perfect and nothing corrupted, the flesh not hardened, but in colour, proportion, and softness, like an ordinary Corpse newly to be interred.” Thus far the annalist. It is always pleasing to find one's dramatic notions so coincident with fact, but this must always be the case with an author, who, like Mr. Brown, consults only truth and nature. Had Suffolk been disinterred, he would, no doubt, have been found in colour allied to plumbago or charcoal, the material evidence of his misanthropical turn of mind.

be the case with the glowing *heart*] was taught to glow by the great Creator, who also taught it to cling to sympathetic arms as closely as it clings to life. Such are some of the metaphysical and moral beauties of this impressive soliloquy, which the reader, we are sure, will not hesitate to pronounce as appropriate as it is eloquent. It concludes the first act as a splendid bravura terminates an opera.

Did our limits permit, we would trace the progress of the whole piece as minutely as we have done that of the first act, but our readers must henceforth be content with a more general survey, and a more limited selection of beauties. The second act opens in France with a banquet, at which some spirited conversation passes between Francis of Valois, the Chevalier Bayard, and Amarel, the jester, upon the fickleness of the future king, and the promise of knightly sport at the approaching tournament. Alexander's conduct to Statira very happily serves to display the learning of Francis, and to illustrate, by contrast, the prominent foible of his character. Scipio comes in as the usual companion-piece, but the Duke of Valois declares the superiority of Alexander, for a reason in which logic and rhythm are most happily united:

"The Greek resisting curiosity—resisted two Statiras."

A happy approximation to a Greek heroic verse, and a successful introduction of a new law into poetical composition, by which the line is lengthened in proportion to the greatness of the subject; Alexander in iambs would indeed be Achilles in petticoats. There is a *Brononian* theory of medicine, why not of metre?

The English train at last arrives at Boulogne, and we are given to understand that they came by sea and had a very rough passage. Dorset, who had previously informed Suffolk of his appointment, seems no sooner to have crossed the channel than he forgets the nature of the expedition. In one of his mercurial nature, this was a matter of course, but Suffolk's answers are so oracular (though he is questioned in sober prose) that neither Dorset nor the reader get any great satisfaction. At length he hints that beauty is very transitory, and adds emphatically:

"I tell thee, Dorset—for my grief will speak—
The temple where this union is confirmed,
Should be a sepulchre—a charnel-house;"

which strikes as a little singular, since, at page 11, he had told King Henry that it was mighty ill in him

"To wed the princess to a sepulchre;"

and we are sure that it would not be mending the matter to accumulate needless horrors on the occasion. Some day or other an interesting problem for critics will be whether Suffolk was not a mono-maniac. His love for the princess seems certainly a little to have disordered him, but we incline to a verdict of sanity. His soliloquies are too well-ordered for those of a madman, and the propriety of his conduct when he checks Dorset;

“Dorset, forbear—the princess moves this way;”

shows how perfectly he could control himself, even in her immediate presence.

The introduction of the princess to Francis is well managed, and the amenity of her disposition, even under unpleasant circumstances, is shown skilfully by the emphasis she gives her English on addressing him, a foreigner, doubtless, without much practice in that language:

“My good kinsmán, we are boundén to yóu.”

Dorset throws out a hint, by the way, in this scene, which we were sorry to see, as it is the first contemporary evidence we have met with which gives any colour to Henry's charges against Anna Boleyn.

——“there may be Campaspes in *our* train.”

Now Anna formed a part of that train, and, though very young, (Mary calls her “*young* mistress Boleyn”) must take her share of the stigma. Henry, however, married her seventeen years afterwards, and she was then in her youth, so that we trust her fair fame may not be much tarnished; but Dorset and Mr. Brown should have been careful. The act closes with a most edifying scene between the Chevalier Bayard and Francis, which we recommend to the earnest perusal of all gay young bachelors.

Act III. introduces us to Louis XII., the cause of all this pother, in a most unexpected frame of mind. He discovers, rather late, that he has no business with a young wife, and comes to the determination that she shall be

——“his daughter and a *maiden* queen,”

an arrangement to which no one but the Prophet of St. Paul's can object. His response made her a

“Maiden mother—throneless queen,
Widow—in her wedding state.”

Which, in an important point, was going farther than the oracle in "The Crusaders," which the Prophet seems very properly to have studied. Be that as it may, Francis gets speedy notice of the arrangement, and in the very next scene proceeds to make love to the "maiden mother," spite of all the fine promises he had made to his Mentor, the *chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*. The princess coolly asks him if he studies astronomy, a question as well adapted as if Mr. Brown had purposely so designed it, to get from him the gallant and uncommon reply :

"The only stars I ever studied, lady,
Are those bright eyes."

Whereupon the princess becomes aroused, indignant, alarmed, and deems that her *fancy* had led her into

"Some lawless haunt, where ruffian robbers lurk."

She at length gives, as a princess ought to do, a peremptory notice to quit, to Francis, which Suffolk enters very opportunely to enforce. Francis draws his sword, but Suffolk being of Mrs. Malaprop's opinion, that there should be "no honour before ladies," begs him to put it up again, which he does, and retires until a fitting opportunity to settle the quarrel shall present itself. The princess and Suffolk continue the interview, during which the latter tenderly asks a question which so many applicants for credit have asked in vain ;

———"will you not trust?"

To which the princess, confiding, as all ladies ought to do, in her lover, replies, without so much as hinting at an endorser,

"Aye, with my life ; nay more, my lord, my honour."

In the mean time Dorset has fallen in love with the Duchess of Montmorenci, and the Duchess of Montmorenci with Dorset, he having saved her as her horse fell, as lovers have saved ladies before, both in romance and reality. Neither party knows the other. Dorset, therefore, concludes the third act by telling *his* story to Suffolk, and the duchess opens the fourth by relating *hers* to her waiting woman. The loquacious duke also consumes a scene in making a confidant of Francis. These three scenes are extremely good specimens of economy of incident. It is true that they occupy nearly eight pages without contributing one iota to the developement of the main plot, but they do better—they give the author an opportunity to let off his stray similes, and to use up the eloquent odds and ends

his commonplace-book affords. Mr. Brown does not content himself with the classics of the language. He enriches his style with forms of expression which he draws from the pure well of provincial English. Such is that phrase of Dorset's,

———"most true, your grace,
I am engaged in solving of a riddle;"

which no man who had not read the *Journal of Barnabas*, whom purists call *drunken Barnaby*, could possibly have hit on. Barnaby, in his account of the puritan cobbler, very happily *repeats* the expression;

"A hanging of his cat on Monday,
For killing of a rat on Sunday."

A felicity which Mr. Brown will, no doubt, aim at in his next play. Dorset's identification of his stomach and his heart, in a subsequent passage, shows some oriental knowledge, too, for the Brahmins placed the intellect (and in a well-ordered system, like Dorset's, the affections go with it*) in the gastronomic regions. The theory is well worthy the attention of physiologists and metaphysicians.

The tournament which concludes the fourth act, induces us to believe that the author had in view a representation of his piece by an equestrian company. It carries us back to the age of chivalry, and forward to the circus on the old York road. Mr. Hunter's feat of riding three horses at once will be nothing to it. Observe the order.

"Scene IV. Tournament. Court procession [with Johnson's band?]. King and queen take their seats in the centre of the balcony, while the ladies arrange themselves in the order of their rank, on either side, with their attendants. LASTLY, enter Stella of Montmorency with Charmean, who take their seats near to the queen."

So much for the spectators. Now for the actors.

"(Trumpet. Enter herald, knights, and pages, wearing their respective colours! and, after kneeling to the king and queen, bow before their mistresses, and pass off the stage into the lists.)

"Enter Suffolk magnificently attired, and Dorset in black armour, [L'Allegro and Il Penseroso have changed habits,] engaged in conversation. Visors down."

Now if any thing can be finer than this, unless it be the

* The contrary holds of a different class of characters. Berchoux says of Nero:

"Je sais qu'il fut cruel, assassin, suborneur.
Mais de son estomac je distingue son cœur."

cavalcade of robbers in "The Forty Thieves," or the grand procession in "Blue Beard," we are not acquainted with it. Then the tilt itself is a meet sequel to the previous description. We are transported to the very scene and made spectators of it. We see Valois unhorse young Percy, and Dorset's equivocal strife with an anonymous gentleman, designated as "the foe." From subsequent circumstances Dorset appears to have been the victor, but the text leaves us for some time in a state of delicate ambiguity :

"Att.—See! see! behold the knight in sable armour.
 How gallantly he dashes on the foe!
 Observe the well-poised spear—the lofty bearing!
 —Now—now, defend thee, knight!—'tis all in vain!
 He [who?] hurls him [whom?] to the earth!
 (Shouts—Dorset! Dorset.)"

Whether the "Shouts—Dorset! Dorset!" are shouts congratulatory, or shouts sympathetic, we do not learn till the end of the scene, when we are relieved from our suspense by the distribution of the rewards. If that had never been the case, however, the first line of the extract would have repaid us for our disappointment, by its poetical abruptness and variety—"See, *see*, BEHOLD," works us by imperceptible stages to the highest pitch of expectation, and, though we are not able to see or behold any thing distinctly, we feel grateful to the attendant for exciting our curiosity so powerfully. The scene closes with a swoon on the part of the queen at Suffolk's supposed defeat by a burly Bavarian—a "huge knight" with a battle-axe, and a command by the king "to sound a retreat," which Suffolk disregarding, and taking advantage of the Bavarian who observed it, (as we conjecture,) gives his antagonist a finishing blow with his "falchion which gleams in the air," and thus ends the tourney.

As this contest takes place in open day, and we are all present at it, we are not quite aware of the author's precise object in telling the story over again, in the fifth act, to Twist, the tailor, unless it be to impress a lesson of industry upon the craft by letting them see that they lose nothing by staying at home and minding their business. If that is his intention, it is a laudable one, and we are willing to listen to some tailor-like jokes in the recital for the sake of the moral. In the second scene Dorset tells Suffolk that the object of his regard is a widow, and recommends a speedy elopement with her.

"Scarce shall the sun set on the obsequies
 Of the departed king, ere you assert
 A lover's right, and wed the widow'd queen."

Suffolk rather starts at the idea of carrying off a lady of such dignity from the very grave of her husband, but at length boldly resolves on the measure in high heroics suitable to the occasion.

"Give me thy hand—'tis but one effort more !
Despair and hope distract my tortured heart
By a divided reign—neither will yield ;
And thus I give pre-eminence to *one*,
Or shun them *both*, in death."

To which every reader will respond, as Dorset did—"bravely resolved ;" and every reader will rejoice to know that it was as bravely executed.

In the midst of her grief, Mary is surprized by a visit from the Prophet of St. Paul's, who comes with his ring to demand the promised "boon," which is no less than her hand. She recognizes him with some difficulty:

"Ah ! that voice—that look—but still it cannot be !
The waves divide us. Speak quickly ! who art thou ?—
Why art thou here ?"

These broken verses indicate a state of anxious wonder, and of curiosity too intense to care for the forms of speech or metrical propriety. The Prophet, however, at length puts an end to her difficulty, by announcing himself:

"*Mary*.—Amazement ! Suffolk !
Suffolk.—Aye, lady !—and the Prophet of St. Paul's !"

and the queen redeems her pledge with all proper vivacity, considering she had not yet put on second mourning--

"Take thy reward—this free and willing hand
Was thine, is thine, and shall be thine for ever,"

and consents, forthwith, to the proposed elopement.

Arrived at the Carthusian convent, the friar, in his anxiety to render the marriage perfectly formal, gives time for Francis to interrupt it, and an opportunity for Suffolk to show his determination to lose his life rather than his love. Much to the astonishment of the reader, however, and here Mr. Brown has again improved upon history, Francis insists that there is no occasion to bluster, for that he is determined to give away the bride himself, and that Suffolk shall marry her under his own special supervision; a grace which is likewise accorded to Dorset and the duchess, who had run away for company.

The faults we have to point out in this interesting play are so few that we might well omit them altogether. The prince of poets occasionally nods, and our author does no more. We might, perhaps, say of the persons of the drama, that at least half of them are superfluous; of its plot, that it is inartificial and uninteresting; of its conduct, that it is unskilful and perplexed; and that the concatenation of its parts is so slight, that one may, without difficulty, break off any where. Still this gives the reader the advantage of half a dozen perusals instead of one. If the unities were preserved, we might look upon it as an attempt to revive the Greek drama. After the enunciation of the oracle, the characters get into the hands of destiny, and really take very little pains to get out. Such exertions as they do use, of course, only help on the great designs of fate. It would not suit the modern stage to introduce the classical chorus, but Mr. Brown has managed the lyrical portions of his play still better by placing them in the mouths of the principal characters. The scene between Francis and Dorset, at page 36, is a clever improvement on the models of the present and a former age. There the blank verse is varied by prose and several specimens of lyrical harmony.

If we may use a homely expression, we should say of Mr. Brown's *dramatis personæ* that they *do not know what to be at*. Time hangs heavily on their hands. This, at first, seemed to be a fault, but it really is no such thing. Kings, queens, and nobles, have nothing to do but to kill time. This feature, therefore, shows strongly the author's study of his subject. We wish we could as readily excuse their habit of swearing. It is characteristic, but modern taste does not tolerate it even on the stage. King Henry swears four several oaths, besides an occasional curse or two, during a very short period. He gives us "God's death"—"by the Rood"—"body o'me," and "by day and night." Francis is more chivalrous in his vocabulary. He swears, "by the immortal Charlemagne"—"by my hopes of fame," and once, piously, "by heaven." Suffolk being a sorrowful man, and Vendôme a silent one, they each content themselves with the ejaculation, "by my halidam," a sort of "sarcenet surety" to which we do not object. The jester does not commit himself. At page 42 he swears by St. ———, the patron of jesters not having been canonized. But he roundly adjures St. Snip, on behalf of the tailor. Dorset, however, overcomes them all in the number and variety of his oaths. He gives us three oaths theological, "by Thomas Aquinas"—"by St. Paul," and "by the Rood;" one oath mythological, twice repeated, "by Cupid;" and one "good mouth-filling oath" chivalric, "by the dragon and St. George," to

say nothing of a simple "egad" or two, an expletive in the use of which he has, to our astonishment, forestalled Etheridge and Lord Foppington. Sir Lucius, himself, might here amend his system of swearing. But aside from our objection to all this profanity, in a moral point of view, we fear that, like Nick Bottom's roaring, it might "fright the duchess and the ladies that they would shriek," which would certainly mar the performance. If Mr. Brown could omit it, or substitute some innocent exclamations, the company, into whose hands it falls, would be obliged to him.

On the whole, however, this play is sure to succeed. Its lofty sentiments commend it to the elevated and intellectual; its tone of gallantry to the fair; its stirring and brilliant scenes to men of the world, and its comic dialogues to the people.

"Omnis in hoc uno variis discordia cessit,
Ordinibus. Lætatur Eques, plauditque Senator,
Votaque patriciis certant plebeja favori."

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settled by the very speedy and potent interference of King Mob, rather than by the cool and sage reason of statesmen and patriots.

All this has what may be considered its peculiar advantages; and yet, on the whole, is a subject of deep regret. It may be thought to arise from our peculiar circumstances; to contribute to our rapid growth and developement; and to be a sign of youth, and strength, and life. But order and security being, as we think, the great value of every system of government, and the best constituents, too, of their vigour and health, we should see with a livelier satisfaction a state of things which held out the promise of more fondness for the cultivation of the intellect, greater reverence for institutions of learning, and more sacredness attendant upon the tenure of property.

While, therefore, periodical literature is, and is likely to be for a length of time, most consonant to the tastes of the people, it should be the aim and desire of all well-wishers of their country to elevate it to as high a standard as possible. The daily press of course exercises the most potent influence; that of publications appearing at stated intervals of a month or a quarter must be proportionably less. The effect, indeed, of these last, will be felt more in correcting and checking the excesses of the former, and in holding out the promise of a higher tribunal, by which to be judged and to which to appeal, than in any direct immediate effect upon popular taste and feeling. The circulation of such works is confined to the more educated and higher classes; and it is therefore only through these, so far as they are impelled to exert their influence and means in restraining popular excesses, and guiding the popular will, that the good effects of such productions, when properly managed, can be appreciated. The different classes of social life are operated upon in different ways and through different agents—and they must all be approached through the channel appropriate to each. All should be affected,—all made to feel their direct personal interest in the concerns and condition of the society in which they live, if it be at all expected or desired that that society should prosper.

The wealthy, the educated, the refined, and the intellectual classes in the United States have, in the present state of their country, much to do; much more than at any former era was necessary; and much more, we fear, than they have any conception of themselves. They are invoked, if they desire their own preservation, and that of their country, by every consideration which can address itself to them as men and as patriots, to throw their weight into the scale of order and peace. They are asked not merely to give a silent or an indifferent vote, but to exhibit an active participation in the political struggles of their

time. They can do this without lowering their dignity, or descending to the vile arts of their unprincipled opponents. They can exercise their franchises as citizens of our great republic without sullyng the purity of their private character, or mortifying the lofty independence of their minds. They *must* do this, if they wish to stem the headlong current of disorder and dishonesty, and to prevent America from becoming the grave of peaceful liberty.

We have spoken of the influence of the daily press. Upon this the persons we have alluded to can most surely operate, and through it, upon the people at large; and thus, even if their nature and habits keep them back from the arena of party strife, they may, in some degree, discharge the duty which every man with us owes to his country. *They can withhold their patronage from those papers which minister to the bad passions of the populace, and they can accord it to those publications whose tendency is to encourage security, repose, and rational freedom.* Fortunately, a disorganizing faction rarely numbers in its ranks those who are blessed with a large share of this world's goods; their wild schemes generally perish for lack of sustenance, unless open robbery supply an exhausted treasury. Here and there an individual possessing a large estate may be seen in the ranks of the faction, blinded by his ambition, or seduced by flattery, or enticed by the illusions of power, to raise his arm, in order to give additional force to a blow which will certainly, in the end, recoil upon his own head. But these are rare instances—*rari nantes in gurgite vasto*—which serve but to “point a moral” whose importance, we trust, will not be disregarded by others.

The mass of revolutionists are the mob. Under this designation may be comprised all who are either swayed by their unregulated passions, or are misled by their ignorance. They can be governed but in two ways; by the terror of force, wielded by the determined friends of order; or by the milder process of enlightening and improving them. The former is the only resource in seasons of sudden rebellion and outrage, such as occasionally we have unfortunately beheld in our own country; and should be applied with no sparing hand when the emergency arises. The latter is the nobler remedy, and it *may be effectually offered through the press.*

Newspapers should be made the vehicles of sound political doctrine, and of correct religious principle—the advocates of the purest morality, and the undeviating, unflinching supporters of order and justice. Their editors should aim, moreover, at cultivating the literary taste of their readers; and endeavour to sustain the real dignity of their calling. They should be alive to the great responsibilities of their stations; and such patronage should be extended to them by those who have the means, as to

secure the services of men whose high talents could not be better employed than in improving the condition of their country.

With such a press as we have attempted to describe, enlightened, regulated, and free, and with the best talents of her best sons enlisted in her service, what has America to fear? Her high offices would be filled by men worthy to fill them. Literature, the arts and sciences, education in its largest sense—in a word, the best interests of the country, and not the mere benefit of any particular party, would be fostered and promoted, and in the far future, the second sight of even the most croaking prophet would spy nothing to dread. But with a press corrupted and enslaved, the purest and most enlightened citizens shrinking or driven from the contest, unprincipled demagogues grasping all the fruits of possession, and instigating the worst passions of the mob, in order to further their own selfish designs, what has our country not to fear? She has to fear disorder, agrarianism, the reign of ignorance and of terror, the destruction of fondly cherished hopes, and the dread reality of anarchy. To avert these may well demand the patriot's exertion.

The tendency of political action in the United States is undoubtedly towards ultra-radicalism. The fears of many well-informed and intelligent men, in the outset of our career, of a propensity to aristocratic results, have proved altogether groundless. The admirable structure of our political institutions, the universality of the right of suffrage, and the frequency of elections, are an all sufficient safeguard against danger upon that side of the precipice. And, indeed, the principle of aristocracy in our country, (so far as the influence of wealth, of education, and refinement, is embraced in that much abused term,) has been so peeled down that nothing but its decidedly beneficial characteristics, we mean the support it yields to the security of property and social order, has been left. As to a tendency to monarchy, or even the supposable contingency of such an event, so far from any dread being entertained, the soi-disant prophet, who should predict it, would be merely laughed at. The nature of our people would first have to undergo a radical change before such a condition would seem less strange than would a plain countryman decked in the gaudy finery of spangled garments; and even if the insane ambition of any one should impel him to attempt an establishment of kingly rule in his own person, the result would speedily demonstrate that the spirit of the younger Brutus still breathed in many a bosom. Against, however, the opposite danger, as we have hinted, less precaution has been taken. Sufficient calculation was not made upon the selfish properties of man's nature; in fact, the information to be derived from the

lights of experience was in some degree slighted. If the majority of men were influenced by a love of virtue, or regarded merely the good of their country without reference to self, there could be no bar to the onward progress of this Union; the machine of government would play with undisturbed harmony. But it was not recollected that there are, in every nation, and proportionably more so in a republic, disorderly and selfish spirits, who, knowing that in the regular operation of affairs they have little to gain, or nothing more than their neighbours enjoy, seek, in the confusion and plunder consequent upon turmoil and anarchy, the gratification of their unholy passions. It was not remembered that on the level arena of a pure republic there is a wide and open space for the full action of the arts of demagogues; and that these arts may be, perhaps, successfully cultivated before the perception of good citizens becomes keen enough to scent the danger.

Is the press in the United States sufficiently independent? Is a fearless expression of opinion in either politics, morals, or literature, sustained by that of the public, evinced in an unhesitating and decided way? Does the press boldly avow its sentiments, conscious of their integrity, and leave the result to the good sense of the community, careless of the consequences? Or is a dictum upon any topic weighed and measured by what is supposed to be consonant to the views and interests of the mass of subscribers? Does an editor ever, for the purpose of sailing along with a prosperous wind and tide, fall in with the prejudices or passions of the mass; or does he boldly and invariably stem the current when it sets counter to reason, religion, morality, and the public good? We should fear the decision of an upright and independent man upon this question—fear for the credit of the press of our country. An editorial Curtius is not likely soon to be seen. But if such be the conclusion, to what is it attributable? We apprehend that much must be charged upon the supporters of the press themselves. They do not evince as much of decision and energy in the cause they both advocate, and feel to be the best, as do their opponents in the support of their unrighteous aims. The press in America is content to follow the course of popular opinion at the moment, without seeking to direct its progress in the ways of justice and reason.

In a country, then, constituted as ours, where the laws and constitution prohibit any other check, recourse must be had to the only one that is left—one, which, by the blessing of heaven, may prove amply sufficient—the warning society of its danger, and so enlightening the mass that they may fully comprehend and knowingly meet the emergency. In our humble sphere, this duty will never be shunned; on the contrary, we trust to

be ever found the wary sentinels of the gates of liberty. We have pointed out the mode in which every man may lend a hand in the good work ; and should the daily as well as the periodical press be found undeviatingly on the side of order and true liberty, the foes of both may batter the walls of the social edifice in vain ; its firm foundations will resist all their impotent efforts at destruction.

The foregoing remarks are well suggested by the times, though our attention was more immediately called to the subject by the life of the late William Hazlitt. He was for many years connected with the press in England, and identified with the more radical portion of the whig party in that country. He was a reporter and then a contributor to the *Times* and *Morning Chronicle*, and also to the *Edinburgh Review*, *New Monthly Magazine*, and other celebrated journals. His life was a fair specimen of that of a literary man dependent upon his pen alone for support ; not marked by any very striking peculiarities, but checkered by alternate disappointment and success, family disquietude and poverty. To no one department of letters were the efforts of his pen confined ; but theatrical criticisms, dramatic writings, history, theology, politics, metaphysics, and men and manners, all supplied materials for the exercise of his talents. His merits in these different walks of literature, were various ; and to some of them, as not generally known in this country, we propose directing the brief attention of our readers.

Hazlitt was born on the 10th of April, 1778 ; he was the son of a dissenting minister of the Unitarian persuasion, and was destined by his father to the same profession. At the age of fifteen, with this object in view, he was entered as a student at the well known college of that sect at Hackney ; and his first production was a defence of their great Apollo, Dr. Priestley. This publication was distinguished by more zeal than talent ; and indeed his earlier productions were written in a very inelegant style, which he bitterly regretted, and which it cost him many years of hard labour to correct.

His attention at school was soon turned to metaphysical studies, which for some years engrossed all his attention. His learning in this department was very great, and his acuteness as a metaphysician not a little remarkable. These are studies not generally popular, and yet, when at all in accordance with the taste of an individual, or pursued to any extent, become all-captivating, and are apt to exclude most other intellectual pursuits. When not too much attended to, their effect upon the reasoning powers is very beneficial, and they are among the very best species of mental discipline. It is beside our purpose to enter into the metaphysical arguments which Hazlitt discusses in some of the essays to be found in the volume whose

title stands above, and yet we cannot avoid expressing the gratification we derived from the perusal of some of them. We would particularly allude to those upon "liberty and necessity," and on "Locke's Essay," and commend them to the attention of the lovers of such abstruse reading. His objections to Locke's theory as embracing the whole compass and origin of our ideas, appear to us unanswerable. In fact, we are disposed to regard with peculiar favour whatever opinion tends to exalt the dignity of mind; to evince its distinct existence from the body, and its possession of capacities not altogether dependent upon, or derived from, its less noble companion.

The profession of a clergyman was soon found to be altogether unsuited to Hazlitt's turn of mind; indeed his piety, we should say, was not his peculiar characteristic. At seventeen, therefore, much to his father's disappointment, he abandoned Hackney, and returned home. A living of some kind was to be the result of his own labour; and indulging his natural tastes, he took up the profession of a painter. He devoted himself ardently to the prosecution of this favourite art, and his success was considered, by every one but himself, decisive. His own nicety of taste was, however, never gratified, and finally this also was given up. His pencil alone was not employed upon the art to which he was so partial, but he freely used his pen in the elucidation of her principles, and in criticisms upon the works of the great masters. For the virtuoso, his remarks upon "the fine arts," and on the "pleasure of painting," must possess much interest.

When about twenty years of age, chance introduced him to the acquaintance of one of the greatest men of his age, the poet Coleridge. The interchange of sentiment with this eminent genius seems to have influenced very much his future career. Hazlitt was fortunate in the acquisition of friends. Besides Coleridge; Wordsworth, Southey, Holcroft, and Lamb, honoured him with their friendship. With the latter, unfortunately, a slight disagreement arose, which disturbed their intimacy for some time. The blame was entirely attributable to Hazlitt. During the pendency of the quarrel, Southey undertook in a letter to Lamb to pay a compliment to him at the expense of his former friend. The noble heart of Lamb rejected the offering. We extract, as a beautiful specimen of Elia's fine head, and finer heart, the answer which he transmitted to Southey.

"From the *other gentleman* I neither expect nor desire (as he is well assured) any such concessions as L— H— made to C—. What hath soured him, and made him suspect his friends of infidelity towards him, when there was no such matter, I know not. I stood well with him for fifteen years (the proudest of my life), and have ever spoken my full mind of him to some to whom his panegyric must naturally be least tasteful. I never in thought swerved from him; I never betrayed him;

I never slackened in my admiration of him; I was the same to him (neither better nor worse), though he could not see it, as in the days when he thought fit to trust me. At this instant he may be preparing for me some compliment, above my deserts, as he has sprinkled many such among his admirable books, for which I rest his debtor; or, for any thing I know or can guess to the contrary, he may be about to read a lecture on my weaknesses. He is welcome to them (as he was to my humble hearth,) if they can divert a spleen, or ventilate a fit of sullenness. I wish he would not quarrel with the world at the rate he does; but the reconciliation must be effected by himself, and I despair of living to see that day. But, protesting against much that he has written, and some things which he chooses to do; judging him by his conversations which I enjoyed so long, and relished so deeply, or by his books, in those places where no clouding passion intervenes—I should belie my own conscience, if I said less than that I think W. H. to be, in his natural and healthy state, one of the wisest and finest spirits breathing. So far from being ashamed of that intimacy which was betwixt us, it is my boast that I was able for so many years to have preserved it entire; and I think I shall go to my grave without finding or expecting to find, such another companion. But I forget my manners—you will pardon me, sir.—I return to the correspondence.”

Fortunately a reconciliation took place, and Hazlitt had the presence of Lamb to minister at his dying bed.

His first acquaintance with some of these distinguished men he has recorded in a delightful essay, from which we shall furnish some extracts.

It is known that Coleridge started in life as a clergyman of the Unitarian persuasion. Hazlitt's father lived at Wem, in Shropshire, and in the year 1798, Coleridge came down to Shrewsbury, to succeed a Mr. Rowe, who had charge of the church at that place. His arrival is thus described:—

“He did not come till late on the Saturday afternoon before he was to preach; and Mr. Rowe, who himself went down to the coach in a state of anxiety and expectation to look for the arrival of his successor, could find no one at all answering the description but a round-faced man in a short black coat (like a shooting jacket), which hardly seemed to have been made for him, but who seemed to be talking at a great rate to his fellow passengers. Mr. Rowe had scarce returned to give an account of his disappointment, when the round-faced man in black entered, and dissipated all doubts on the subject by beginning to talk. He did not cease while he stayed; nor has he since, that I know of. He held the good town of Shrewsbury in delightful suspense for three weeks that he remained there, ‘fluttering the proud *Salopians*, like an eagle in a dove-cote;’ and the Welsh mountaineers that skirt the horizon with their tempestuous confusion, agree to have heard no such mystic sounds since the days of

‘High-born Hoel’s harp or soft Llewellyn’s lay!’

As we passed along between Wem and Shrewsbury, and I eyed their blue tops seen through the wintry branches, or the red rustling leaves of the sturdy oak trees by the road side, a sound was in my ears as of a siren’s song; I was stunned, startled with it, as from deep sleep; but I had no notion then that I should ever be able to express my admiration

to others in motley imagery or quaint allusion, till the light of his genius shone into my soul, like the sun's rays glittering in the puddles of the road. I was at that time dumb, inarticulate, helpless, like a worm by the way-side, crushed, bleeding, lifeless; but now, bursting from the deadly bands that bound them,

‘With Styx nine times round them,’

my ideas float on winged words, and, as they expand their plumes, catch the light of other years. My soul has indeed remained in its original bondage, dark, obscure, with longings infinite and unsatisfied; my heart, shut up in the prison house of this rude clay, has never found, nor will it ever find, a heart to speak to; but that my understanding also did not remain dumb and brutish, or at length found a language to express itself, I owe to Coleridge.”

Of his first sermon to the people of his charge, our author gives an animated description.

“It was in January, 1798, that I rose one morning before daylight, to walk ten miles in the mud, to hear this celebrated person preach. Never, the longest day I have to live, shall I have such another walk as this cold, raw, comfortless one, in the winter of the year 1798,—*Il y a des impressions que ni le tems ni les circonstances peuvent effacer. Dusse-je vivre des siècles entiers, le doux tems de ma jeunesse ne peut renaitre pour moi, ni s’effacer jamais dans ma memoire.* When I got there, the organ was playing the 100th psalm, and when it was done, Mr. Coleridge rose and gave out his text, ‘And he went up into the mountain to pray, HIMSELF, ALONE.’ As he gave out his text, his voice ‘rose like a stream of rich distilled perfumes,’ and when he came to the two last words, which he pronounced loud, deep and distinct, it seemed to me, who was then young, as if the sounds had echoed from the bottom of the human heart, and as if that prayer might have floated in solemn silence through the universe. The idea of St. John came into my mind, ‘of one crying in the wilderness, who had his loins girt about, and whose food was locusts and wild honey.’ The preacher then launched into his subject, like an eagle dallying with the wind. The sermon was upon peace and war; upon church and state—not their alliance, but their separation—on the spirit of the world and the spirit of Christianity, not as the same but as opposed to one another. He talked of those who had ‘inscribed the cross of Christ on banners dripping with human gore.’ He made a poetical and pastoral excursion,—and, to show the fatal effects of war, drew a striking contrast between the simple shepherd boy, driving his team afield, or sitting under the hawthorn, piping to his flock, ‘as though he should never behold,’ and the same poor country lad, crimped, kidnapped, brought into town, made drunk at an alehouse, turned into a wretched drummer-boy, with his hair sucking on end with powder and pomatum, a long cue at his back, and tricked out in the loathsome finery of the profession of blood.

‘Such were the notes our once-loved poet sung.’

And for myself, I could not have been more delighted if I had heard the music of the spheres. Poetry and Philosophy had met together, Truth and Genius had embraced, under the eye and with the sanction of Religion. This was even beyond my hopes. I returned home well satisfied. The sun that was still labouring pale and wan through the sky, obscured by thick mists, seemed an emblem of the *good cause*; and the cold dank drops of dew, that hung half melted on the beard of the this-

tle, had something genial and refreshing in them; for there was a spirit of hope and youth in all nature, that turned every thing into good. The face of nature had not then the brand of *Jus DIVINUM* on it:

‘Like to that sanguine flower inscrib’d with wo.’”

We shall offer no apology to our readers for furnishing them with continued extracts from this interesting essay. All the persons introduced have excited the attention of the world. We will merely premise that Coleridge soon tired of his profession.

He was on a visit to our author’s father—

“His appearance was different from what I had anticipated from seeing him before. At a distance, and in the dim light of the chapel, there was to me a strange wildness in his aspect, a dusky obscurity, and I thought him pitted with the small-pox. His complexion was at that time clear, and even bright,—

‘As are the children of yon azure sheen.’

His forehead was broad and high, light as if built of ivory, with large projecting eyebrows, and his eyes rolling beneath them, like a sea with darkened lustre. ‘A certain tender bloom his face o’erspread,’ a purple tinge as we see it in the pale thoughtful complexions of the Spanish portrait painters, Murillo and Velasquez. His mouth was gross, voluptuous, open, eloquent; his chin good-humoured and round; but his nose, the rudder of the face, the index of the will, was small, feeble, nothing—like what he has done. It might seem that the genius of his face as from a height surveyed and projected him (with sufficient capacity and huge aspiration) into the world unknown of thought and imagination, with nothing to support or guide his veering purpose, as if Columbus had launched his adventurous course for the New World in a scallop, without oars or compass. So at least I comment on it after the event. Coleridge, in his person, was rather above the common size, inclining to the corpulent, or like Lord Hamlet, ‘somewhat fat and puffy.’ His hair (now alas! gray) was then black and glossy as the raven’s, and fell in smooth masses over his forehead. This long pendulous hair is peculiar to enthusiasts, to those whose minds tend heavenward; and is traditionally inseparable (though of a different colour) from the pictures of Christ. It ought to belong, as a character, to all who preach *Christ crucified*, and Coleridge was at that time one of those!”

His rambling, brilliant conversation is then well described. A visit, which Hazlitt paid to him soon after, afforded the former another opportunity of collecting some of his remarkable sayings. It also introduced him to Wordsworth.

“I returned home, and soon after set out on my journey with unworn heart and untried feet. My way lay through Worcester and Gloucester, and by Upton, where I thought of Tom Jones and the adventure of the muff. I remember getting completely wet through one day, and stopping at an inn (I think it was at Tewksbury) where I sat up all night to read ‘Paul and Virginia.’ Sweet were the showers in early youth that drenched my body, and sweet the drops of pity that fell upon the books I read. I recollect a remark of Coleridge upon this very book,—that nothing could show the gross indelicacy of French manners and the entire corruption of their imagination more strongly than the behaviour of the heroine

in the last fatal scene, who turns away from a person on board the sinking vessel, that offers to save her life, because he has thrown off his clothes to assist him in swimming. Was this a time to think of such a circumstance? I once hinted to Wordsworth, as we were sailing in his boat on Grasmere lake, that I thought he had borrowed the idea of his 'Poems on the naming of Places,' from the local inscriptions of the same kind in 'Paul and Virginia.' He did not own the obligation, and stated some distinction without a difference, in defence of his claim to originality. Any the slightest variation would be sufficient for this purpose in his mind; for whatever *he* added or altered would inevitably be worth all that any one else had done, and contain the marrow of the sentiment. I was still two days before the time fixed for my arrival, for I had taken care to set out early enough. I stopped these two days at Bridgewater, and when I was tired of sauntering on the banks of its muddy river, returned to the inn, and read 'Camilla.' So have I loitered my life away, reading books, looking at pictures, going to plays, hearing, thinking, writing on what pleased me best. I have wanted only one thing to make me happy; but wanting that, have wanted every thing!

"I arrived and was well received. The country about Nether Stowey is beautiful, green and hilly, and near the sea shore. I saw it but the other day, after an interval of twenty years, from a hill near Taunton. How was the map of my life spread out before me, as the map of the country lay at my feet! In the afternoon, Coleridge took me over to All-Foxden, a romantic old family mansion of the St. Aubins, where Wordsworth lived. It was then in the possession of a friend of the poet, who gave him the free use of it. Somehow that period (the time just after the French revolution) was not a time when *nothing was given for nothing*. The mind opened, and a softness might be perceived coming over the heart of individuals, beneath 'the scales that fence' our self-interest. Wordsworth himself was from home, but his sister kept house, and set before us a frugal repast; and we had free access to her brother's poems, the 'Lyrical Ballads,' which were still in manuscript, or in the form of 'Sybilline Leaves.' I dipped into a few of these with great satisfaction, and with the faith of a novice. I slept that night in an old room with blue hangings, and covered with the round-faced family-portraits of the age of George I. and II., and from the wooded declivity of the adjoining park that overlooked my window, at the dawn of day, could

—'hear the loud stag speak.'

"In the outset of life (and particularly at this time I felt it so) our imagination has a body to it. We are in a state between sleeping and waking, and have indistinct but glorious glimpses of strange shapes, and there is always something to come better than what we see. As in our dreams the fulness of the blood gives warmth and reality to the coinage of the brain, so in youth our ideas are clothed, and fed, and pampered with our good spirits; we breathe thick with thoughtless happiness, the weight of future years presses on the strong pulses of the heart, and we repose with undisturbed faith in truth and good. As we advance, we exhaust our fund of enjoyment and of hope. We are no longer wrapped in *lamb's-wool*, lulled in Elysium. As we taste the pleasures of life, their spirit evaporates, the sense palls; and nothing is left but the phantoms, the lifeless shadows of what *has been*!

"That morning, as soon as breakfast was over, we strolled out into the park, and seating ourselves on the trunk of an old ash tree that stretched along the ground, Coleridge read aloud with a sonorous and

musical voice, the ballad of 'Betty Foy.' I was not critically or sceptically inclined. I saw touches of truth and nature, and took the rest for granted. But in the 'Thorn,' the 'Mad Mother,' and the 'Complaint of a Poor Indian Woman,' I felt that deeper power and pathos which have been since acknowledged,

'In spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,'

as the characteristics of this author; and the sense of a new style and a new spirit in poetry came over me. It had to me something of the effect that arises from the turning up of the fresh soil, or of the first welcome breath of spring,

'While yet the trembling year is unconfirmed.'

Coleridge and myself walked back to Stowey that evening, and his voice sounded high

'Of Providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,
Fix'd fate, free-will, foreknowledge absolute;'

as we passed through echoing grove, by fairy stream or waterfall, gleaming in the summer moonlight! He lamented that Wordsworth was not prone enough to believe in the traditional superstitions of the place, and that there was a something corporeal, a *matter-of-fact-ness*, a clinging to the palpable, or often to the petty, in his poetry, in consequence. His genius was not a spirit that descended to him through the air: it sprang out of the ground like a flower, or unfolded itself from a green spray, on which the goldfinch sang. He said, however, (if I remember right,) that this objection must be confined to his descriptive pieces, that his philosophic poetry had a grand and comprehensive spirit in it, so that his soul seemed to inhabit the universe like a palace, and to discover truth by intuition, rather than by deduction. The next day Wordsworth arrived from Bristol at Coleridge's cottage. I think I see him now. He answered in some degree to his friend's description of him, but was more gaunt and Don Quixote-like. He was quaintly dressed (according to the *costume* of that unconstrained period) in a brown fustian jacket and striped pantaloons. There was something of a roll, a lounge in his gait, not unlike his own 'Peter Bell.' There was a severe, worn pressure of thought about his temples, a fire in his eye, (as if he saw something in objects more than the outward appearance,) an intense, high, narrow forehead, a Roman nose, cheeks furrowed by strong purpose and feeling, and a convulsive inclination to laughter about the mouth, a good deal at variance with the solemn, stately expression of the rest of his face. Chantry's bust wants the marking traits; but he was teased into making it regular and heavy: Haydon's head of him, introduced into the *Entrance of Christ into Jerusalem*, is the most like his drooping weight of thought and expression. He sat down and talked very naturally and freely, with a mixture of clear gushing accents in his voice, a deep guttural intonation, and a strong tincture of the northern *burr*, like the crust on wine. He instantly began to make havoc of the half of a Cheshire cheese on the table, and said triumphantly that 'his marriage with experience had not been so productive as Mr. Southey's in teaching him a knowledge of the good things of this life.' He had been to see the 'Castle Spectre' by Monk Lewis, while at Bristol, and described it very well. He said, 'it fitted the taste of the audience like a glove.' "

* * * * *

"In a day or two after we arrived at Stowey, we set out, I on my return home, and he for Germany. It was a Sunday morning, and he was

to preach that day for Dr. Toulmin of Taunton. I asked him if he had prepared any thing for the occasion? He said he had not even thought of the text, but should as soon as we parted. I did not go to hear him,—this was a fault,—but we met in the evening at Bridgewater. The next day we had a long day's walk to Bristol, and sat down, I recollect, by a well-side on the road, to cool ourselves and satisfy our thirst, when Coleridge repeated to me some descriptive lines from his tragedy of 'Remorse;' which I must say became his mouth and that occasion better than they some years after did Mr. Elliston's and the Drury Lane boards,—

'O memory! shield me from the world's poor strife,
And give those scenes thine everlasting life.'

"I saw no more of him for a year or two, during which period he had been wandering in the Hartz Forest in Germany; and his return was cometary, meteorous, unlike his setting out. It was not till some time after that I knew his friends Lamb and Southey. The last always appears to me (as I first saw him) with a common-place book under his arm, and the first with a *bon-mot* in his mouth. It was at Godwin's that I met him with Holcroft and Coleridge, where they were disputing fiercely which was the best—*Man as he was, or man as he is to be*. 'Give me,' says Lamb, 'man as he is *not* to be.' This saying was the beginning of a friendship between us, which I believe still continues. Enough of this for the present.

'But there is matter for another rhyme,
And I to this may add a second tale.'

Hazlitt's irregular life as a reporter and a critic, being, as he says himself, "regularly transferred from one paper to another, sometimes formally, and sometimes without notice," probably contributed to a failing which injured his constitution, diminished his respectability, and no doubt impaired his domestic happiness. We allude to his fondness for strong drink. The fact, however, is here recorded, as his subsequent course in this respect was highly honourable to him, and shows what may be effected in this important point by a determined resolution of abstinence. By a strong exercise of the will, he so conquered his propensity, that from the period of his abstinence to the day of his death, a space of sixteen years, he never touched either spirit or wine.

His condition as a married man was any thing but a happy one, and a divorce under the law of Scotland was the consequence. But little is known of the causes of this unfortunate termination of his marriage, though it is supposed to have been owing to Hazlitt's strange temper. The next year he found a lady more to his taste, and married again. His opinions, however, were very unfavourable to the happiness of the married state, and indeed to the sex. His own misfortunes in this respect had clouded his judgment, and blunted his feelings. This is evident from a very interesting essay, entitled "On the Conduct of Life, or Advice to a School-boy." As a whole, it

may be pronounced a very fine production. It contains much of the soundest and best advice, founded upon good principle and a deal of experience. The remarks upon the conduct of school-boys will be recognized as true by every one who has ever been embraced by that category. The independence of Hazlitt's mind, and his love of equality, are strikingly exemplified in this essay. We purpose to present our readers with some running extracts from it, upon the different topics of "conduct at school," "study," "society," "love and marriage."

As to the first, he says:

"You complain since, that the boys laugh at you and do not care about you, and that you are not treated as you were at home. My dear, that is one chief reason for your being sent to school, to inure you betimes to the unavoidable rubs and uncertain reception you may meet with in life. You cannot always be with me, and perhaps it is as well that you cannot. But you must not expect others to show the same concern about you as I should. You have hitherto been a spoiled child, and have been used to have your own way a good deal, both in the house and among your play-fellows, with whom you were too fond of being a leader: but you have good-nature and good sense, and will get the better of this in time. You have now got among other boys who are your equals, or bigger and stronger than yourself, and who have something else to attend to besides humouring your whims and fancies, and you feel this as a repulse or piece of injustice. But the first lesson to learn is, that there are other people in the world besides yourself. There are a number of boys in the school where you are, whose amusements and pursuits (whatever they may be) are and ought to be of as much consequence to them as yours can be to you, and to which, therefore, you must give way in your turn. The more airs of childish self-importance you give yourself, you will only expose yourself to be the more thwarted and laughed at. True equality is the only true morality or true wisdom. Remember always that you are but one among others, and you can hardly mistake your place in society. In your father's house, you might do as you pleased: in the world, you will find competitors at every turn. You are not born a king's son, to destroy or dictate to millions: you can only expect to share their fate, or settle your differences amicably with them. You already find it so at school; and I wish you to be reconciled to your situation as soon and with as little pain as you can.

"It was my misfortune, perhaps, to be bred up among dissenters, who look with too jaundiced an eye at others, and set too high a value on their own peculiar pretensions. From being proscribed themselves, they learn to proscribe others; and come in the end to reduce all integrity of principle and soundness of opinion within the pale of their own little communion. Those who were out of it, and did not belong to the class of *Rational Dissenters*, I was led erroneously to look upon as hardly deserving the name of rational beings. Being thus satisfied as to the select few who are 'the salt of the earth,' it is easy to persuade ourselves that we are at the head of them, and to fancy ourselves of more importance in the scale of true desert than all the rest of the world put together, who do not interpret a certain text of Scripture in the manner that we have been taught to do. You will (from the difference of education) be free from this bigotry, and will, I hope, avoid every thing akin to the same exclusive and narrow-minded spirit. Think that the minds of men are various as their faces—that the modes and employments of life are

numberless as they are necessary—that there is more than one class of merit—that though others may be wrong in some things, they are not so in all—and that countless races of men have been born, have lived and died without ever hearing of any one of those points in which you take a just pride and pleasure—and you will not err on the side of that spiritual pride or intellectual coxcombry which has been so often the bane of the studious and learned!”

The following sensible remarks are made, among others, upon “study:”

“You are, I think, too fond of reading as it is. As one means of avoiding excess in this way, I would wish you to make it a rule, never to read at meal-times, nor in company when there is any (even the most trivial) conversation going on, nor ever to let your eagerness to learn encroach upon your play-hours. Books are but one inlet of knowledge; and the pores of the mind, like those of the body, should be left open to all impressions. I applied too close to my studies, soon after I was of your age, and hurt myself irreparably by it. Whatever may be the value of learning, health and good spirits are of more.

“I would have you, as I said, make yourself master of French, because you may find it of use in the commerce of life; and I would have you learn Latin, partly because I learnt it myself, and I would not have you without any of the advantages or sources of knowledge that I possessed—it would be a bar of separation between us—and, secondly, because there is an atmosphere round this sort of classical ground, to which that of actual life is gross and vulgar. Shut out from this garden of early sweetness, we may well exclaim—

‘How shall we part and wander down
Into a lower world, to this obscure
And wild? How shall we breathe in other air
Less pure, accustom’d to immortal fruits?’

I do not think the classics so indispensable to the cultivation of your intellect as on another account, which I have seen explained elsewhere, and you will have no objection to turn with me to the passage.

“The study of the classics is less to be regarded as an exercise of the intellect, than as a *discipline of humanity*. The peculiar advantage of this mode of education consists not so much in strengthening the understanding, as in softening and refining the taste. It gives men liberal views; it accustoms the mind to take an interest in things foreign to itself; to love virtue for its own sake; to prefer fame to life, and glory to riches: and to fix our thoughts on the remote and permanent, instead of narrow and fleeting objects. It teaches us to believe that there is something really great and excellent in the world, surviving all the shocks of accident and fluctuations of opinion, and raises us above that low and servile fear which bows only to present power and upstart authority. Rome and Athens filled a place in the history of mankind, which can never be occupied again. They were two cities set on a hill, which could not be hid; all eyes have seen them, and their light shines like a mighty sea-mark into the abyss of time.

‘Still green with bays each ancient altar stands,
Above the reach of sacrilegious hands;
Secure from flames, from envy’s fiercer rage,
Destructive war, and all-involving age.

Hail, bards triumphant, born in happier days,
 Immortal heirs of universal praise!
 Whose honours with increase of ages grow,
 As streams roll down, enlarging as they flow!

It is this feeling more than any thing else which produces a marked difference between the study of the ancient and modern languages, and which, by the weight and importance of the consequences attached to the former, stamps every word with a monumental firmness. By conversing with the *mighty dead*, we imbibe sentiment with knowledge. We become strongly attached to those who can no longer either hurt or serve us, except through the influence which they exert over the mind. We feel the presence of that power which gives immortality to human thoughts and actions, and catch the flame of enthusiasm from all nations and ages.

"Because, however, you have learnt Latin and Greek, and can speak a different language, do not fancy yourself of a different order of beings from those you ordinarily converse with. They, perhaps, know and can do more *things* than you, though you have learnt a greater variety of *names* to express the same thing by. The great object, indeed, of these studies is to be 'a cure for a narrow and selfish spirit,' and to carry the mind out of its petty and local prejudices to the idea of a more general humanity. Do not fancy, because you are intimate with Homer and Virgil, that your neighbours who can never attain the same posthumous fame are to be despised, like those impudent valets who live in noble families and look down upon every one else. Though you are master of Cicero's 'Orations,' think it possible for a cobbler at a stall to be more eloquent than you. 'But you are a scholar, and he is not.' Well, then, you have that advantage over him, but it does not follow that you are to have every other. Look at the heads of the celebrated poets and philosophers of antiquity in the collection at Wilton, and you will say they answer to their works: but you will find others in the same collection whose names have hardly come down to us, that are equally fine, and cast in the same classic mould. Do you imagine that all the thoughts, genius, and capacity of those old and mighty nations are contained in a few odd volumes, to be thumbed by schoolboys? This reflection is not meant to lessen your admiration of the great names to which you will be accustomed to look up, but to direct it to that solid mass of intellect and power, of which they were the most shining ornaments. I would wish you to excel in this sort of learning, and to take a pleasure in it, because it is the path that has been chosen for you: but do not suppose that others do not excel equally in their line of study or exercise of skill, or that there is but one mode of excellence in art or nature. You have got on vastly beyond the point at which you set out; but others have been getting on as well as you in the same or other ways, and have kept pace with you. What then, you may ask, is the use of all the pains you have taken, if it gives you no superiority over mankind in general? It is this—You have reaped all the benefit of improvement and knowledge yourself; and farther, if you had not moved forwards, you would by this time have been left behind."

To young men, particularly young students, who often enter the society of the world with very erroneous notions, which either destroy their own happiness, or injure permanently their reputation, the following reflections are of much value.

"Gravity is one great ingredient in the conduct of life, and perhaps a
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certain share of it is hardly to be dispensed with. Few people can afford to be quite unaffected. At any rate do not put your worst qualities foremost. Do not seek to distinguish yourself by being ridiculous; nor entertain that miserable ambition to be the sport and butt of the company. By aiming at a certain standard of behaviour or intellect, you will at least show your taste and value for what is excellent. There are those who *blurt* out their good things with so little heed of what they are about, that no one thinks any thing of them; as others by keeping their folly to themselves gain the reputation of wisdom. Do not, however, affect to speak only in oracles, or to deal in *bon-mots*: condescend to the level of the company, and be free and accessible to all persons. Express whatever occurs to you, that cannot offend others or hurt yourself. Keep some opinions to yourself. Say what you please of others, but never repeat what you hear said of them to themselves. If you have nothing to offer yourself, laugh with the witty, assent to the wise; they will not think the worse of you for it. Listen to information on subjects you are unacquainted with, instead of always striving to lead the conversation to some favourite one of your own. By the last method you will shine, but will not improve. I am ashamed myself ever to open my lips on any question I have ever written upon. It is much more difficult to be able to converse on an equality with a number of persons in turn, than to soar above their heads, and excite the stupid gaze of all companies by bestriding some senseless topic of your own, and confounding the understandings of those who are ignorant of it. Be not too fond of argument. Indeed, by going much into company (which I do not, however, wish you to do) you will be weaned from this practice, if you set out with it. Rather suggest what remarks may have occurred to you on a subject than aim at dictating your opinions to others, or at defending yourself at all points. You will learn more by agreeing in the main with others, and entering into their trains of thinking, than by contradicting and urging them to extremities. Avoid singularity of opinion as well as of every thing else. Sound conclusions come with practical knowledge, rather than with speculative refinements: in what we really understand, we reason but little. Long-winded disputes fill up the place of common sense and candid inquiry. Do not imagine that you will make people friends by showing your superiority over them: it is what they will neither admit nor forgive, unless you have a high and acknowledged reputation beforehand, which renders this sort of petty vanity more inexcusable. Seek to gain the good-will of others, rather than to extort their applause; and to this end, be neither too tenacious of your own claims, nor inclined to press too hard on their weaknesses."

"I would not, however, have you run away with a notion that the rich are knaves or that lords are fools. They are, for what I know, as honest and as wise as other people. But it is a trick of our self-love, supposing that another has the decided advantage of us in one way, to strike a balance by taking it for granted (as a moral antithesis) that he must be as much beneath us in those qualities on which we plume ourselves, and which we would appropriate almost entirely to our own use. It is hard, indeed, if others are raised above us not only by the gifts of fortune, but of understanding too. It is not to be credited. People have an unwillingness to admit that the house of lords can be equal in talent to the house of commons. So in the other sex, if a woman is handsome, she is an idiot, or no better than she should be: in ours, if a man is worth a million of money, he is a miser, a fellow that cannot spell his own name, or a poor creature in some way, to bring him to our level.

This is malice, and not truth. Believe all the good you can of every one. Do not measure others by yourself. If they have advantages which you have not, let your liberality keep pace with their good fortune. Envy no one, and you need envy no one. If you have but the magnanimity to allow merit wherever you see it—understanding in a lord, or wit in a cobbler—this temper of mind will stand you instead of many accomplishments. Think no man too happy. Raphael died young. Milton had the misfortune to be blind. If any one is vain or proud, it is from folly or ignorance. Those who pique themselves excessively on some one thing, have but that one thing to pique themselves upon, as languages, mechanics, &c. I do not say that this is not an enviable delusion where it is not liable to be disturbed; but at present knowledge is too much diffused, and pretensions come too much into collision, for this to be long the case; and it is better not to form such a prejudice at first than to have it to undo all the rest of one's life. If you learn any two things, though they may put you out of conceit one with the other, they will effectually cure you of any conceit you might have of yourself, by showing the variety and scope there is in the human mind beyond the limits you had set to it."

Though our extracts have been already copious, we cannot abstain from copying Hazlitt's views upon love and marriage, which are contained in this same letter of advice. The reader must bear in mind, that our author had been unfortunate in his married state, and his remarks show that this circumstance had embittered his views, and deadened his perceptions of happiness, from a source which was peculiarly intended to minister to man's felicity here. The deep feeling which the concluding portion of our extract evinces, will not, we are sure, be lost upon the reader.

"If you ever marry, I would wish you to marry the woman you like. Do not be guided by the recommendation of friends. Nothing will atone for or overcome an original distaste. It will only increase from intimacy; and if you are to live separate, it is better not to come together. There is no use in dragging a chain through life, unless it binds one to the object we love. Choose a mistress from among your equals. You will be able to understand her character better, and she will be more likely to understand yours. Those in an inferior station to yourself will doubt your good intentions, and misapprehend your plainest expressions. All that you swear is to them a riddle, or downright nonsense. You cannot by possibility translate your thoughts into their dialect. They will be ignorant of the meaning of half you say, and laugh at the rest. As mistresses, they will have no sympathy with you; and as wives, you can have none with them. But they will do all they can to thwart you, and to retrieve themselves in their own opinion by trick and low cunning. No woman ever married into a family above herself that did not try to make all the mischief she could in it. Be not in haste to marry, nor to engage your affections, where there is no probability of a return. Do not fancy every woman you see the heroine of a romance, a *Sophia Western*, a *Clarissa*, or a *Julia*; and yourself the potential hero of it, *Tom Jones*, *Lovelace*, or *St. Preux*. Avoid this error as you would shrink back from a precipice. All your fine sentiments and romantic notions will (of themselves) make no more impression on one of these delicate creatures than on a piece of marble. Their soft bosoms

are steel to your amorous refinement, if you have no other pretensions. It is not what you think of them that determines their choice, but what they think of you. Endeavour, if you would escape lingering torments and the gnawing of the worm that dies not, to find out this, and to abide by the issue. We trifle with, make sport of, and despise those who are attached to us, and follow those that fly from us. 'We hunt the wind, we worship a statue, cry aloud to the desert.' Do you, my dear boy, stop short in this career, if you find yourself setting out in it, and make up your mind to this, that if a woman does not like you of her own accord, that is, from involuntary impressions, nothing you can say or do or suffer for her sake will make her, but will set her the more against you. So the song goes—

'Quit, quit for shame; this will not move:
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her; the devil take her!'

"Your pain is her triumph; the more she feels you in her power, the worse she will treat you: the more you make it appear you deserve her regard, the more she will resent it as an imputation on her first judgment. Study first impressions above all things; for every thing depends on them, in love especially. Women are armed by nature and education with a power of resisting the importunity of men, and they use this power according to their discretion. They enforce it to the utmost rigour of the law against those whom they do not like, and relax their extreme severity proportionably in favour of those that they do like, and who in general care as little about them. Hence we see so many desponding lovers and forlorn damsels. Love in women (at least) is either vanity, or interest, or fancy. It is merely a selfish feeling. It has nothing to do (I am sorry to say it) with friendship, or esteem, or even pity. I once asked a girl, the pattern of her sex in shape and mind and attractions, whether she did not think Mr. Coleridge had done wrong in making the heroine of his beautiful ballad story of Genevieve take compassion on her hapless lover—

'When on the yellow forest-leaves
A dying man he lay—'

And whether she believed that any woman ever fell in love through a sense of compassion? and she made answer—'Not if it was against her inclination!' I would take the lady's word for a thousand pounds, on this point. Pain holds antipathy to pleasure; pity is not akin to love; a dying man has more need of a nurse than of a mistress. There is no forcing liking. It is as little to be fostered by reason and good-nature, as it can be controlled by prudence or propriety. It is a mere blind, headstrong impulse. Least of all, flatter yourself that talents or virtue will recommend you to the favour of the sex, in lieu of exterior advantages. Oh! no. Women care nothing about poets, or philosophers, or politicians. They go by a man's looks and manner. Richardson calls them 'an eye-judging sex;' and I am sure he knew more about them than I can pretend to do. If you run away with a pedantic notion that they care a pin's point about your head or your heart, you will repent it too late. Some blue-stocking may have her vanity flattered by your reputation, or be edified by the solution of a metaphysical problem, or a critical remark, or a dissertation on the state of the nation, and fancy that she has a taste for intellect, and is an epicure in sentiment. No true woman ever regarded any thing but her lover's person and address. Gravity will here answer all the same purpose without understanding,

gaiety without wit, folly without good-nature, and impudence without any other pretension. The natural and instinctive passion of love is excited by qualities not peculiar to artists, authors, and men of letters. It is not the jest but the laugh that follows, not the sentiment but the glance that accompanies it, that *tells*—in a word, the sense of actual enjoyment that imparts itself to others, and excites mutual understanding and inclination. Authors, on the other hand, feel nothing spontaneously. The common incidents and circumstances of life with which others are taken up make no alteration in them, nor provoke any of the common expressions of surprise, joy, admiration, anger, or merriment. Nothing stirs their blood, or accelerates their juices, or tickles their veins. Instead of yielding to the first natural and lively impulses of things, in which they would find sympathy, they screw themselves up to some far-fetched view of the subject in order to be unintelligible. Realities are not good enough for them, till they undergo the process of imagination and reflection. If you offer them your hand to shake, they will hardly take it; for this does not amount to a proposition. If you enter their room suddenly they testify neither surprise nor satisfaction: no new idea is elicited by it. Yet if you suppose this to be a repulse, you are mistaken. They will enter into your affairs, or combat your ideas with all the warmth and vehemence imaginable, as soon as they have a subject started. But their faculty for thinking must be set in motion, before you can put any soul into them. They are intellectual dram-drinkers; and without their necessary stimulus, are torpid, dead, insensible to every thing. They have great life of mind, but none of body. They do not drift with the stream of company or of passing occurrences, but are straining at some hyperbole, or striking out a by-path of their own. Follow them who list. Their minds are a sort of Herculaneum, full of old, petrified images;—are set in stereotype, and little fitted to the ordinary occasions of life.

“What chance, then, can they have with women, who deal only in the pantomime of discourse, in gesticulation and the flippant by-play of the senses, ‘nods and winks and wreathed smiles;’ and to whom to offer a remark is an impertinence, or a reason an affront? The only way in which I ever knew mental qualities or distinction tell was in the clerical character; and women do certainly incline to this with some sort of favourable regard. Whether it is that the sanctity of pretension piques curiosity, or that the habitual submission of their understandings to their spiritual guides subdues the will, a popular preacher generally has the choice among the *elite* of his female flock. According to Mrs. Inchbald, (see her ‘Simple Story,’) there is another reason why religious courtship is not without its charms! But as I do not intend you for the church, do not, in thinking to study yourself into the good graces of the fair, study yourself out of them, millions of miles. Do not place thought as a barrier between you and love: do not abstract yourself into the regions of truth, far from the smile of earthly beauty. Let not the cloud sit upon your brow: let not the canker sink into your heart. Look up, laugh loud, talk big, keep the colour in your cheek and the fire in your eye, adorn your person, maintain your health, your beauty, and your animal spirits, and you will pass for a fine man. But should you let your blood stagnate in some deep metaphysical question, or refine too much in your ideas of the sex, forgetting yourself in a dream of exalted perfection, you will want an eye to cheer you, a hand to guide you, a bosom to lean on, and will stagger into your grave, old before your time, unloved and unlovely. If you feel that you have not the necessary advantages of person, confidence, and manner, and that it is *up-hill* work with you to gain the ear

of beauty, quit the pursuit at once, and seek for other satisfactions and consolations.

"A spider, my dear, the meanest creature that crawls or lives, has its mate or fellow: but a scholar has no mate or fellow. For myself, I had courted thought, I had felt pain; and Love turned away his face from me. I have gazed along the silent air for that smile which had lured me to my doom. I no more heard those accents which would have burst upon me like a voice from heaven. I loathed the light that shone on my disgrace. Hours, days, years, passed away; and only turned false hope to fixed despair. And as my frail bark sails down the stream of time, the god of love stands on the shore, and as I stretch out my hands to him in vain, claps his wings, and mocks me as I pass!"

Hazlitt died on the 18th of September, 1830, from an attack of cholera, a disorder to which he had been subject, his peace of mind, too, having been much disturbed by pecuniary embarrassments. Though his unwearied yet erratic literary efforts yielded him annually a considerable sum of money, (£600, near \$3000) yet his want of economy always rendered him needy. This fact of the amount of his income derived from the labours of his pen, speaks volumes for the encouragement accorded to literary men in England. And it is much to her praise. Unfortunately for the cause of letters with us, it would take the aggregate of the receipts of many mere contributors to periodicals here, to equal this amount. We believe this not to arise from any deficiency of talent in American writers, but from the want of a general literary spirit and taste, which would induce those who have the means to encourage publishers to extend sufficient inducement for the exercise of native powers.

The want of money which poor Hazlitt so often felt, was selected by him as a theme upon which to indite an essay. He succeeded most happily, and produced what we consider as decidedly the best of his lighter writings. It is much in the style of Lamb, (whom and Goldsmith we regard as the princes among essayists,) and possesses no small share of his admirable humour and feeling. If our readers have never seen it, they will thank us for presenting it to them. Of course our limits will allow the extraction of but a part.

"It is hard to be without money. To get on without it is like traveling in a foreign country without a passport—you are stopped, suspected, and made ridiculous at every turn, besides being subjected to the most serious inconveniences. The want of money I here allude to is not altogether that which arises from absolute poverty—for where there is a downright absence of the common necessities of life, this must be remedied by incessant hard labour, and the least we can receive in return is a supply of our daily wants—but that uncertain, casual, precarious mode of existence, in which the temptation to spend remains after the means are exhausted, the want of money joined with the hope and possibility of getting it, the intermediate state of difficulty and suspense between the last guinea or shilling and the next that we may have the good luck to encounter. This gap, this unwelcome interval constantly recurring,

however shabbily got over, is really full of many anxieties, misgivings, mortifications, meannesses, and deplorable embarrassments of every description. I may attempt (this essay is not a fanciful speculation) to enlarge upon a few of them.

"It is hard to go without one's dinner through sheer distress, but harder still to go without one's breakfast. Upon the strength of that first and aboriginal meal, one may muster courage to face the difficulties before one, and to dare the worst: but to be roused out of one's warm bed, and perhaps a profound oblivion of care, with golden dreams, (for poverty does not prevent golden dreams,) and told there is nothing for breakfast, is cold comfort, for which one's half-strung nerves are not prepared, and throws a damp upon the prospects of the day. It is a bad beginning. A man without a breakfast is a poor creature, unfit to go in search of one, to meet the frown of the world, or to borrow a shilling of a friend. He may beg at the corner of a street—nothing is too mean for the tone of his feelings—robbing on the highway is out of the question, as requiring too much courage, and some opinion of a man's self. It is, indeed, as old Fuller, or some worthy of that age, expresses it, 'the heaviest stone which melancholy can throw at a man,' to learn, the first thing after he rises in the morning, or even to be dunned with it in bed, that there is no loaf, tea, or butter in the house, and that the baker, the grocer, and butterman have refused to give any farther credit. This is taking one sadly at a disadvantage. It is striking at one's spirit and resolution in their very source, the stomach—it is attacking one on the side of hunger and mortification at once; it is casting one into the very mire of humility and Slough of Despond. The worst is, to know what face to put upon the matter, what excuse to make to the servants, what answer to send to the tradespeople; whether to laugh it off, or be grave, or angry, or indifferent; in short, to know how to parry off an evil which you cannot help. What a luxury, what a God's-send in such a dilemma, to find a half-crown which had slipped through a hole in the lining of your waistcoat, a crumpled bank note in your breeches pocket, or a guinea clinking in the bottom of your trunk, which had been thoughtlessly left there out of a former heap! Vain hope! Unfounded illusion! The experienced in such matters know better, and laugh in their sleeves at so improbable a suggestion. Not a corner, not a cranny, not a pocket, not a drawer has been left unrummaged, or has not been subjected over and over again to more than the strictness of a custom-house scrutiny. Not the slightest rustle of a piece of bank paper, not the gentlest pressure of a piece of hard metal, but would have given notice of its hiding-place with electrical rapidity, long before, in such circumstances. All the variety of pecuniary resources, which form a legal tender in the current coin of the realm, are assuredly drained, exhausted to the last farthing before this time. But is there nothing in the house that one can turn to account? Is there not an old family-watch, or piece of plate, or a ring, or some worthless trinket that one could part with? nothing belonging to one's self or a friend, that one could raise the wind upon, till something better turns up? At this moment an old-clothes man passes, and his deep, harsh tones sound like a premeditated insult on one's distress, and banish the thought of applying for his assistance, as one's eye glances furtively at an old hat or a great coat, hung up behind a closet door. Humiliating contemplations! Miserable uncertainty! One hesitates, and the opportunity is gone by; for without one's breakfast, one has not the resolution to do any thing!"

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"The going without a dinner is another of the miseries of wanting

money, though one can bear up against this calamity better than the former, which really 'blights the tender blossom and promise of the day.' With one good meal, one may hold a parley with hunger and moralize upon temperance. One has time to turn one's self and look about one—to 'screw one's courage to the sticking place,' to graduate the scale of disappointment, and stave off appetite till supper time. You gain time, and time in this weather-cock world is every thing. You may dine at two, or at six, or seven—as most convenient. You may in the mean while receive an invitation to dinner, or some one (not knowing how you are circumstanced) may send you a present of a haunch of venison or a brace of pheasants from the country, or a distant relation may die and leave you a legacy, or a patron may call and overwhelm you with his smiles and bounty,

'As kind as kings upon their coronation day;'

or there is no saying what may happen. One may wait for dinner—breakfast admits of no delay, of no interval interposed between that and our first waking thoughts. Besides, there are shifts and devices, shabby and mortifying enough, but still available in case of need. How many expedients are there in this great city, time out of mind and times without number, resorted to by the dilapidated and thrifty speculator, to get through this grand difficulty without utter failure! One may dive into a cellar, and dine on boiled beef and carrots for temperance, with the knives and forks chained to the table, and jostled by greasy elbows that seem to make such a precaution not unnecessary (hunger is proof against indignity!)—or one may contrive to part with a superfluous article of wearing apparel, and carry home a mutton chop and cook it in a garret; or one may drop in at a friend's at the dinner hour, and be asked to stay or not; or one may walk out and take a turn in the Park, about the time, and return home to tea, so as at least to avoid the sting of the evil—the appearance of not having dined. You then have the laugh on your side, having deceived the gossips, and can submit to the want of a sumptuous repast without murmuring, having saved your pride, and made a virtue of necessity. I say all this may be done by a man without a family (for what business has a man without money with one?)—See *English Malthus and Scotch Macculloch*—and it is only my intention here to bring forward such instances of the want of money as are tolerable both in theory and practice. I once lived on coffee (as an experiment) for a fortnight together, while I was finishing the copy of a half-length portrait of a Manchester manufacturer, who died worth a plum. I rather slurred over the coat, which was a reddish brown, 'of formal cut,' to receive my five guineas, with which I went to market myself, and dined on sausages and mashed potatoes, and while they were getting ready, and I could hear them hissing in the pan, read a volume of 'Gil Blas,' containing the account of the fair Aurora. This was in the days of my youth. Gentle reader, do not smile! Neither Monsieur de Very, nor Louis XVIII. over an oyster-*pâté*, nor Apicius himself, ever understood the meaning of the word *luxury* better than I did at that moment!"

"There is a set of poor devils who live upon a printed *prospectus* of a work that never will be written, for which they solicit your name and half a crown. Decayed actresses take an annual benefit at one of the theatres; there are patriots who live upon periodical subscriptions, and critics who go about the country lecturing on poetry. I confess I envy none of these; but there are persons who, provided they can live, care not how they live—who are fond of display, even when it implies

exposure; who court notoriety under every shape, and embrace the public with demonstrations of wantonness. There are genteel beggars, who send up a well-penned epistle requesting the loan of a shilling. Your snug bachelors and retired old maids pretend they can distinguish the knock of one of these at their door. I scarce know which I dislike the most—the patronage that affects to bring premature genius into notice, or that extends its piecemeal formal charity towards it in its decline. I hate your literary funds and funds for decayed artists—they are corporations for the encouragement of meanness, pretence, and insolence. Of all people, I cannot tell how it is, but the players appear to me the best able to do without money. They are a privileged class. If not exempt from the common calls of necessity and business, they are enabled ‘by their so potent art,’ to soar above them. As they make imaginary ills their own, real ones become imaginary, sit light upon them, and are thrown off with comparatively little trouble. Their life is theatrical—its various accidents are the shifting scenes of a play—rags and finery, tears and laughter, a mock dinner or a real one, a crown of jewels or of straw, are to them nearly the same. I am sorry I cannot carry on this reasoning to actors who are past their prime. The gilding of their profession is then worn off, and shows the false metal beneath; vanity and hope (the props of their existence) have had their day; their former gaiety and carelessness serve as a foil to their present discouragement; and want and infirmities press upon them at once. ‘We know what we are,’ as Ophelia says, ‘but we know not what we shall be.’ A work-house seems the last resort of poverty and distress—a *parish pauper* is another name for all that is mean and to be deprecated in human existence. But that name is but an abstraction, an average term—‘within that lowest deep, a lower deep may open to receive us.’ I heard not long ago of a poor man who had been for many years a respectable tradesman in London, and who was compelled to take shelter in one of those receptacles of age and wretchedness, and who said he could be contented with it—he had his regular meals, a nook in the chimney, and a coat to his back—but he was forced to lie three in a bed, and one of the three was out of his mind and crazy, and his great delight was, when the others fell asleep, to tweak their noses and flourish his night-cap over their heads, so that they were obliged to lie awake and hold him down between them. One should be quite mad to bear this. To what a point of insignificance may not human life dwindle! To what fine, agonizing threads will it not cling! Yet this man had been a lover in his youth, in an humble way, and still begins his letters to an old maid, (his former flame,) who sometimes comforts him by listening to his complaints, and treating him to a dish of weak tea, ‘MY DEAR MISS NANCY!’

“Another of the greatest miseries of a want of money, is the tap of a dun at your door, or the previous silence when you expect it—the uneasy sense of shame at the approach of your tormentor; the wish to meet, and yet to shun the encounter; the disposition to bully, yet the fear of irritating; the real and the sham excuses; the submission to impertinence; the assurances of a speedy supply; the disingenuousness you practise on him and on yourself; the degradation in the eyes of others and your own. Oh! it is wretched to have to confront a just and oft-repeated demand, and to be without the means to satisfy it; to deceive the confidence that has been placed in you; to forfeit your credit; to be placed at the power of another, to be indebted to his lenity; to stand convicted of having played the knave or the fool; and to have no way left to escape contempt but by incurring pity. The suddenly

meeting a creditor on turning the corner of a street, whom you have been trying to avoid for months, and had persuaded you were several hundred miles off, discomposes the features and shatters the nerves for some time. It is also a serious annoyance to be unable to repay a loan to a friend who is in want of it—nor is it very pleasant to be so hard run as to be induced to request a repayment. It is difficult to decide the preference between debts of honour and legal demands; both are bad enough, and almost a fair excuse for driving any one into the hands of money-lenders—to whom an application, if successful, is accompanied with a sense of being in the vulture's gripe—a reflection akin to that of those who formerly sold themselves to the devil—or, if unsuccessful, is rendered doubly galling by the smooth, civil leer of cool contempt with which you are dismissed, as if they had escaped from your clutches—not you from theirs. If any thing can be added to the mortification and distress arising from straitened circumstances, it is when vanity comes in to barb the dart of poverty—when you have a picture on which you had calculated, rejected from an exhibition, or a manuscript returned on your hands, or a tragedy damned, at the very instant when your cash and credit are at the lowest ebb. This forlorn and helpless feeling has reached its *acme* in the prison scene in Hogarth's 'Rake's Progress,' where his unfortunate hero has just dropped the manager's letter from his hands, with the laconic answer written in it:—'Your play has been read, and won't do.' To feel poverty is bad; but to feel it with the additional sense of our incapacity to shake it off, and that we have not merit enough to retrieve our circumstances—and, instead of being held up to admiration, are exposed to persecution and insult—is the last stage of human infirmity. We have heard it remarked, that the most pathetic story in the world is that of Smollett's fine gentleman and lady in jail, who have been roughly handled by the mob for some paltry attempt at raising the wind, and she exclaims, in extenuation of the pitiful figure he cuts, 'Ah! he was a fine fellow once!'

Hazlitt's many writings we cannot even enumerate. His criticisms upon the character of Shakspeare's plays, and upon the literature of the age of Elizabeth, are probably the best known in this country. His favourite work, to which he devoted years of labour, was the *Life of Napoleon*, a man whom he most enthusiastically admired. He used to say, when recurring to the days of his youth, "give me back one single evening at Boxhill, after a stroll in the deep-empurpled woods, before *Bonaparte was yet beaten*, with 'wine of attic taste,' when wit, beauty, friendship, presided at the board." His "*Life*" is in four volumes. The last two are particularly well written, and the book should be better known here than it is. The comparatively little reputation of this work poorly repaid the labour that was bestowed upon it by its author. Very great praise is awarded to this production by Mr. Sergeant Talfourd in his sketch of Hazlitt's intellectual character, prefixed to the *Essays*. He must have been no ordinary man, who could draw from two such persons as Talfourd and Bulwer the enthusiastic encomiums which they have accorded to him. Indeed, the *critical* faculty seems to have been possessed in an eminent degree by

Hazlitt ; and this is no small praise, for it conduces to make its possessor apt for the study and appreciation of every department of intellect. To "The Thoughts on his Genius," by the author of Eugene Aram, we would direct the attention of our readers ; and will conclude with the following beautiful extract from the close of Bulwer's notice :

"When Hazlitt died he left no successor ; others may equal him, but none resemble. And I confess that few deaths of the great writers of my time ever affected me more painfully than his : for most of those who, with no inferior genius, have gone before him, it may be said that in their lives they tasted the sweets of their immortality—they had their consolations of glory ; and if fame *can* atone for the shattered nerve, the jaded spirit, the wearied heart of those 'who scorn delight and love laborious days,'—verily, they had their reward. But Hazlitt went down to dust without having won the crown for which he had so bravely struggled ; the shouts of applauding thousands echoed not to the sick man's bed ; his reputation, great amongst limited circles, was still questionable to the world. He who had done so much for the propagation of thought—for the establishment of new sectaries and new schools—from whose wealth so many had filled their coffers,—left no stir on the surface from which he sank to the abyss :—he who had vindicated so nobly the fame of others—what critic to whom the herd would listen had vindicated *his* ? Men with meagre talents and little souls could command the ear of thousands, but to the wisdom of the teacher it was deafened. Vague and unexamined prejudices, aided only by some trivial faults, or some haughty mannerism of his own, had steeled the public, who eagerly received the doctrines filched from him second hand, to the wisdom and eloquence of the originator. A great man sinking amidst the twilight of his own renown, after a brilliant and unclouded race, if a solemn, is an inspiring and elating spectacle. But nature has no sight more sad and cheerless than the sun of a genius which the clouds have so long and drearily overcast that there are few to mourn and miss the luminary when it sinks from the horizon."

ART. II.—"*My Prisons.*" *Memoirs of Silvio Pellico of Saluzzo ; and Additions, &c., with a Biographical Notice of Pellico.* By PIERO MARONCELLI, of Forli. 2 vols. Translated from the Italian. Cambridge : 1836.

The original work of Pellico—the whole of which is comprised in the first volume of the two now before us—was translated three years since, by Mr. Thomas Roscoe, and given to the British public with the title of "*My Imprisonments.*"

The translator unhappily thought fit to prefix a disquisition of his own, upon the wrongs sustained by Italy, in which he, most inappropriately, revived the unwelcome subject of Lord Nelson's execution of Carraccioli ; and indulged himself in a

lengthened strain of severe invective against the governments that claim to be exclusively legitimate. It is not easy to imagine Mr. Roscoe's inducement thus to mar the wiser design which Pellico had manifested throughout his work, and expressly declared in his first chapter—to exclude all asperity, all irritating topics and reflections, and every degree of uncharitableness; even when the facts disclosed might plainly warrant severity of remark. He felt, indeed, the dignity of his situation and character too sensibly,

“ To unpack his heart with words,
And fall a cursing, like a very drab.”

The persecution that he had just passed through, had been so base as well as atrocious—so equally marked with paltry malice and odious tyranny—that it was not for him to speak its character. The endeavour seemed to have been made to degrade him by those oppressions, and it became not him to say whether the attempt had been successful. All that could properly be expected from him was performed when he related the facts, so far as they could be made known without probable detriment to others; and the world, or at least all generous minds, will not fail to supply the indignant comment.

This delicacy should have been respected, also, by his translator; but it appeared to be entirely lost on Mr. Roscoe, who, by making the book incongruous as a whole, rendered it, in a degree, distasteful to many of its English readers; and provoked a portion of the periodical press into harsh and illiberal strictures on the ingenuous narrative of the author. Yet, never was such rancour less deservedly incurred, since it would have been impossible for him to disown more explicitly or carefully all political purpose in his publication. “Like a lover,” he says, “ill-treated by his mistress, and manfully resolved to keep aloof from her, I shall leave politics where they are, and speak of other things.”

He had, indeed, a worthier, a far more elevated aim; the whole tenor of his work shows his motives to have been sincerely such as he declared, namely, to contribute to the comfort of the unhappy, by making known the consolations that he found attainable under the greatest misfortunes—to bear witness that, in long sufferings, he had not found human nature so unworthy or so deficient in excellent characters as it is often represented; to invite to a universal charity, holding nothing worthy of hatred but deceit and moral degradation; and to repeat a truth, too often forgotten, that religion and philosophy both require a calm judgment and an energetic will, without whose union there is no justice, or dignity, or strength of principle.

It was to a work faithfully intended for such purposes as these—and, surely, not ill adapted to its object—Mr. Roscoe unaccountably chose to fasten his acrimonious treatise. On a laburnum of Italy, rich in the soft verdure of its foliage, and the balmy fragrance of its blossoms, he engrafted an English bramble, presenting thorns and briars on every side. We cannot wonder, therefore, that the admixture gave some dissatisfaction; yet several among the most respectable of the critical journals had the candour to make a discrimination, and to award to the work of Pellico the meed of their unqualified approval. A republication in this country followed, almost of course, and it is understood that a pretty large edition has been exhausted. Yet, an impediment remained to prevent its being perfectly appreciated. The translation had been unskilfully performed, so as to furnish, to those who were unacquainted with the original, a very inadequate idea of the deep and tender pathos, or the unaffected simplicity of style, that mark the production as it came from the pen of the author.

We must admit that a translator's task is truly difficult, when, aiming at more than a mere transfer of the prominent thoughts, he endeavours, by the choice and arrangement of words in another language, to produce the effect on the understanding and feelings of his readers that arose from a perusal of the original by such as were familiar with its diction. The difficulty is multiplied when nice shades of sentiment are to be shown, and where the phrase originally employed has been particularly simple. It is, then, a very hard task to present the exact thought unaltered by exaggeration, or diminution, dressed from the stores of a different vocabulary, in conformity with the laws of a different idiom, yet preserving the grace and ease of the original. This has, however, been satisfactorily performed in the work before us; especially in the *Additions*, with some exceptions as to the biography, which we shall have occasion to notice.

The first volume contains the narrative of Pellico—a narrative rather of feelings and operations of the mind, than of striking events or wonderful performances. This, excepting the difference in the version, is the same that, when originally published, was justly called a work of great truths and great omissions. The omissions were, perhaps, unavoidable, in the actual circumstances of the author's condition, and more especially in those of his many compatriots and friends, who were still liable to an aggravated malignancy of persecution. The work also needed some completion that he thought his opportunities did not allow him to give. The omissions were supplied, in a great degree, at least, by the *Additions* written by M. Maroncelli, in accordance with the wishes of Pellico, and now presented to

the public, for the first time, in an English dress. These occupy the second volume, along with an excellent biography of Pellico, which, in all the European editions of the work, except the first one, was placed *before* the *Memoirs*: as it plainly should be. It is so, at least, in the editions of Leipsic and Lugano, as well as in the French version of M. Latour; and the only exception arose from the fact that the first Italian edition, of Paris, was issued from the press in two parts—the *Memoirs* of Pellico preceding, by several weeks, the publication of the *Additions and Biography*.

We cannot divine the reason for which the more natural arrangement has now been dislocated; and it appears to be an unhappy inversion to transfer the biographical sketch of Pellico's early youth to the end of his own account of his later years, to which it had been reasonably intended as an introduction, not an epilogue; for the biography, commencing with his birth, terminates at the date of October 7th, 1820, and the *Memoirs* begin on the 13th of the same month. In Europe, where the personal and literary character of Pellico are more generally known, it may be of less consequence; but here it is altogether important that the biography should be taken first in order, so as to understand who and what he was before reading the description he has given of his imprisonment.

Some notices of the life of Pellico had been prefixed to a French version published by M. Latour, who most handsomely acknowledged his obligations to M. Maroncelli for the statements which they comprised. When, subsequently, a republication, in Italian, was made, with additions by M. Maroncelli, he was requested to furnish a more extended biography, and his compliance produced the one before us. He declared in commencing it that, having supplied to M. Latour the materials which that gentleman had used with such success as no one coming after him might hope to attain, he could not vary from those prior statements, and therefore should not hesitate, at need, to retain what M. Latour had said, and the phrase [*la redazione*] in which it had been conveyed. The biography was accordingly interspersed with quotations, marked as such, from the French work, and untranslated; but a comparison of the two will show that it was quite a different affair; being a full and philosophical account of the childhood, education, youth, and manhood, but especially the mental growth and literary progress of Pellico, instead of the slight, though beautiful sketch of *Latour*.

The translator gives but a turbid reflection of the original, when he makes M. Maroncelli say: "I have necessarily adopted his narrative, so far as it extends, and have sometimes borrowed his very words." No version could possibly be less

felicitous. The biographer is not speaking of what he has done, but of his purposes; and he merely asserts, at the very start, a right and intention to use again, if he shall find occasion [*all'uopo*], the statements that he had previously furnished. There is no idea of "borrowing the very words" in the original; and, indeed, as the words were French, and the work he was about to write Italian, they could, plainly, be borrowed only in a quotation. There are other faults, or at least weaknesses, in this version, but none so glaring as the first; unless one that we shall notice, where the word *schiaffo* (a box on the ear, or slap in the face) is diluted to "a sharp rebuke;" which is quite a different thing among gentlemen and cavaliers. We are the more particular in reprehending these sins of the translator, because they manifestly proceed from carelessness, and not from any inherent difficulty in the style of the original; and, also, because we are able to say that the rest of the translation is free from the inaccuracies which have been suffered to blemish the biography. But, surely, the biography ought to have been rendered with at least equal care, as it is the most valuable part of the *Additions*; approaching very nearly the interest and eloquence of Pellico's own narrative, which it excels in variety, and depth of philosophical reflections.

We cannot, indeed, more explicitly state our opinion of this biography than by saying it is worthy of the *Memoirs* that form its appropriate continuation; and certainly it is not easy to find a more lucid and delightful exposition of the growth of intellectual power and moral principle, from infancy to manhood, through trials and temptations, than is furnished by the two works taken together, forming an entire picture, of which the biography is an essential and important part. We shall not attempt to abridge or analyze it here;—a few of the leading facts are all that our limits will allow.

Silvio was born at Saluzzo, in Piedmont, of parents in good circumstances, and of great amiability of character. A sickly, melancholy, gifted, and docile child, he was almost constantly at home; and imbibed, chiefly from his excellent mother, the gentleness and benevolence that eminently marked her disposition, and have been so conspicuous in his own. At the same period, the germ of his literary and social aspirations may be perceived in the lessons that he drew from his father's affectionate companionship. The recitation of dramatic selections was a family amusement so much favoured by Signor Ororato, the father, that he sometimes wrote such dialogues himself for the purpose; and he encouraged the early attempts of Silvio at dramatic compositions; the first of which was made when he was but ten years of age. The indulgent parent likewise took

his boys with him to attend the public assemblies, where matters of political interest were debated. Doubtless, he little thought he was thus giving a bias to his son's opinions, at that tender age, so near to infancy, which would remotely lead him to ten years of imprisonment in Austrian dungeons; and when fostering that early bud of promise in the poetic talent of his puny child, as little did he look to see it expand to such excelling beauty as it afterwards attained. The patriot of Milan—the martyr at Spielberg—the great tragic poet of all Italy—could not have been within the range of the father's anticipations; but we almost dare to believe that the presentient heart of the mother impelled her to inculcate those principles of moral rectitude, of Christian love, and firm reliance on the goodness of his God, which she knew would be equally a blessing to him, in the darkest gloom of adversity, and in the brightest hour of prosperity and fame.

There are many anecdotes of his childhood, which we may suppose were communicated by him to the biographer, though probably with little view to such a use of them, during the long tedium of their confinement in the same cell at Spielberg. They are related simply, and without the appearance of exaggeration; nor are any introduced that do not tend to illustrate the peculiar character and development of his mind; we therefore follow him through a weakly boyhood, much afflicted with disease and disordered nerves, to the stage of transition from childhood to adolescence; "an age," says his biographer, "which has no original character—a period when we cease to be one thing and are not yet another—when we are not *ourselves*, but merely imitators."

We do not assent to this doctrine; as our own experience and observation can supply us with no proof that there is any stage of life so void of character; but we will not pause for controversy. Prior to this, it seems, he was for the first, and, so far as we learn, the last time in love. The object of this very early passion was a little girl who died at the age of fourteen. How much Silvio was her senior we are not informed; but the impression on his heart was indelible, and furnished many a day-dream to the solitary prisoner in after years. The anniversary of her death was consecrated, even in the gloom of Spielberg, to tender remembrance of his beloved Carlotta. It is a fault of this biography that dates are not always given; we can only conjecture, therefore, that it was when he was about seventeen, he accompanied a twin sister, on her marriage, into France, where she was to reside; and, in the charming society of Lyons, the pleasures of opening manhood first broke on his delighted view. "Here he drank of the flood of life with such youthful extasy as to excite the fear that he would be

overwhelmed; for this is not the stage of life when the good seeds of childhood are seen to germinate. This rarely happens, indeed, till after satiety has disenchanted the scene, and the inebriation has passed away. For four years did he wander in that labyrinth which we have all traversed, and came out of it with victory. He ever recurred to this period with those painful emotions, sad yet pleasing, with which we dwell upon the past, and long for that which is gone for ever."

The above is not the version granted to us by our translator, who gives the passage thus: "Silvio remained to drink large draughts from the flood of life with juvenile eagerness. Four years did he struggle in the labyrinth of youth, and he came forth with victory. Yet his recollections of this period were mingled with regret."

The inaccuracy would be unimportant, if it did not seem to imply that he looked back to those four years as time ill spent. The word *regret*, as used thus without explanation, looks as if meant to hint *remorse*. But there is no warrant for such an idea in the original; and the translator is unjust when he insinuates it. *Dolce regresso* is the phrase,—a sweet retrospection,—mingled with *penosa mestizia*, a painful sadness. The sentiment is plainly similar to the well-known comparison in Ossian:

"Carril joined his voice. The music was like the memory of joys that are past, pleasant and mournful to the soul."

During this sojourn, his studies, as his habits, were entirely French; but he was restored to Italy by the powerful effect that Foscolo's new poem (the Tombs) wrought upon his feelings. It recalled the truant to his native literature. He could think of nothing but Foscolo and his poem. His longings to return were soon gratified, and he rejoined his father's family at Milan, where they had fixed their residence. Here he obtained a professorship of the French language in the College of Military Orphans, and became acquainted with the numerous body of literary men, who, at that period, rendered Milan the Athens of Italy.

Monti and Foscolo divided the empire of letters, and hated each other cordially; without refusing to give just credit each to the other's extraordinary genius. Pellico stood aloof from their bickerings, and endeavoured to heal their animosities. Monti invited him to an intimacy, and proposed a joint translation of Byron's poetry; but the offer was declined. At a public coffee-house, Foscolo had given a blow, or slap in the face, (*schiaffo*), not merely a "sharp rebuke," as our translator has minced it, to a person who thought to pay court to him by speaking ill of his rival. Pellico told the circumstance to Monti, with good effect. In this society his ambition and courage were excited; and he produced his tragedy of *Francesca di Rimini*,

with great success. It had the compliment of a translation into English verse by Lord Byron; and was represented all over Italy with immense applause. Other works of the same kind followed; and he rapidly took the first rank among the tragic poets of Italy. Here, too, commenced his friendship with Maroncelli, which was subsequently so great a source of comfort to him.

Their names will be henceforth inseparably united, not because they have contributed portions of the same literary performance, but as partakers of the same dungeon during a long and cruel imprisonment, no less glorious to their characters than that of Olmutz to Lafayette, and, like *that*, inflicted by the malice of a tyrant, because they were known to possess enlightened minds, and zeal for the rights of man. History, on whose page their sufferings must surely be embalmed, may class, perhaps, with them the Count Confalonieri, Pallavicini, Borsieri, Oroboni, and some others who shared the same persecution for the same cause. Of these, the last named sunk under the murderous rigour of Austrian prison discipline; but Pellico has been restored to his friends and to literature; and Maroncelli finds in the United States an asylum, where the bitterness of a separation from his native land is compensated by the enjoyment of domestic happiness, the attachment of a large circle of friends, and the general esteem of the community in which he lives.¹

The time had not arrived, when Pellico published his memoirs, to tell the world what specific act supplied the Austrian despot with an excuse for commencing so malignant a persecution. Such a disclosure might have been perverted to a plea for adding to the weight of chains still worn by many unfortunate men yet groaning in the fangs of the tyrant. But we may gather the general fact, that the offence of the conspirators was an endeavour to improve the social condition and literary taste of their countrymen. Some time before 1820, (again we must complain of the want of dates,) the provisional government of Austria being firmly established in the north of Italy, there was nothing left for the true-hearted citizen but to wait the chance of events; and, meantime, aid in fostering industry and the arts; the Counts Porro and Confalonieri had been distinguished for their independent spirit and zeal for improvements; and had given their exertions to the introduction of common

¹ We are happy to learn that Confalonieri, with Pallavicini, and many others, indeed all the remaining state prisoners of Spielberg, have been released, and are coming to this country. Such men are an acquisition to any nation; and their sufferings in the cause of freedom will give them a double claim on our respect. We venture to promise them a sincere, though it will not be a *noisy* welcome.

schools and steamboats, with other useful novelties. At the suggestion and persuasion of Pellico, they also established a literary journal, called the *Conciliator*, of which he became the editor, and to which many of those who were subsequently confined with him were contributors. Their object was a noble one. "Through this journal they hoped," says M. Maroncelli, "to give a new literary direction to the intellect; or, in other words, to restore letters to their pure and primary end, that is to say, to lead to the true by means of the beautiful. They aimed to strike down the limits of an intolerant and exclusive system of criticism, and to produce a higher appreciation of their native literature,—a better use of that of other nations."

The design may seem vague or romantic; but those who engaged in it were quite in earnest; and the impulse thus given had a salutary effect on the literature of Italy, for its most valuable productions since that period seem to have owed their conception, or their best characteristics, to the influence of the association that held its meetings three times each week at the house of Count Porro, and interchanged the suggestions of cultivated minds harmoniously devoted to the same exalted purpose. The journal itself was published under the restraints of a stupid and illiberal censorship, which pruned and emasculated every thing prepared for its columns; but the jealousy of the imperial officers to whom the articles were submitted could not prevent the opinions, formed or strengthened by the intercourse of such minds, from finding their way abroad. A view of the journal as actually published, would, of course, furnish no idea of what was effected by the association, which operated more considerably by extraneous efforts. Much that passed only in conversation became widely disseminated, and many books were written, containing opinions that could not have appeared in the *Conciliator*. Through the same influence contributions were made, of great value, to history, criticism, political economy, and the exact sciences. A regenerating influence was at work, which would have affected not only the literature, but, in its remoter consequences, the social condition of all Italy. The association, says the biographer, "educated, or at least prepared, a new generation of authors; and this education or preparation was not written; the meetings of the circle created it. It can therefore be related only by one that was there, in the midst; and this was the most important and most characteristic, because the most unshackled, of all the operations of the society."^m

The conciliators thought that they knew how far they might

^m This passage is otherwise, and very imperfectly, rendered by the translator.

venture, and how much would be permitted by the government, particularly as they patiently submitted to the censorship. But they were treading on a sleeping volcano; their way was

“*Super ignes suppositos cineri doloso.*”

They were, in fact, preparing the way for a social revolution; and they knew it. They were convinced that violence was not the means by which permanent good might be obtained for Italy; but to reform the national character upon sound principles of metaphysics and taste, was held by them to be desirable and practicable. While the prevailing philosophy is materialism, the people will continue to be selfish and uninformed, and just so long they will be enslaved. There is no hope of a change in the government, or the social condition, while the people are so ignorant as not to feel that they are deprived of any right; “while their sense of dignity is not offended, and the mildness of the shepherd who leads them every day to pasture, and brings them home at night to the sheepfold, is blessed by them as if it were paternal solicitude.” Such was their reasoning on the subject, and they therefore intended their association to be a “logical school of liberty,” operating for the far-off future; but not the less certainly, even for social regeneration; and in respect to literature, it resembled, M. Maroncelli says, “the tree of Nebuchadnezzar, which in one night produced both flowers and fruit.” If we may judge by some of the fruit thus produced, the social regeneration at which they aimed would have been conformed to the principles developed in the writings of Vico, Pogano, and Ballanche, of Wronsky, Lammenais, and the profound and misunderstood Fourier.

But the minions of Austrian despotism watched these proceedings with jealousy and apprehension. They loved darkness better than light; and the illumination shed over the paths of knowledge alarmed them as the effulgence of the orb of night disturbs the wolves and sets them howling. It seemed to them portentous as the mysterious radiance of a comet that

———“with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs.”

One of the contributors to the journal held an employment under the government; he was directed by his immediate superior to cease writing, under penalty of losing his office. Another was warned that he would be invited by the police to remove from Lombardy. Menaces more distinct followed; the censorship at the same time grew so absurdly strict that scarcely any thing was allowed to pass; and it became evident that to continue the publication was impossible.

"It was," says M. Latour, "a cruel day for that brilliant school at Milan, when its dissolution being resolved upon, each of its members sadly returned to his solitary studies. Surrounded by the literary world of its own creation, it might have viewed itself for a moment as young and free Italy by the side of the others—old and conquered. But the citizens of this imaginary country were not long allowed to dwell on so many vanished hopes. The shock of the Neapolitan revolution was felt throughout Lombardy. Arrests took place. The proclamations of the Austrian government against secret societies were not warnings to the members of such associations—they were denunciations immediately carried into effect. New arrests were made, and, at this time, of individuals from the ranks of the *Conciliator*."

The government chose to call the association a "conspiracy," and to persecute all who were concerned in it. Pellico, with Maroncelli and several others were suddenly arrested, and after a confinement, first at Milan, and then at Venice, were finally sent to the fortress of Spielberg, in Moravia, where they were immured in what their sentence called *severe imprisonment*, (*carcere duro*), loaded with chains, nearly starved, and subjected to every privation and annoyance that the malignant ingenuity of their tyrants could devise to embitter their affliction. We will not here attempt a detail of the miseries they endured during this long imprisonment, nor a description of any part of them. It would be going over ground already trod by the journals that noticed the narrative on its first appearance; and, unadorned by the graceful style of the original, we should not hope to render it welcome to those readers to whom it might be new. In the year 1830, ten years from the time of their arrest, and eight and a half from their being brought to Spielberg, the two friends, who for a part of the time had been allowed to occupy the same cell, were discharged together; and Pellico returned to his father's family, now residing at Turin, where, in 1832, he published the first edition of his *Memoirs*.

Such, as we have thus imperfectly described it, was the occasion that gave birth to this singular and beautiful production, which is marked with a spirit of Christian forgiveness, almost sublime. He had composed tragedies; and their prominent characteristics had been tenderness and depth of feeling; but this was the most touching tragedy of all, though entirely true. It has been justly styled "a tragic monologue, whose scenes are a succession of prisons." It was, in another point of view, a fragment of psychological history, showing the progress of a curious and cruel experiment, the effect of long-continued imprisonment, chiefly solitary, aggravated by bodily suffering by disease, and by the deprivation of every possible comfort or alleviation, upon a refined, well-trained, and amiable mind, thrown unexpectedly on its own resources. We are shown that

mind passing through the fluctuations of weakness and strength ; sometimes soothed and happy in the potent exertion of its faculties, then sinking under the heart sickness of hope deferred ; yielding at times to sceptical doubts, the offspring of despondency, and again reviving in courage and religious faith ; but ever anxious to discern good in apparent evil, and to believe that it could find benevolent intention where the outward show seemed to indicate nothing but unkindness or cruelty ; and finally fixing, amid the gloom and horror of surrounding circumstances, on Christian faith, the love of God, and charity towards men, as the only sure sources of comfort and consolation.

This is surely a most gratifying result of so severe an ordeal ; it adds one more bright example of the measureless importance and blessed influence of a mother's early instruction ; and if the many incidents to which his pen has imparted an interest, and the curious views of human character to which he admits us, as if looking through the bars of a prison grate, have given the interest of a romance to his narrative of simple facts, it should also be a recommendation that the work furnishes a delightful proof of the inestimable value of Christian principles, by showing, in a manner so striking and peculiar, their power to sustain the heart through the severest earthly trials it can possibly undergo.

It was rumoured that the publication of the *Memoirs* had led to some mitigation in the severity of prison discipline, or prison torture, at Spielberg. It is, of course, impossible yet to know whether the report was well-founded ; but it is not unlikely. Certainly no offence could be avowedly taken at a developement so true, so free from every approach to violence of thought or expression, and yet, as it now appears, disclosing by no means all that might have been told to the reproach of the Austrian government. At the same time, that government, unless it desired to place itself out of the pale of civilization altogether, could not but be ashamed of a system thus dispassionately exposed, and which was unknown elsewhere in Christendom ; a system that studied to deepen the misery of solitary confinement, even when for life, by exposing state prisoners to cold and damp in winter, and to the heat of leaden roofs in summer ; by deprivation of light and prospect ; by coarse and revolting food ; by scanty opportunity of exercise, and insufficient medical attendance ; by a heavy load of needless chains ; by useless and degrading labours ; and a thousand disgusting refinements of tyranny. The adherents of legitimacy in Europe, and even in Austria, are not, all of them, devoid of just and generous principles, and they must have been mortified at this disclosure. That their dissatisfaction would find its way even to the

imperial throne was not at all improbable, nor that it would be attended with some effect. But there were other circumstances that, perhaps, tended to the same result.

Immediately after the release of Pellico and his friend, and before they had left the Austrian dominions, they lingered at Vienna, and encountering the danger of a change in the imperial will, as to themselves, they addressed a joint appeal to the emperor on the subject of the treatment at Spielberg, in which they indicated the easiest methods of amelioration, and assured his majesty that, unless he desired the state prisoners actually to expire under its rigours, some mitigation was absolutely necessary. They also took pains to correct some misrepresentations that had been made by a Dalmatian priest, who had been sent to them as a confessor, and was believed to have prostituted his holy office to the purposes of a spy, and to have earned by that baseness the bishopric of Cattaro, to which he was subsequently raised.

After this memorial was presented, the success of which was not ascertained, they proceeded to Italy. Their progress was a continued ovation. The reception they every where met was enthusiastic; but the demonstrations of welcome and respect were every where restrained and limited by apprehension of the vengeance of government; the joy for their return was therefore not loud, but lively in the extreme. Yet it is remarkable that the same bishop of Cattaro, when formerly visiting the prisoners as their priest and confessor, had the audacity to assure them that the emperor wished very much to release them, because the cost of feeding them was very heavy: but his majesty knew he was so much beloved in Italy and they were so much hated there, that they would be stoned to death if they returned to their country; and therefore it was out of pure kindness to them, and concern for their lives, he kept them in chains and dungeons! As a proof—and a beautiful one it is—of the estimation in which Pellico was held in Italy, M. Maroncelli inserted in the *Additions* an anecdote, full of the sweetest and most touching poetry, which had been written on the occasion of a rumour that Silvio had died at Spielberg. This could not be printed under Austrian censorship, but was widely circulated in manuscript, and was read with the greatest interest. The name of the writer could not then be made known with safety to himself; we have learned that it was *Bazoni*, a name “unknown to fame.” The ode is given, without a version, in the present publication, and the editor has not condescended to account for not having found a translator. Its exquisite tenderness would, however, render the task a difficult one.

Pellico hastened to Turin, or was hurried thither; the officers of government never losing sight of him till he was safely

lodged in his father's house. Maroncelli was less fortunate. He entered Ferrara, for the purpose of passing to Rome, where his mother, sisters, and brother lived; but he was ordered to depart. At Bologna he met the same ungracious treatment; at Florence he had permission to remain, till the Austrian minister interfered, and then the grand duke ordered him to quit his dominions. The pontifical government, at the same time, took measures to prevent his coming to Rome. Thus driven from Italy, he went to Paris. The revolution of three days had occurred, and Louis Philippe was in the freshness of his power and popularity, with Lafitte for his first minister, who maintained the liberty of the press as part of his liberal system. The liberated captives were urged to bring forth their tale of wrongs, under such favourable circumstances, and help to swell the torrent of indignation against despotic power. But they remained silent. They felt for their poor friends still in chains at Spielberg, more than for their own personal glory, or personal interests, and they held their peace. With minds that teemed with bitter thoughts, matured for utterance by many conversations in their common cell, they restrained themselves to prudent and generous reserve. As they said nothing, others began to speak in their names, and they were quoted for much that they had never said. There was one method only to keep others from talking or publishing on the subject of their imprisonment, and possibly exasperating the Austrian tyrant to press more heavily on the captives yet within his power. That method was a promise of a developement from themselves, which would satisfy the general curiosity. M. Maroncelli accordingly took an occasion to announce, through the *Times* newspaper, his purpose to publish a memoir of their captivity.¹

The effect desired was in reality produced; for all others waited to see the narrative thus promised from one of the

¹ For reasons that we shall have occasion to mention directly, we subjoin the note of M. Maroncelli, which the editor of the present publication has unaccountably chosen to omit.

"A Monsieur le Redacteur du Temps.

"Monsieur. Puisque je n'ai pu empêcher les journaux de s'occuper de moi, je me vois forcé, pour éviter toute inexactitude, s'écrire moi-même l'histoire des souffrances des prisonniers d'Etat du Spielberg. Vous êtes tombé dans une erreur en copiant l'article du *Courier Français*, du 28 Février, relatif à mon ami le Conte Confalonieri;—ni lui ni aucun de nous n'avons jamais reçu le bastinado.

"La vérité est le devoir de tout honnête homme, et la vérité de Spielberg est si grande chose qu'elle doit être présentée toute nue. J'espère, monsieur, de votre impartialité, que vous voudriez bien insérer ma réclamation dans votre prochain numéro.

"Agréez, &c. &c."

prisoners; and he had the discretion to delay it till the appearance of Pellico's Memoirs, which, as we have already observed, were of a soothing not an irritating nature, and could not possibly do any harm. To this forbearance some of the benefit to the prisoners may fairly be ascribed, if there was really a mitigation in their treatment, or an abbreviation of the intended term of their confinement. But he did more. It must be recollected that, just before this time, a movement had been made, and with partial success, in the north of Italy, to obtain a constitutional government. The duke of Modena and the grand duchess of Parma had been obliged to leave their oppressed territories; the revolution had extended to Bologna, and Ancona had been wrested from the pontifical troops. Constitutional regencies had been established, and nothing was wanting to ensure the spread of liberal principles to Romagna and Piedmont but the absence of Austrian bayonets. The French government had announced its resolution to maintain the principle of non-intervention at all hazards; and Lafitte had gone so far as to declare in the chamber of deputies, that the first Austrian corporal that should cross the boundary to prevent the people of Italy from new-modeling their governments on constitutional principles, should be the signal for the French armies to march into Italy in opposition to all such intervention. Under these circumstances, the Italian constitutionalists looked with anxiety to France as the source of their only hope in the unequal struggle on which they were entering. Unarmed and unprepared, it was impossible for the states of Italy, however unanimous in the desire for a free government, to withstand, without assistance, the colossal power of the northern despotism. At this crisis Maroncelli obtained an audience of Louis Philippe, which was so creditable to all the parties concerned, that we choose to give the account of it entire; premising, however, that the relation is taken from the "*conclusion*" of the Additions, which was, in effect, and almost in form, addressed to the Emperor Francis, as it stands in the original, although the translation does not represent it so, and omits a considerable portion of it.

"I was kindly regarded by all, (in France,) and one evening, March 5, 1831, as I was leaning on the arm of the venerable Lafayette, in a saloon of the *Hotel de Ville*, I for the first time met the king, the queen, and all the royal family. The king desired me to rely upon his kindness; and I answered, 'I avail myself of it immediately, and pray that it may all be turned to account for my poor companions whom I left at Spielberg; nine are still there, and one of them is a citizen of France.' The king and queen expressed great solicitude to comply with my request; and it is but justice to say that they have adopted every means for that purpose. We had been conversing in French, when the king, changing his language, said to me in excellent Italian, 'It will be more agreeable to

you to speak your own beautiful language ; tell me in it how I can gratify you.' Without concealing how much I was moved by this gentle courtesy, I changed my idiom, but not my entreaty ; only adding to it, as a corollary, a special request, not personal to myself or any other individual. I will explain it in my Memoirs, but at present I will not abuse this public audience that I here demanded of (the emperor) Francis."

Certainly, in a public address to the Austrian monarch, it would have been improper to go further with the details of this conversation, or its consequences, and the promised *Memoirs* have not yet appeared ; but there is now no reason for further reserve on the subject, and we state, as an ascertained fact, that the queen actually wrote more than one letter, subsequent to this date, to the rulers of Austria, in behalf of the prisoners ; and within a year, the only Frenchman among them was released. We have also heard, from authority that we consider worthy of reliance, the purport of the special request made to the king, and how it was received.

When Louis Philippe said, " tell me how I can gratify you ;" Maroncelli seized the opportunity to remind him that the people of Italy at that very time were struggling to obtain exactly that constitutional government which the French had so recently secured to themselves, and to claim the performance of his promises to maintain the principle of non-intervention in their favour, against the apprehended interference of the Austrians. The king alleged, in answer, the difficulty of passing through Piedmont, where there had yet been no movement on the part of the people, and which country the French armies would be obliged to traverse. Lafayette then interposed in aid of his friend, now pleading the cause of human rights to him that above all men held the destinies of Europe in his hands, and said that, if the situation of Piedmont was thought to present a hindrance, *he* would undertake, at a word, that in ten days a way should be opened through that kingdom, wide enough to march with a regiment *in line*, (de front.) The king, upon this, with gracious smiles and bows, assured them that the promises of his minister on that subject would be fully observed ; and thus the interview concluded.

It is not necessary to say that those pledges were, nevertheless, neglected and unredeemed. The capitulation of Ancona was violated, and Austria was allowed to crush, with the iron weight of her immense military force, the rising efforts of freedom in Italy. But the courtesy, at least, if not the good feelings of the king and queen, appear to advantage in this conversation ; the prompt offer of Lafayette is an anecdote of that great and good old man that well deserves to be preserved ; and the disinterestedness of Maroncelli, in pleading only for his fellow-sufferers

and his country, when invited by the king to ask a favour for himself, is deserving of all praise. If the petition he then preferred had been successful, Italy would now be in the enjoyment of a representative government.

In announcing his purpose of publishing a memoir of the captivity of Spielberg, M. Maroncelli promised also several of the works composed by himself in prison. In the list, as inserted in the French newspaper, was one entitled *Rimembranze*, in which the sorrows of Giorgio Pallavicini, a young Italian patriot, are made the subject of a monologue supposed to be spoken by himself. This was given with the Additions, and a fair translation of it is now included in the present publication. With this single exception, the whole of the additions were intended solely to illustrate the work of Pellico; and, indeed, this poem had a similar value, because Pallavicini was one of the band of sufferers, and this pathetic and beautiful utterance of his woes is but the same that might, with little variation, have proceeded from Pellico or Maroncelli. The additions were first published in 1833, while the state prisons of Austria yet held many victims. The same caution was therefore necessary, in respect to what was added, as had been so commendably observed in the original work. But, independently of prudential considerations, it would have been an absurd violation of propriety, to disregard Pellico's intention to avoid political topics. The additions, therefore, besides an enlarged biography, comprised explanatory notes respecting persons or events, and some lively sketches of the past and present literary character of Italy, which nourished or influenced that of Pellico and his associates.

A letter, addressed originally to the *Courrier Français*, and wholly omitted from that publication, shows the view taken of the subject at that time, and contains M. Maroncelli's own justification for disappointing those who expected him to depart from the mild forbearance of Pellico. We extract a considerable part of it, as forming a portion of the *res gesta* of the case.

***** "You announced, as forthcoming, the complete history of this same captivity which was to be prepared by me, for the purpose of preventing many misconceptions that might possibly be injurious to those who were yet in confinement. It was natural that, from the time I announced my intention to speak on this subject, others should be silent. Thus, if disclosures, full of energy, could irritate those who had their hands on the bolts of Spielberg, it was gaining something, to remove all such pretext for more aggravated vexations. Much more: with a view to the same end, my historical recital, and several poems, that I had composed by heart in the prison, have not appeared. I reserved them for a more propitious moment. A year elapsed; and the bars of Spielberg opened to release a citizen of France. Afterwards, Silvio Pellico himself made his captivity and my own the subject of an admirable

work, which is not a book of politics; still less, of party; and least of all, of animosity. But it might be rendered more complete, in two respects—in a dramatic and an historical point of view. As we were for a long time separated from each other, the same personages that enter on the scene with Silvio, were also either previously or subsequently in contact with me. It would have been difficult to make another book; to glean here and there a word, or a fact that could not find its proper place, except in sequence to what is said by Pellico. This is not putting a book at the foot of another; it is completing one that deserved to be so, and which could not be completed by another. Accordingly, Pellico himself wrote to me to supply this dramatic completion to his work. As to the historical notes, they do not, any more, change the character of the book. There were good reasons why Pellico did not himself add them. In Italy, to give historical notes on Porso and Confalonieri, would be like doing the same thing in France to Lafayette or Lafitte. Thank God, the Italians have not forgotten who those great men were. But with strangers it is different," &c.

We are aware that there is not in the whole world an autocrat more absolute than an editor whose "little brief authority" extends over a reprint or a translation, with power to cut and carve, leave out or transpose, according to his sovereign irresponsible will. But we have such unfeigned respect for the revered and learned gentleman whose name appears in the entry of copyright, and whose initials are signed to the "editor's note," that we had supposed he would have "borne his faculties more meekly," than thus arbitrarily to make the whimsical omissions we have noticed; particularly, as in no other thing about the two volumes can we perceive in what the book is beholden to the editorship.

The anecdotes illustrative of the Memoirs are various in their character, and the facts appeal irresistibly to the feelings, but no violence of language makes discord with the placid tone of Pellico. A difference is, however, perceptible. The one appears to forgive with all his heart; the other to regard that easier gospel precept, "be angry, and sin not." We extract an affecting anecdote, which Pellico could not have given, under the restrictions of censorship in Piedmont, where the influence of Austria is predominant.

"The second ministerial personage who came to visit us, the Count or Baron Von Vogel, discovered a breach of order, in a small cushion on the bed of Confalonieri. Its history was as follows: The countess had come to Vienna to solicit pardon for her husband. His fate was decided, and a courier had been despatched at midnight with the sentence of death. The kind-hearted empress, unable to save his life, sent a chamberlain to the countess to express her sorrow that she had not been able to obtain a pardon. Teresa Confalonieri hastened to the palace, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour; the empress had retired, but could not refuse to receive her. She wept; their tears were mingled, and the empress, overcome by her distress, rushed with disheveled hair into the arms of her consort, and after some time (what an age of misery

for an anxious wife!) she returned with the grant of his life. Haste! haste! the courier must be overtaken; he must be passed; he bears the sentence of death. Teresa threw herself into a carriage, and without a moment's repose, bribing the postilions to the utmost speed, she arrived in time at Milan, and Confalonieri escaped the gibbet. During that journey her head rested on a small cushion that she moistened with her tears,—tears of conjugal love, and mortal anxiety lest she should arrive too late. This cushion, the confidant of the most solemn and most tragic moments in the lives of both, was consigned to the judges who had condemned Confalonieri to death. They transmitted it to the rescued husband, and he brought it with him to Spielberg. There, stripped of his clothes, loaded with chains, lying upon straw, deprived of every comfort, his cushion still remained to him. All the superintendents and governors, even Minch Von Burlinghausen, had respected it;—the Baron or Count Von Vogel thought it an irregularity, and took it from him."

Such relations as this—melancholy as it is—make us wish for more. It is sad to think a tyrant should have power to sever two affectionate and virtuous hearts,—but the amiable countess never was allowed to see her husband again; and he is released after so many years of cruel confinement only to mourn over the tomb of that gentle and beloved partner, whose tears, the last legacy of her love, were too great a treasure to be allowed to him in his dungeon!

Approving, as we unreservedly do, the forbearance and self-restraint with which M. Maroncelli has abstained from mingling any asperity with the mildness of Pellico, we cannot but think the promise that he made in 1831, and repeated at a later period, to give the world a narrative of their imprisonment and its causes, remains in full obligation. Even if he had not promised, such a work is due from him. We claim its performance whenever the time shall come—and we know not why it is not now—when the unrestrained disclosure of the whole truth can be no possible pretext for an additional rivet in the chains that bind any martyr of liberty in an Austrian prison. The subject is replete with interest, and is of vital importance to the rights of humanity; and he is manifestly full of the knowledge and ability required for the task. Pellico has poured forth his tale of wrongs, and his saint-like forgiveness of them, in tones as gentle as the breathings of an *Æolian* harp, and, by the contemplation of the purest of earthly feelings, leads our thoughts to the more perfect purity of heaven; but to his friend we look for a different service to the world; we ask of him an exposition that, like a far-resounding trumpet blast, shall make the tyrant tremble on his throne, and arouse the ingenuous minds of every land to a fonder love of freedom, and a deeper detestation of oppression.

As Pellico is a poet, a dramatist, and a moral philosopher; as he has been, at least, a man of letters, and in them has

"lived, and moved, and had his being," we cannot consider inappropriate the notices of literature and literary persons, which constitute a large portion of the ADDITIONS. We have already spoken of the *Conciliator*, but there is another subject of a kindred nature that we are induced to consider somewhat at large. In speaking of the works of that association which supported the *Conciliator*, M. Maroncelli is led to mention, and explain by a rapid analysis, the new theory in æsthetics and criticism that has been called *cormentalism*; and of which he was, himself, the founder. We hope he will be induced to give a much fuller developement of it; and if he cannot obtain the restoration of his manuscripts from the Austrian authorities, he will write it anew, with special reference to English and American literature, which were probably not much in his view sixteen years ago.

It seems that Count Arrivabene proposed this question for the consideration of his friend: "Which have done most honour to the human mind, the productions of the classic, or those of the romantic literature?" This is an enquiry involving greater difficulty than can be appreciated, without recollecting what has been the received distinction between the two *schools*; and what the real difference between them. It may be said that all fictitious composition, of whatever age or diversity of poetic merit, which derives its incidents and persons from the ancient mythology or history of Greece and Rome, has been entitled *classic*; and all that depends on the events and creeds of the middle ages is termed *romantic*; without reference to any other criterion.

For the most part, an evident opposition of character arises from this difference in the choice of materials. But the characteristics are sometimes inextricably blended. The Greeks possessed, by natural temperament, an unequalled sensibility to the beauty of outward form; and, it may be added, to its existence in human conduct. They nourished that sensibility by their mode of life, chiefly spent in the open air, in athletic or martial training, surrounded with exquisite productions of the arts; and employed in constant competition for the excellence of bodily and intellectual power, which, combined in the human shape, they regarded as the ultimate ideal of perfection. Their approbation of all that was self-devoted in moral conduct was more than a judgment;—it was a sentiment;—and their admiration of elegance in the human form was more than a sentiment, it was a passion;—and hence their poetry; for

"As on the beach the waves at last are broke,
Thus, to their extreme verge the passions wrought
Break into poetry."

But their philosophy repressed enthusiasm by inculcating tranquillity of mind as to the true source of happiness; and their notions respecting religion were devoid of pathos or sublimity, being precise and definite, like their sculpture. Neither philosophy nor religion, therefore, in those days, lent much aid to poetry; and it was under these circumstances, of a partly favourable and partly unpropitious nature, those admirable works were produced, which the Romans imitated, and the *classic school* of modern literature maintain to be the only worthy standards of elegance in poetic or fictitious composition.

But Europe, after the revival of letters, offered very different materials for poetry. The doctrines of Christianity had turned men's minds to the consideration of their spiritual nature; and the beauty of form was less highly, because less exclusively, appreciated. A shadowy futurity was open to the apprehension, and an indefinite aspiration after something better than the bare realities of the world,—but beyond the power of precise conception, or exact description,—entered into the general language of poetry, because it had truly taken possession of the heart. A new race of heroes had arisen, and motives unknown to the ancients had carried them to the utmost verge of adventure. There had been wars for religion, and combats for love; zeal in the propagation of faith, loyalty to a feudal chief, and fidelity to a mistress, were virtues of recent growth, and immeasurable influence. The store of poetic materials thus supplied, was first used by the troubadours, and they have been followed by the writers of the *romantic school*. Wide as the difference appears, the discrimination is often of difficult application; thus it is plainly impossible to confine Milton within the limits of the classic school, where he is generally placed by critics who adopt this classification; and as to many other distinguished poets in our own and other languages, the rule of discrimination seems equally imperfect.

In the course of his investigation of the question propounded to him, M. Maroncelli perceived, as he thought, the necessity for a better-founded line of discrimination, which is the one he suggests. He found in the literature of every nation “two essential characteristics, not belonging to seas, climes, or languages, but to the moral, religious, and political condition peculiar to every different period, and distinct from that resulting from the particular circumstances of each individual.” The enquiry thus became enlarged, so as to comprehend an examination of all the various changes in man's social condition,—or in other words, the whole history of mankind. That man is essentially social, he was soon convinced; but he was also satisfied that the spirit of paganism is opposed to every form of human society—even that of families. It is selfish and

material, and "accords with the dominion of brute force, of riches, and inhumanity; although it cannot be said that these evils, in their fullest extent, are at all times involved in paganism." On the other hand, "the law of charity—which was the grand discovery of Christianity—is the only principle by which society can exist, as it alone looks beyond the present moment to the future, and is, therefore, the only law of progress." The literature of Greece and Rome was, accordingly, "for the most part, material and selfish as well as *plastic*, and destitute of the principle of *seriousness*, which should have infused into it both heart and mind." Among the exceptions to this observation, are named the monotheism of Socrates,—the works of Plato and the Alexandrian school, and Tacitus, at least, among the Romans. For this principle of seriousness, or spirituality, he found among some of the classics of Greece and Rome, and also in the poetry of the Old Testament, because those qualities belong to human nature, although especially to be found in Christianity.

We are doing injustice to the author, in attempting to give even a hint of his exposition of this theory, because the synopsis he has written is so succinct as to approach the very brink of obscurity—*succinctus esse colo, obscurus fœ*, says Horace—and it admits of no further compression; while the condensation of thought is such as could come only of careful meditation. We follow, for a space, in the words of his accomplished translator.¹

"The origin of pagan art, including poetry, is imitation; but finite, and limiting itself to the representation of the external world, considered as a means of pleasure. The aim is reality; the art and the artist have attained their highest excellence when the bird pecks at the painted grapes, or when the Athenian would withdraw the veil to behold the lady it conceals. What marvellous puerility! what ignorance of the sublime and spiritual aspirations of art! This *reality* threatened the destruction of the drama, when it decreed that the duration of the action should not exceed the time of the scenic performance, and afterwards extended it to a day, or a day and a half. Poetical reality is the basis of art—naked reality is the absence of art."

We have quoted the above passage, and we contemplate to quote more, because they contain striking observations that cannot be so well developed as in the words of the author. But, for economy of space, we pass much that it would be agreeable to extract. It is shown, further, that of the one style of poetry, imitation is the origin, reality the aim, and pleasure the end. But of the other—that is, of *cormental* poetry, or the poetry of heart and mind—the origin is inspiration, meaning

¹ Miss Sedgwick translated this part of the work, and Mrs. Ellet much of the poetry; as to the rest we are not informed.

such inspiration as is obtained from the contemplation of an exalted model, above and beyond the cognizance of our external senses; beauty, or the beautiful, is the means or aim; and good, in the largest sense of the word, is the end. We cannot accompany him through the elucidation of this part of the subject; which, though ingenious and eloquent, needs, we fear, to be much more enlarged to render it perfectly clear and satisfactory. The word *cormental* scarcely requires any explanation, being so plainly compounded from *cor*, the heart, and *mens*, the mind; and chosen, for want of a better, to signify that union of thought with feeling—the intelligence of the mind with the sentiments of the heart—which is said to be found in some writers, but for which language has not furnished any single term sufficiently expressive. But it is necessary to observe that he guards against the inference that a good purpose will of course insure good poetry. Far otherwise: else a sermon might be considered a conspicuous production of the poetic art; and he cites the epistles of Horace as an apt example of naked philosophy in excellent verse, but having no claim to be called poetry at all. Yet philosophy may be said to be indispensable to *cormental* poetry; but it must “proceed from the nature and vital principle of the subject; which in all its parts must express its aim, even when it is not directly inculcated in words. In fact, the end (good) should be infused into the poem, whether epic, lyric, or dramatic, and not taught in the didactic form.”

The position of the author, that good, or moral truth, is the direct aim and end of poetic art, brings him into conflict with two great authorities in critical learning—A. W. Von Schlegel and Victor Hugo; but he is, surely, in the right. The poet's highest praise is earned when he has made great truth delightful; and this is not effected by interspersing his brilliant gems of poesy amid the dull didactics of a naked philosophy, where they will be useless and incongruous,

“Like a rich jewel in an Æthiop's ear,”

forming no essential part of the lesson, and but faintly recommending it; but rather by making those gems resemble, in their use, the beryl and the onyx on the breast-plate of the Levitical high-priest, which sparkled only to instruct; and whose preternatural brightness did not accompany merely, but constituted in themselves the oracles of truth.

This union of the beautiful and the true—or rather, this employment of earthly splendours to inculcate heavenly wisdom—was of divine contrivance, and may be regarded as the type of all such poetry as M. Maroncelli calls *cormental*, and which, though found in examples “few and far between,” among the rarely gifted minds of all ages and all climes, belongs

most appropriately to Christian times, and Christian character. That miraculous oracle has long since ceased to shine ; and direct inspiration is no more, or rarely, granted to the mind of man ; but by the innate consciousness of an immortal spirit, and by the revelations of Christianity, an inspiration is vouchsafed that, if properly sought and faithfully obeyed, still leads to the use of means more beautiful than the rays of the onyx or the beryl, for the accomplishment of ends no less beneficent and sublime.

It appears to us that M. Maroncelli resembles the miner, who, in searching for silver, has struck upon a vein of golden ore. It is for him to work the mine that he has opened ; we shall await the product. Enough has been assayed to show that the vein is rich and the metal pure.

But our limits require that we should conclude ; and we forego any examination of the few specimens of his poetry, inserted in the appendix. We can only say, that they are marked with tenderness as well as depth of feeling, and originality of illustration, in the free and harmonious lines of the Italian ; but they suffer sadly, by a transfer to a different structure of verse, in the translation. The version is unexceptionably well performed—but the difficulty is intrinsic, and insuperable.

We read, in the biography before us, that “Byron borrowed Pellico’s manuscript tragedy of *Francesca*, and translated it into English verse. ‘You should have given a translation of *Manfred*, in verse,’ said he. But Silvio thought differently. In his opinion, this could not be done ; at least in such a language as the Italian, without adding and taking away so much as to substitute another work for the original.” He was not far from right ; and the difficulty, when lyric poetry is in question, is not confined to the Italian language.

ART. III.—1. *Necessity of Popular Education, as a National Object; with Hints on the Treatment of Criminals, and Observations on Homicidal Insanity.* By JAMES SIMPSON. New York and Boston: 1834.

2. *On the Mental Illumination and Moral Improvement of Mankind; or, an Enquiry into the Means by which a general Diffusion of Knowledge and Moral Principle may be promoted. Illustrated with Engravings.* By THOMAS DICK, LL. D. Philadelphia: 1836.

We have before us a lean and imperfect memorandum of books and periodicals on the subject of popular instruction, (in the strictest sense of the phrase,) which have been published or republished in the United States since 1820. Collected together, they would make, perhaps, one hundred respectable duodecimo volumes. And as to school-books, which have been issued from the press in the same period, a mere catalogue of them would form a considerable pamphlet.

It is cheerfully admitted that invaluable improvements have grown up with this rank crop of school-books, school-treatises, &c. &c. A comparison of the spelling books which were used twenty years ago, for example, with a little book just republished in Philadelphia from the English press, under the title of "*Butler's Gradations in Reading*," will show this improvement under a striking contrast.

Schools have greatly multiplied, too, especially those of a higher grade—higher, at least, in pretension; and there is, unquestionably, a spirit of enquiry abroad, of which it would be easy to avail ourselves, to carry improvement still farther and higher, if there were a strong current of enlightened popular feeling in our favour.

But, on the other hand, the materials which are to be wrought into form, by the process of education, are more than proportionably increased. Not only has our native population over-doubled within the period just named, but it has drawn to itself an immense mass of ignorance and vice from abroad; and has, at the same time, spread out, in every direction, over our boundless territory. Such a prodigious increase of weight requires a corresponding increase in the length and strength of our lever, as well as in the power which is applied to it.

Are our children educated? We mean the children of the people of the United States.

An answer to this enquiry may be obtained in various ways; as, for example, by a visit to a manufactory or a mechanic's shop, (we care not where,) and an examination of the children and youth who are labouring there—who "are done going to

school," as they say, and are now preparing themselves for the active business of life. Suppose we go into a newspaper or book printing office in New York, or Philadelphia, or Pittsburg, or St. Louis, and select an intelligent lad of fifteen, who has just been indentured, and who has had a fair chance at an ordinary school in town or country, public or private.

Let him read the first paragraph of the first column of the paper he is folding for the mail. Here it is:—

" NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA PACKETS,
BY SEA.
AARON B. COOLEY'S LINE.

" The subscriber respectfully informs the regular shippers and the public generally, that he will continue his line of packets by sea, as heretofore; and in conjunction with Mr. G. O. VAN AMRINGE, agent for this line at New York, will endeavour to render every facility to the speedy transmission of merchandize to and from New York.

" * * By this line goods will, if desired, be insured at a *half per cent. premium* on an open policy for the season. This advantage, and that of the vessels having all possible despatch, with prices of freight much less than can be afforded by any *artificial navigation*, offer inducements to the shippers above any other mode of conveyance.

" For freight, apply to

" AARON B. COOLEY,
" *New York Packet Office, No. 54½ South Wharves.*

" Or to

" GEORGE O. VAN AMRINGE,
" *No. 70 Water street, New York.*

" Mar. 31—d."

As the lad reads, observe his pronunciation, tones, pauses, emphasis, &c. Then let him spell *shippers, packets, facility, merchandize, despatch, freight, artificial, inducement, &c.* Then let him write two or three lines of it, at your dictation, and observe the orthography, points, capitals, &c. &c. These exercises embrace the three elementary branches of the most ordinary education in reading, spelling, and writing. But, *as his education is completed*, we may properly pursue the examination. Let him tell us what a *packet* is, a *line of packets*, a *shipper*, a *regular shipper*, an *agent*, *merchandize*, *conjunction*, *policy*, *open policy*, *freight*, *navigation*, *artificial navigation*, *packet office*, *south wharves*, &c. &c. Let him tell us why *artificial navigation* is printed in different looking letters or type: what that different type or letter is called, and why? Why *No.* stands for number, and

Co. for company? What is meant by the phrase "*by sea*?" What course a vessel sailing from Philadelphia to New York takes? In what other way packets pass from one port to the other? and what is meant by *half per cent. premium*?

These questions involve no other branch of instruction than the three above named. They all relate to common subjects, which it is the very purpose of common-school instruction to enable a boy to understand; and one who has been *properly taught*, at the most secluded and ordinary district school, might be expected, one would think, to answer nearly or quite all of them. Is there any thing *ultra* or visionary in this view? Surely not, unless the whole subject of popular instruction is *ultra* and visionary. If a boy learns any thing at school, it is to be presumed that he will learn such things as we have named, or, at least, such a class or kind of things.

If such an examination as this should seem impracticable, take a number of the *Penny Magazine*—containing knowledge especially for "*the people*,"—and ask the first intelligent-looking boy you meet, of common education, to read a passage, selected at random, and then propose to him a series of simple questions, such as are suggested above. Or, if the passage shall furnish no such questions, ask him what county he lives in? What river is nearest to him, and where it rises and empties? Of what materials his coat is made? Who was the first president of the United States? And what is the rate of interest in the state in which he lives?

Half a dozen boys, taken indiscriminately from the mass, and interrogated in this way, would afford a pretty fair specimen of the state of popular education in any given country town of one or two thousand inhabitants.

And, after all, this is the great question that comes home to us as fathers and citizens—not *where* our boy or our neighbour's boy goes to school, nor *how long*, nor whether the *mode of teaching* is monitorial or anti-monitorial, nor whether the teacher is paid by tax, subscription, or fund—but how far do the boys really advance in the acquisition of that kind of knowledge which they need for the common purposes of life, and as American citizens?

Now we venture to affirm, with great confidence, that *when-ever* and *where-ever* such a test is applied to our existing institutions of public instruction, their value and efficiency will be found to have been altogether overrated; that the common-school system, (as it is called,) as at present administered in this country, is emphatically *a failure*; and that not *one in twenty* of the boys and girls, who attend upon it, is educated as the public good—nay, as the *public safety* and his own individual usefulness and happiness—require him to be educated.

A highly respectable mechanic in Philadelphia, who employs nearly two hundred hands, informed us not long since that very few of his apprentices could read or write with any propriety; and, moreover, that it was very rare with him to find a journeyman who possessed such a common practical education as would enable him to take charge of any important branch of his business. Upon our suggesting to him the expediency of rejecting the application of uneducated boys, and so making it for the interest of parents to send their children to a good school, and to see that they were properly taught, he expressed the decided opinion that "such a course would cut off at least nineteen twentieths of the applicants, for those who are able to read and write well, seek and find employment behind the counter, or in some office or clerkship."

In the course of five or six years past we have had occasion to know, personally, the degree of instruction received by four or five hundred lads and young men from various sections of the country; and though we have found among them many lads of excellent natural abilities and pleasing manners, at least three hundred of them have been unable to read, much less to write a common letter, with any propriety. Their acquaintance with geography, when they have pretended to any, has been very imperfect, often much worse than none; and their knowledge of the art of writing so defective as scarcely to admit of any practical application whatever. As to writing a letter of business or friendship, they might far better attempt to construct a coarse clock; and in the matter of arithmetic—although they can fix the exact limits of their proficiency by telling us just how far they have "ciphered" in *Pike* or *Adams*, and can even corroborate their statements by the exhibition of a nice book with all the answers worked out and set down in fair round numbers, to the amazement, it may be, of their grandmothers and maiden aunts, and the unfeigned satisfaction of the gentlemen of the school committee—yet, when these same boys are called to apply their knowledge to the most common purposes of life, they are at their wits' end; and must learn late, in the school of necessity, and with the very disagreeable incentives of reproof and mortification, what they should have been well and faithfully taught in childhood, in the common school of their native town.

It may be said that, if this is a fair representation of some sections of the country, it is not true, generally. Without entering on the enquiry which is thus opened, it is enough for our present purpose, that there are no territorial bounds to ignorance. An uneducated man or woman, in whatever place or situation, is a political as well as a moral evil—for such are rarely within the range of those influences which give health

and strength to the community. They neither think, read, nor observe, profitably. Their views are circumscribed to the very last degree; and must continue so, while their means of enlarging them are so few and precarious. Under these circumstances, they are liable to contract violent prejudices. They are unable to perceive or appreciate the force of truth, and generally become the dupes of the wicked and designing. Our penitentiary discipline sometimes results in the reformation of an educated delinquent; rarely, if ever, does it reform the ignorant. There is nothing to lay hold of but the animal man. And if a rogue steals my horse, or sets my house on fire, it matters little to me who is responsible for the neglect of his education, or the growth of his evil dispositions. As we said, there is no local restriction upon the evils of popular ignorance.

It is pertinent to our purpose to enquire, briefly, *what our common schools ought to do.*

1. All the boys and girls in our country should be taught to read and spell before they are seven years old. In cities and populous towns, well-regulated *infant schools* would do this.¹ One year is ample time for teaching these branches by any rational mode of instruction. In places where the population is scattered, and the facilities of assembling small children, few, the instruction might be supplied either by domestic teaching; by local or neighbourhood schools; by itinerant teachers, suitably qualified, and carrying with them the necessary apparatus; or, in the last extremity, by Sunday schools.

As to the *degree of knowledge* in reading and spelling, it should be such as would enable the pupil to read and spell any fairly printed paragraph, in a book suited to its comprehension. We should not think of requiring at that age (however easy of attainment it might be) such a knowledge of the art as every common school ought to furnish at an early stage of the pupil's progress; for we hold firmly, that every American child, of ordinary intelligence, should have such opportunities of schooling, that, if diligently improved, he shall be able, at ten years of age, to read with propriety the President's Annual Message, and spell correctly every pure English word in it.

It is impossible, perhaps, to estimate with any degree of accuracy, the number of adults in this country who are not able to read. Loose statements are constantly made, and some with an official sanction which rather perplex than guide our enquiries. The number is larger—very much larger—we fear, than the highest estimate we have ever seen makes it. We should be

¹Infant schools have been fully incorporated into the system of public instruction in Philadelphia, and perhaps elsewhere; with what success, however, we are not fully informed.

agreeably disappointed if a thorough investigation, connected with the census-taking of 1840, would not show that upwards of one fourth of the inhabitants of the United States of ten and over, are unable to read intelligibly to themselves or others. And when we think, but for a moment, of the condition of a man who cannot read, the bare presumption that there are hundreds and thousands in this condition among us, may well awaken every kind and benevolent sympathy of our nature.

We do not say that the man who cannot read is of course useless or despicable. We know that in many sections of our country a strong mind, acute observation, and long intercourse with the world, combine to supply, in some measure, the deficiencies of education. But what shall we say when such a man comes up to the polls and casts a vote which he cannot read ! To him, the newspaper, in which the claims and qualifications of opposing candidates are discussed, is a blank sheet ; and, perhaps, as our political papers are now generally conducted, this is no serious disadvantage. But the laws under which he lives, and the manner of framing and administering them, he learns only by some uncertain and imperfect, more commonly by some vexatious and ruinous process, in which he is the injured party. His warning as a soldier, his ticket as a voter, and his summons as a juror, party, or witness, are alike unintelligible to him. Some one else must examine the accounts, notes, and other evidences of debt against him ; and, in short, every business transaction of his life must be recorded in his own treacherous and uncultivated memory, or by the hand of some faithful or faithless friend, as the case may be. And what degrading dependence is this ! What a consciousness of inferiority—we had almost said, self-contempt—must possess a man, of any reflection, who lives in a country like ours, inundated as it is with newspapers, books, and means of knowledge—governed by the intelligence of freemen, and offering instruction to every child who will take the trouble to go a mile or two after it—while he himself, so far as intellectual life and freedom are concerned, is a slave, chained hand and foot to the floor of a dungeon !

Such a man has no Bible. In a Christian land, encompassed on every side by Christian institutions, he is still, in a great measure, shut out from Christian influences. His very eye and countenance tell us that the intellectual and immortal nature is lost in mere animality, and that the joys and hopes and consolations which the gospel reveals, are, before him, like pearls before swine. He may instinctively rejoice with the birds and beasts in the pleasant warmth of the sun, even while he is ignorant and incapable of learning ; but the moment he is endued with the power to read what have been the thoughts and feelings of

other men and other ages, he is raised to his place among intellectual beings, and feels at once that he is introduced to a new world.

We contend that this ignorance of which we have spoken is not a necessary evil, and that the reproach of it lies upon society, and not upon the unhappy individuals themselves. There is some defect in our laws of education, or in their execution, if any boy or girl, of competent ability to learn, grows up ignorant of the art of reading.

2. All our boys and girls have a right to skilful instruction in the art of writing; and they should receive it at the common school. The practice of employing teachers of writing, as a separate branch, has excluded it, very much, from the *routine* of common-school exercises. Every teacher should be adjudged unfit to take charge of a common school, who cannot instruct his pupils, thoroughly, in the art of making a pen, preparing ink, and using them both with propriety; for this degree of knowledge is indispensably necessary to the discharge of the ordinary duties of a citizen, and should therefore be readily obtained at a common school. An inspection of the documents of various municipal offices, such as the receipts, orders, reports, accounts, records, &c. of commissioners, guardians, administrators, arbitrators, and magistrates, will show what popular education, in this branch, has been; and where is the evidence of material improvement? Surely we are within bounds when we say that to write a common business letter, promissory note, receipt, bill, or account, legibly and in proper form, is the least that should be required of our common schools in this department.

3. In the science of numbers, such instruction should be furnished by our common schools as shall qualify the pupil for the ordinary business of a farmer, or mechanic. This would, of course, embrace the simple rules of arithmetic—addition, subtraction, multiplication, division, reduction, fractions, proportion, interest, &c. We would not give a single straw for nine tenths of the teaching of common schools in this branch. Most of the text-books in common use are framed upon obviously irrational principles. The abstract rules are committed to memory, and the process of applying them duly noted in what is called a “ciphering book,” where every sum is fairly “worked out,” and the written answer is made, *per fas aut nefas*, to correspond with the answer in print. But who needs to be told that when a knowledge of figures is required, in the emergency of business, the poor schoolboy must begin anew? We have been surprized, when enquiring of engineers, surveyors, navigators, accountants, &c. &c., to find how very little

of the elementary knowledge of their respective professions was acquired at school.

4. Something should be taught of geography in our common schools, but nothing, or next to nothing, without visible illustrations. The coarsest globe or map, which any teacher of ordinary ingenuity can prepare, is better than none. The object should be to make a correct impression of geographical outlines, and leave the filling up (except as it respects our own country) to a future opportunity, at a school of different character, or one affording different opportunities of instruction.

5. Reading, writing, arithmetic, and geography, having been thus duly taught, every schoolboy should be intelligibly instructed in the rights and duties of an American citizen. To this end, his teacher should be familiar with the history of our country; and not only with the great principles which are peculiar to our national compact, but with those still greater and immutable principles on which all rational liberty is founded. He should be required to spread out before his school, at proper intervals, the story of the American revolution; the doings and associations of that eventful period; and the sacrifices and sufferings at the expense of which that most hazardous struggle was maintained. Every spot should be designated upon the map, and made familiar to the pupils' eyes, where the blood of our fathers flowed out like water. They should learn on what principles, by what concessions, and for what ends, our constitutions were established. They should also be made acquainted with their rights as citizens—that they may know them well and feel their value—whenever they shall come to that honourable and responsible station—such as the right to keep and bear arms; the right of exemption from searches and seizures by warrant; the right to be presented and indicted by a grand jury before being held to answer for any infamous offence; the right of being but once put in jeopardy of life or limb for the same offence; the right of trial by jury; the right respecting excessive bail, excessive fines, and cruel and unreasonable punishments; the right of conscience, of the press, and of speech; the right of assembling and petitioning government, with its wholesome limitations; and the right of the citizens of each state to all the privileges and immunities of the citizens of the several states.

The possession of these rights, and the intelligent *consciousness* that they are possessed, and are worth maintaining, should be recognized as vital principles in the education of every American lad. We are aware that very few of our common-school teachers are at all competent to give instruction of this kind; but if public sentiment required it, provision would soon be made to qualify them; and there are, probably, few topics that would

combine more interest and profit than these, if presented in the form of lectures or discussions, of five or ten minutes' duration, at every session of the school.

Perhaps, however, it will be thought by the very prudent and judicious that this is carrying the matter too far, and that a knowledge of these things had better be acquired as necessity urges it upon our boys. But may we not ask that they shall be taught why Americans are white rather than black, yellow, or copper-coloured? Why we speak English rather than Dutch, French, or Chinese? What is meant by "the revolution," the "declaration of independence," the "aborigines," "the pilgrims," the "colonists," &c.? What is a freeman, a free country, a free constitution, a free government? What is our country bound to do for us, and what are we bound to do for her?

We say that if a man comes to the polls without the substance of this knowledge, he may be enrolled as a freeman, he may make speeches as a freeman, and he may vote as a freeman; but he has neither the intelligence nor the independence which alone constitute a freeman; and, whenever the state of public feeling prepares the way, it will be found that he values much more highly, and exercises much more intelligibly, the right of throwing brickbats, demolishing houses, and burning machinery, than the lawful and invaluable rights of an American citizen.

We cannot here but advert to the importance of teaching children the requirements and prohibitions of the most important laws of the land—we mean such as are most frequently violated. During a term of ten or fifteen years, we had occasion to observe minutely the circumstances under which crimes are usually committed; and we are persuaded that, in a multitude of instances, a knowledge of the nature and punishment of the offence would have deterred the delinquent from his wicked purpose.

For example, it is probable that few persons are aware that, in many cases, the same crime is much more aggravated when committed in the night than when committed in the day-time; that, in some states, the difference of a single half hour in the time of committing a robbery may, in the consequences, make all the difference between imprisonment for one year and imprisonment for life! that stealing from a man's person, from his dwelling-house, and from his store, are entirely different offences, and differently punished; that setting fire to an occupied dwelling-house in the night, is, in some of the states, punishable with death, while setting fire to the same house, when unoccupied, or to the barn on the opposite side of the way, might cost the offender only a few months' imprisonment; that intoxication is no excuse for crime, but rather an aggravation of it; and that, in the commission of most offences, those who are present,

consenting and abetting, are equally guilty with the actual perpetrators of the crime.

This is *the class of subjects* to which we allude; and we only ask that our children may be taught, in common schools, in a plain and familiar manner, the nature and consequences of such common offences against public law, and the common progress of the offender, from the earliest mis-step, until he is arrested, disgraced, and destroyed.

We will not dwell longer on this topic. The kind and degree of knowledge which common schools should furnish has been put, in the preceding remarks, at the *very lowest point*; and yet, to reach even this, we must have—

I. Proper books.

II. Qualified teachers.

III. Power to compel attendance.

IV. A thorough system of inspection and visitation.

V. A series of periodical reports, on the accuracy and intelligence of which entire reliance may be placed.

We shall advert to but two or three of these requisites.

I. The outline of common-school instruction, which we have sketched, will never be wisely filled up until there is some radical change in the construction of reading books. The "American Preceptor," "Art of Reading," "English Reader," "Columbian Class-book," "Scott's Lessons," and some few scores of later date, many of which have been compiled by intelligent and learned men, are as unfit for reading books in a common school, we mean as *ill adapted to the purpose for which they are prepared*, as a gimblet would be to drive a nail, or a hammer to bore a hole. We would gladly use a more courtly illustration, but could not more palpably show just what we mean by *ill adaptation*, or, rather, no adaptation at all.

The "simple lessons," as they are ludicrously called, which are prefixed to some of these books, are exceedingly concise, often quaint in style, and almost always difficult to read; while the poetry and dramatic pieces, which are scattered through the book, or collected in a solid mass at the end, serve chiefly to try the master's skill in teaching his pupils in a tongue unknown to them, if not to him.

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day"—

"Columba,¹ Columba, to glory arise"—

"Aurora now, fair daughter of the morn"—

"Ye nymphs of Solyma begin the song"—

are the first lines of reading lessons, the *very sound* of which awakens vivid recollections of the stove and benches and faces

¹ We write the words as they are commonly pronounced in schools.

and frolics of a country school-house ; but they revive no impression upon the understanding, for the very good reason that they never made any. We can well remember when and where it was considered the summit level in the English route of an ambitious boy, to be able to read, with a bold and confident air—

“ Romans, countrymen, and lovers,”

as it was called, without the most distant conception of the time, persons, scenes, or circumstances to which the passage owes all its interest, and, indeed, all its sense. Nay, more, it has been read by thousands upon thousands who could attach no meaning at all to three fifths of the words. It is hoped the time is not very far distant when such folly and imposition will not be tolerated. To collect extracts from two or three hundred volumes, and arrange them in chapters and sections, and invent a popular title, and then secure a page or two of certificates from Hon. Mr. A., General B., and Rev. C., D. D., is all very easy ; but *to make a good reading book for the common schools of the United States*, is one of the most difficult and laborious undertakings in which the best of us could engage. Such a book, or a series of such books, should be prepared with reference to the wants of the whole country. The matter should be mainly American, and illustrative of American manners, scenery, history, resources, &c. &c. ; excluding every thing that may have a tendency to excite local or sectional prejudice ; and having in view, throughout the series, the training up, in our common schools, of a generation of sober, intelligent, virtuous, and patriotic freemen.

II. In the view we have taken, it will be obvious that, besides a radical change in books, every teacher of a public school, male and female, should possess a thorough knowledge of the art of reading. So far as our information extends, where any examination of teachers is customary, and even where it is most rigid, the judgment is formed on the *general* qualifications of the candidate. For example : though the applicant for a school reads and spells very imperfectly, yet if he writes handsomely, and is “ *quick at figures*,” as they say, it is considered a fair offset, and he is put in charge of fifty or a hundred children, to teach them, among other things, what, it is admitted, he does not know himself!

But on our remedial plan, an examination of the teacher, by the most competent persons that can be found, being considered, *under all circumstances*, indispensable, the very first requisition, after moral character, would be an ability to read, spell, and teach the English language correctly. If there was a failure here, though he were a second Bacon or Newton, it should end the matter. However well qualified he may be for a professorship

of philosophy or metaphysics, he is certainly unfit for *the more important station* of an American schoolmaster, and for this only do we want him.

We will venture to express the opinion, that if three disinterested and well-qualified commissioners were appointed to examine every common-school teacher employed in the United States, within the current year, *nineteen in twenty* would be found incompetent to teach children to read and write the English language. Mark, that we speak only of *common-school teachers—they educate the country*. Mark, also, that we speak not only of their *knowledge* of these two branches, *but of their ability to teach them*; and, farther, that we speak of their competency *only in these branches*, and not of their qualifications to teach other, and, perhaps, more difficult branches. The simple enquiry would be, *is this individual qualified to teach children to read and write as they should be taught?*

The sort of investigation we have proposed would probably be impracticable, but there is a more simple test by which we are willing our assertion should be tried. Let every common-school teacher write a letter, of fifteen lines, to the postmaster-general. It shall be entirely, and in all respects, his or her own; and these letters, being submitted to such a commission as we have just described, we will abide by the result to which the evidence they furnish would lead.

III. As to the evil of *non-attendance*, it will be cured, partially at least, by the introduction of good teachers and suitable books. One principal cause of the reluctance which children almost universally show to "going to school," is the dread of being confined, in such a place, so long, to an employment monotonous, irksome, and seemingly useless. There is nobody to compel them to attend, unless it is for the sake of throwing off the care of them upon some one else; and, indeed, there seems to be no definite and settled conviction in any body's mind that it does any good to send them.

Now it is a fact, that the poorest and most ignorant man among us is proud of a well-educated son or daughter. Whatever he may say, when you propose to take the children from home, and so lessen the productive labour of the family, still he loves to be able to say that his children can all read and write; and it should be well considered, that if our schools were what they might and should be, they would not only be more attractive, but they would form in our children—*before they become of much account as helpers in the family*—the basis of education, on which they might themselves erect a very useful and substantial superstructure, with the knowledge which experience and observation would supply.

Two years of steady attendance upon a good school will

secure a very thorough knowledge of the branches we have before enumerated. The late De Witt Clinton often expressed the opinion, in public and private, that "two years, under proper instruction, is sufficient to acquire all the knowledge which is usually acquired in our common schools." And it was under the like impression, probably, that the legislature of Virginia lately proposed to fix the term of two years (between twelve and fourteen) as the period within which all the public instruction that any child is entitled to receive should be obtained. We say nothing of the *policy* of the proposed measure, but it was certainly a liberal allowance of *time*.

It is worthy of consideration, whether the secret of the proverbial dulness and inefficiency of common-school teachers may not be found in the long, long time they are expected to consume in the process of education. A very appropriate definition of a common school, as the system is managed among us, would be, "a place to keep children out of the way till they are old enough to work." Of course, it is expected that the thread of employment will be spun out to the same length with the thread of time. Hence, to sit still and say A, B, C, twice a day, is the employment of the first year; to do the same with a, b, ab, is the exercise of the second year; words of one and two syllables is the acquisition of the third; and so on, till the child is eight or nine years of age; by which time, perhaps, it will be safe for him to read in the Testament, and spell

latitudinarian,
valetudinarian,

and all the rest of that musical column. Arithmetic and geography will occupy the three or four remaining winters, and then the boy can be let into the workshop, or turned out on the farm, with the advantages of having "been to school all his days."

We said that, by better schools, much of the evil of non-attendance would be cured. It cannot be denied, however, that, after all we can do to improve our systems, a multitude of children will be beyond the reach of every thing but *authority*.

Nothing will reach the depth and extent of the mischief but a legal enactment requiring that every free, white, male child shall, at a certain age, be enrolled as a pupil of a public school, unless satisfactory evidence is furnished that he or she is receiving all necessary instruction at a private school, or at home. And the registry of the commissioners of public education for each ward, township, or other district, should show accurately, from year to year, the name and age of every child within the same, and the fact of his or her attendance or non-attendance on the public school, with the reasons of the latter. And for every

child in health, and capable of being taught, and of the prescribed age, who is not in attendance, no sufficient reason being given for the neglect, the parents, or other legal guardians, should be required to pay into the public treasury a sum equal, in the opinion of the local commissioners, to the largest amount that such child may or might earn by any employment of which he or she is capable.

The obvious principle by which such a course of legislation is demanded, and would be fully justified, is *a regard to the public welfare and economy.*

Society has the same right, and is under the same obligation, to protect itself against the evils of ignorance as to protect itself against the evils of fraud and oppression. An ignorant man not only withholds from society the contribution he is bound to make to its prosperity and advancement, (the amount of which can be estimated, in some degree, by comparing the usefulness and respectability of an educated citizen with the usefulness and respectability of one who is, in other respects, equal, but is uneducated,) but he inflicts on society positive evil. Generally, ignorance is found to be the prolific source of vice and superstition; and, at all events, an ignorant man is incapable of bringing up his family and dependents as they should be brought up. This grand social duty must, therefore, be neglected, to the great detriment of the community; or it must be performed by some one else. Of course, so much time and pains will be subtracted from the common stock, and an injurious inequality will exist somewhere.

Farther, an ignorant man is a dead weight upon us. It costs as much to carry him along as it does another; and while he sensibly retards the general progress of society, he is good for little all the way; and, generally, good for nothing at the end of the journey. It costs more to keep him, if he is idle; more to restrain him, if he is refractory; and more to reform him, if he is vicious.

We are confident, then, that a law in each state, compelling the attendance of children, as a component part of an improved system of public instruction, would not only be just and politic, but *indispensably necessary* to ensure the education of the great mass of our population.

Respecting the topics we have thus far discussed, there may be a general concurrence of opinion, perhaps, among those who are not under the influence of prejudice, or some political bias. In approaching a higher and more difficult branch of the subject, we beg to be distinctly understood, that we are disposed to regard the opinions which others hold in opposition to us with the same deference and respect that we desire for our own. We only ask that the grounds and principles on which they are

severally maintained, may be carefully and impartially examined.

To fit a boy to become a faithful and good citizen of the republic, in whatever section of it he may live, is the object which we all profess to have in view. The structure of our government is adapted to a sober, well-educated, thinking people. It would be no government at all for France or Ireland. It is insufficient for the happiness or security of any but an intelligent community. We should be slow to believe that, if the present condition and character of the population of this country had been, when the federal constitution was framed, what it is now, such a form of government would have been proposed. Indeed, some of the most important barriers which were originally erected against the influence of ignorance and corruption have been demolished, one by one, by the very power which they were designed to withstand.

Who can tell how much of the popular will of this country is, at this moment, subject to the control of those who have neither intelligence nor integrity? Who does not know that there is a prevailing inclination among quiet and peaceable citizens—those who have most at stake, all over the land—to withdraw from public elections and public offices? And as to the prospect that this alliance of power and ignorance will be short-lived, it may suffice to say, that a very intelligent commissioner of the British government, who has but recently investigated our system of police and education, spreads, before parliament and the British nation, the disgraceful fact, that there are at least *thirteen hundred thousand free white children and youth, south and west of New York, totally destitute of the means of elementary instruction.* No man in his senses can fail to see the tendency and final result of this state of things.

It was a wise observation of that sagacious statesman, William Penn, that "that which makes a good constitution must keep it, (viz.) men of wisdom and virtue; and these are qualities that, because they descend not with worldly inheritance, must be carefully propagated by the virtuous education of youth." The soundness of this opinion will be readily admitted, but will the virtuous education of youth be secured by instructing them in reading, writing, and arithmetic? How are the principles of virtue to be taught and enforced without reference to the being and government of God, and a future state of rewards and punishments?

We believe that it would be found, on investigation, that the most thorough and complete system of public instruction, which has ever been pursued in this country, was sustained wholly

by taxation, and was founded on the religious responsibility of the schoolmaster. And it is our settled conviction, that if we could roll back the wheels of time three quarters of a century; take the population as it then was, and apply our present prevailing systems of instruction (sustained by a public fund, and excluding religious influence) to the generation of children and youth that then was, 1776 would have gone by like other years, and would have told, no more than they, of the mighty deeds which have now marked that year, conspicuously, in the annals of all succeeding time. *Is it wise to give up to atheists and scoffers the only conservative principle of a free republic?*

Every body knows the Yankees. They have peculiar characteristics. Some of them may be unenviable; but we have sometimes remarked that even those who apply the epithet sneeringly, show something in their manner that seems to say, "*after all, I wish I was one.*"

And what are the marks of a Yankee? Among them are enterprize, industry, invention, sobriety, perseverance, &c. And when were these marks made? A century and a half ago; when the fear of God was a part of every day's instruction in the common school, and when the boy was taught that the Bible is the best of books; the Sabbath the best of days; and a father's house the best of homes. Whether such a system was wise or unwise, enlightened or unenlightened—whether these were the defects and overactings of a puritanical and superstitious age, are questions we need not decide. One thing is clear. It prepared a generation of men, the record of whose deeds no change of time can mutilate or efface; and the influence of that very system of education is seen at this day—we had almost said in the very bodily nerve and muscle of a full-blooded, uncorrupted New-Englander, whether you find him in the forest or on the prairie, in ship or on shore.

We well know that there is a marvellous change in the character of New England education—for, in the times of which we have been speaking, (we "say not that the former times were better than these,") the people were educated together. The minister's boy and the squire's boy were on the same bench in school with the mechanic's boy and the day-labourer's boy; and it often so turned out, that the labourer's boy, by dint of application, became the minister or the squire, and the minister's or squire's boy became the day-labourer. It is sometimes so now. But *then*, the chief instruction of the commonwealth of Massachusetts, for example, was public; *now*, the private education of twenty-five thousand children in that state costs nearly as much as the public instruction of six times that number. *Then*, religion was a part of education; *now*, when tolerated at all, it must find its way by some secret avenue, for

if a teacher should be found, even in many parts of New England, boldly inculcating the great doctrines of the protestant faith, in connection with other branches of instruction, as the basis of virtue, integrity, social happiness, and true wisdom, it might involve a forfeiture of his place, if not of his vocation. We do not say that great improvements have not been introduced, concurrently, with this revolution in public sentiment, but we fear the balance is sadly against the interests of virtue and freedom.

We have stood beside the beautiful and almost magical machinery by which the paper, now spread upon our table, was prepared for use. It flows from the cistern a pure, white pulp. It passes, from web to web and from cylinder to cylinder, about as fast as the spectator walks along-side, as he cursorily surveys the process; until, after the lapse of four or five minutes, it comes into a fair sheet ready for the pen. At the outset of its brief journey we touched the yielding substance with the head of a pencil, and the impression was distinct and obvious upon the finished surface. The involutions and evolutions it had undergone, and the prodigious pressure of cylinders, hot and cold, had only served to define and strengthen the outline.

Now, we do not say that the sons of New England are better or wiser men than the sons of the West or the South; but this we do say, that the educational institutions for instruction, which were established among the hills, and forests, and rock-bound shores of their nativity, impressed upon them, long ago, the character they now bear as a community; or, if the figure is allowable, the New England mark, which appears so broadly on the fabric, was made in the pulp. The main fact we would use as an illustration of this grand principle—that *whatever we would admit or exclude in the formation of national character, we must admit or exclude in the process of national education.*

It will be asked, we are well aware, with a very grave and honest look, and by the most forward advocates of universal education—"Why, is not religious instruction a part of the system of popular education in this country? Is the man ignorant that the Bible, or selections from it, is almost universally a text-book in our schools?"¹ What more would he have? Would he turn our public schools into places for the propagation of sectarianism? Would he curse us with a state religion?"

Before we shall feel called upon to answer such enquiries as these, we might ask that some intelligent and unprejudiced

¹ A late statistical document, presented to a literary convention in Vermont, shows that of one hundred schools in that state, the New Testament is used on an average in but forty-eight, either as a reading book, or for devotional purposes.

man would thoroughly examine the prevailing systems of public instruction, and express his sober conviction that the Christian religion, in any sense, forms a constituent part of them.

We have thus, very imperfectly, we confess, presented what seems to us the true state of the case. We have attempted to show that popular education in the United States, considered as a system, is inefficient of itself; that there is no power to execute it; that it does not furnish any thing like the elementary instruction it is designed and supposed to furnish; that it does not pretend to train the children of the people in the knowledge of their social and civil rights and duties; nor does it recognize the only principles on which private integrity, and, of course, public virtue, depend; but rather discountenances and excludes them.

It will be observed that this is a comprehensive view of the subject, and will admit, if need be, of very large exceptions; but all these allowed, it will appear, we apprehend, that the science of education is not understood by the great majority of those who profess to understand and apply it; that the attainment of available knowledge is very limited; and that the communion of mind with mind, in the relation of teacher and pupil, is very rare, even in our highest institutions of learning.

We shall now attempt to show—

I. That there are no measures in progress, or in contemplation, so far as we know, to correct the evils, or supply the defects which it has been our purpose to expose; and especially that large public funds, and the education of teachers in colleges and academies, are not to be relied on.

II. That though there may be ample powers in the general and state governments to provide sufficient and suitable means of public instruction, yet, in the present state of public sentiment, they will not be employed. And,

III. That if any attempt is made to rescue the country from the dominion of ignorance and general corruption, it must spring from the voluntary co-operation of wise and good men throughout the land. Whether there is patriotism, benevolence, and efficiency enough to commence such an Herculean labour, and carry it through, with a steadfast hand, is a point of painful uncertainty.

I. *As to the first point.*—We are aware, that, in some of the states, there is a favourable change of opinion on the subject of an institute, exclusively for the education of teachers; and that the appointment of a general superintendent of public instruction, whose time and attention shall all be given to this one object, has been proposed and earnestly advocated in one or more of our state legislatures. But in Massachusetts the proposition has been postponed, if not rejected; and we cannot but

regard the issue of all these incipient purposes of improvement as extremely doubtful. It is understood that the power to establish such an institute as is mentioned above, has been questioned; and that in consequence of the opinion expressed by a high functionary of the government of New York, that such institutions are incompatible with the genius of our republic, the legislature of that state abandoned the idea, and offered a bounty to encourage academies to give the necessary instruction.

It is not our present purpose to discuss this point, but we must enter our solemn protest against such a doctrine, let it be broached by whom it may. We believe such an institute to be most perfectly consonant to the soundest and most liberal principles of republicanism. Indeed, we should contend, to the last, that the principle which considers the property of the people as pledged for the education of the people, is the *very root and conservator of republicanism*. If the power of the government is not sufficient to carry out this maxim, it is without strength—it is no government at all. What! shall we be told that the community which has power to protect itself from frauds in flour and fish, has no power to protect itself from frauds of incomparably greater enormity? If the law is tolerated which declares who shall keep gunpowder, who shall sell goods at auction, and how pork shall be packed, is the law anti-republican and intolerable, which declares who shall have the oversight and instruction of the children and youth of the republic in the public schools! It is perfectly clear, we think, that if the right to compel men to do military duty can be at all maintained, the right to compel them to employ competent instructors, and to send their children to be taught by them, is beyond controversy.

The question lies in the compass of a nut-shell. A very simple course of elementary instruction is required for all the children of our country; and it is in accordance with the spirit of our institutions to furnish such instruction gratuitously. But two difficulties meet us at the threshold, viz., the want of competent teachers, and the want of compulsory power to secure the regular attendance of children for a given term. Now, we maintain that the only way to obviate the former difficulty, is for the states respectively to provide the means of qualifying teachers; and this must be done upon a liberal scale. We need not expect to evade the obligation, or lessen its burden, by engrafting extraordinary departments on existing institutions. It may serve a temporary purpose, and, at least, amuse the public mind, but failure, in the end, is inevitable. Besides, the object to be accomplished by a separate institute, on a scale commensurate with the public exigencies, is, in magnitude and importance, incomparably above and beyond the maintenance

of all the colleges and academies of our country together. It is an object which demands and will justify a degree of munificence and liberality, with which very few public measures are favoured, without excepting such as concern the public defence and revenue. As to the latter difficulty, it can only be corrected by legislative enactment.

The appointment of a minister of public instruction, in each state, is certainly highly desirable. The influence of such an office, wisely filled, the incumbent being unembarrassed by political fear, favour, affection, or hope of reward, would be soon felt and seen in the general elevation and enlargement of public sentiment on this subject. A free interchange of opinion, and such a slight modification of the independent systems as might give to the whole a general uniformity, would also be a natural and important result. So far as we know, there is not a minister of public instruction in any of the United States.

It is considered, by many persons, that the appropriation of a large sum of public money to the maintenance of common schools, is highly favourable to the interests of popular education. There is no doubt that the provision lately made for this purpose in the state of Pennsylvania is, *as one act*, entirely without precedent in any country. It has been universally received as a measure highly auspicious to the public school system of that state. But the money by itself will do the people no good; and what is to be done with it? Let us see.

Three or four years ago, we had a report from the legislature of that state, showing, that of *four hundred thousand children, between the ages of five and fifteen, two hundred and fifty thousand had not been in any school the preceding twelve months*; that of the remaining one hundred and fifty thousand, many had attended a few days only; others, a month or two; and some a whole season; that a large proportion of the adult population, in some sections, could neither read nor write, and that in several places the inhabitants of whole districts were found destitute of education, unacquainted with their duties as citizens, unfortified by religion, &c. &c. These are expressions from the report, and are fully sustained by the executive communications of the same date to the legislature.

"This will never do," said one to another. "We must go to work at once and educate our children." "But, alas! we have no competent teachers, and it will do no good to send the children to school unless they can be properly taught. However, it will be some time before we can bring any system into the tide of successful experiment; and the intervening period will afford us just the opportunity we want, to prepare teachers. As one part of the machinery to be worked for this purpose, we will have it understood, that hereafter no money will be granted

to any college or academy in the state, unless they will stipulate, on their part, that they will give two or three years' gratuitous instruction, in the 'art, trade, and mystery,' of school-keeping, to such young men as may apply for it. This will help along such institutions as accede to the proposition, both in their reputation and their funds; and we shall get our supply of teachers dog-cheap. This plan will answer, at all events, until it shall be convenient to establish one or two state seminaries for the education of teachers. A measure, by the way, which the legislature of an adjoining state had, within the previous month, virtually declared to be '*incompatible with the genius of our institutions.*' "

"But where shall we get the money to pay our teachers for their services, after they are qualified? Who will build our school-houses as they should be built? Who will supply books," &c. &c.

It is very certain that taxation and voluntary contribution will not furnish it, *for the people of Pennsylvania will not pay for schools!* And it is all in vain to attempt to make them, for they will have a legislature to suit themselves in this and all other matters.

True it is, that Massachusetts and Maine have managed so far (whatever their plans for the future may be) to make the people pay for schooling all their children; and they have as good schools, we all know, as can be found in the country; and they pay their whole tax, too, as promptly and as cheerfully as other states pay a partial tax to eke out the dividends of a public fund.

True it is, moreover, that in Connecticut the effect of doing so generally without taxation, has been to make parents utterly indifferent to the education of their children. And even in these states, where the burden is nominally divided between the public treasury and the private purse, it is yet to appear that the citizens are more interested in the care of their schools—that parents enquire more particularly into the progress of their children in good learning and sound morals, or are more scrupulous and discriminating in the selection of their teachers, than where no such gratuity is enjoyed. We say *gratuity*, though that is hardly to be called a gratuity which a man takes out of one of his pockets and puts into the other. The people, after all, are made to pay, in one shape or another.

But in the face of all this, we know that the people of Pennsylvania decline to be taxed for the support of their schools. So, forsooth, we must coax them to do something by a bounty. The appeal we make is, *in spirit*, this:—we are aware that you are either so poor, or so indifferent to the education of your children, that you will not have them properly taught to read

and write, unless the state helps you. Now, with the hope of persuading you to do less than half your duty, we will engage to do more than half. It is as if a wealthy man should say to his neighbour, "My friend, you have fallen into indolent and vicious habits—your energy and your reputation are gone. You have become careless of reproach and contempt; your children are growing up ignorant and worthless; and your rent and shop-bills are so much in arrear, that you and your family are likely to be turned out of house and home. Now here are five hundred dollars—and I intend to give you a like sum every year, on condition that you will rouse yourself up, and go to work. It will pay at least half your rent, and half your family expenses; and though I give it to you with a hope that you will reform, you shall have it, whether you reform or not." It is admitted by the terms of the supposition that he is abundantly able to support himself, as it respects health, ingenuity, a good trade, and custom enough already for him, but he has settled down into a state of stupid, listless idleness.

There may be one case in a thousand where a gratuity of the kind supposed, would have a favourable influence; but let the result be as it may, the individual is at best but an out-door pauper, and the ordinary issue of the process will be a confirmation of bad habits.

We beg the reader's attention to the question—Will the people of Pennsylvania, or of any other commonwealth, raise money enough by assessment to support a system of popular education on a scale commensurate with her obligations? If yes, the matter is settled. If a negative answer is returned (as it must be) the next enquiry will be for the reason. Some few men will say, and with great force and truth, too—"We are willing to raise money when we can find teachers to whom we may safely commit the instruction of our children; but not to be paid to some conceited or vicious *ignoramus*, or to accumulate for future abuse. We have determined to look to private schools for the education of our children, until we see some improvement in the character and qualification of teachers." To such a community, the dividends of a school-fund would, of course, be without advantage. Others will point to the children of their neighbours, who have been at schools, academies, and colleges, all their days, and have thereby unfitted themselves, both in mind and body, for any useful and valuable employment—"Certainly it is better," say they, "to keep one's boys at home, on the farm or in the workshop, in good health and at a useful business, than to send them to school to come back upon our hands puny, pert, and untractable, if not the dupes and the victims of licentiousness." Such people will be reluctant to pay a school-tax, and well they may be; but for the same reason, a

school fund of many millions would never have sufficed to reconcile them to the system until their views of the *effects* of it are radically changed.

If the answer is given frankly and at once, that the people are not willing to provide ample means of education, it must be because they do not value the possession of useful knowledge by their children, so highly as they do the money which must be given in exchange for it. "*The money we keep—let the school go,*" is their language. Now, we venture to say, that *any people, any where*, that hold this language, are among the last to appreciate or properly expend the bounty of the government when it is bestowed.

It cannot be said, with any semblance of truth, concerning any section of our country, that is large enough and populous enough to be organized into a school district, that the people are too poor to educate their own children. Where is the community, in the whole length and breadth of our land, that needs good schools, and is willing and anxious to have them, whose pecuniary circumstances are so straitened as to forbid the establishment of them? We venture to say such a community is not to be found; nay, more—we think it susceptible of demonstration that there are few neighbourhoods in the country where the expenditure for intoxicating drugs and drinks would not, *of itself*, be amply sufficient to maintain a good school for two thirds or three quarters of a year regularly.

What then, we may ask, can be the object of setting apart a vast fund for the support of common schools? In other words, what will the enormous *bonus* of the new United States Bank do for the education of the children and youth of the commonwealth of Pennsylvania?

Perhaps it will be answered, that the teachers, who, by the scheme to which we alluded a few pages back, were to be put in a course of training three years ago at the academies and colleges, are now ready to do the state some service; and, perhaps, this may be the auspicious time, and this munificent fund the very means, for the establishment of the one or two seminaries that were to be exclusively occupied in training teachers,—"*that class of men,*" as the report describes them, "*who hold in their hands the destinies of the state!*"

But is there any provision for the employment of these teachers, so qualified—peradventure they should be forthcoming? It is surely reasonable that they should have a price for their services that may indemnify them for the great expense of time and labour that has been incurred in their preparation. They cannot be expected to teach for such wages as the college student receives, who seeks in winter the means of paying

his summer quarter bill, or as the farmer receives, who turns schoolmaster because he has nothing else to do in the winter months that is quite so profitable.

Our prepared teacher must have good pay, then, and who shall fix it? Who shall even determine the preliminary question of qualification? What provision is there to guard "*the destinies of the state*" from falling into the hands of a blockhead, an infidel, or a debauchee? But we need not pursue these enquiries, for they are altogether premature. The teachers we are talking about are men of straw—mere creatures of fancy. In this respect, the great and noble state of Pennsylvania—great and noble in all that nature has done for her—is not one hair's breadth in advance of the position she occupied three years ago. The unprecedented bank *bonus* finds her utterly unprepared, at every point, to commence and carry out a wise and comprehensive system of public instruction requiring such an expenditure.

And what will the people of that state say now to the establishment of an institute for the education of teachers? Will any sober man express an opinion so preposterous, as that they will countenance the expenditure of money for the qualification of teachers, if they are not willing to pay for their services after they are qualified?

But again: shall part of the two millions be taken for this purpose? Never—no—never—with the consent of any people who will not provide for the elementary education of their children without aid from the public purse. With such views of public policy and private duty as they must necessarily entertain, we should rather expect they would ask the government to pay for the clothing and board of their children while attending school, if, indeed, they did not charge something for their time!

The institute being out of the question, then, and the present destitution of common school teachers being admitted, what is our dependence for the future?

The chief public reliance of New York, and of two or three other states, is, as we have already intimated, upon academies and colleges. But how, and by whom, is the teacher's department, in these various institutions, organized? Who judges of the qualifications of those who are placed in charge of these departments, and of those who are admitted to their privileges, as to health, character, temper, and general fitness for the profession, which, of all others, involves the "*destinies of the state*?" What inducements are held out to young men? What course of instruction is prescribed, and with what degree of intelligence and fidelity is it observed? Who determines

when the individual is qualified? What is the standard of qualification, and who fixes it? What system of inspection and visitation is provided, and how far is it applied?

A multitude of questions of this sort crowd upon us at once; and to the most important of them it would be difficult, we apprehend, to return a satisfactory answer.

Is not the hope, then, which many seem to indulge, that we are to be supplied from this source with competent teachers, a delusive one? It is our deep conviction that it will be found to be so; and who can estimate the consequences of its failure? A man may fold his cloak about him and lie down, calmly, in a sinking ship upon the wide ocean, in full confidence that all is well, but his delusion will not avert his destiny.

We have thus shown why, in our apprehension, public funds and the training of teachers in colleges and academies, are not to be relied upon for the support of a general system of popular education. Whatever expectations may be built upon them, have not substance enough to make a shadow.

II. Our second position is, that though there may be ample power, both in the general and state governments, to provide competent means of public instruction, it will not be exercised.

Whatever might have been the case forty or fifty years ago, we are persuaded that it is too late, now, to depend on the voluntary action of the people. If the state provides an ample fund, and goes no further, this will not create, but will rather reduce that local and domestic interest in the schools, without which, countless millions would be appropriated in vain. Not only is there not a supply of competent teachers, (as we have shown above,) but there is no general concern on the subject, which would incline them to prepare themselves, nor ensure their employment, if they were to be had. Under these circumstances, if the government is too weak or too improvident to maintain a system of education, (by which we mean the erection of suitable buildings; the preparation of good books; the training, employment, and liberal compensation of good teachers; and the regular attendance of the children within its jurisdiction for a prescribed term,) we are without remedy. But in the view we take of the subject, the interposition of government would afford us no relief. If the duty to provide a most liberal and thorough system of public instruction were made imperative by the constitution of the United States, we do not think that, in the present state of public opinion on the subject, it could be done. *In such a matter, a government like ours will never be found in advance of public sentiment.*

III. In the exigency to which we are thus conducted, it is evident, we think, that nothing but the voluntary co-operation of wise and good men throughout our land can rescue us from

the impending evil of universal ignorance and corruption ; and we do not hesitate to say, that *without such co-operation, the general advancement of popular education in this country is impracticable.*

When we speak of *good men*, as above, we use the term in its most comprehensive sense ; and by *education*, we mean the process of drawing into healthful and harmonious exercise all the powers of body and soul ; and securing for the individual, so far as human agency can do it, a useful and comfortable passage through this transitory life, and a sure entrance into a better.

1. It is only good men that take an enlarged view of the principles and objects of education ; others, if not influenced mainly by political considerations, contemplate the increased social usefulness and intellectual employment which it promises ; but look not at all at the vast and immortal capacities of the soul, which the most perfect and thorough education, in this world, can but very slightly exercise. They do not apparently realise that the most exalted attainments which the human mind has ever yet made, are but indications of a capacity which no finite knowledge can ever perfectly employ. And we cannot refrain from suggesting to teachers the possibility that the low aim in the pursuit of their profession, with which so many are contented, is one cause of its degraded state. The teaching of a few sciences, which lie within the range of a child's investigations, is in itself a very narrow and contemptible employment, for those who are capable of so much better and greater things. If this is all that a teacher is expected to do, we should be less inclined to wonder that a menial in New York or Philadelphia receives a compensation for her kitchen labour, amounting to thrice the salary paid to the daughter of a New Hampshire farmer for teaching a district school in her native town ! Whenever the aim of our teachers shall be elevated to the true end of education, there will be less lack of dignity or honour in the calling, however it may be with the emoluments of it.

2. Unless this co-operation is very prompt and very general, it will not have sufficient power to awaken a correct public feeling.

The relations of children, as spiritual and immortal beings, are now overlooked in our systems of popular education. It is generally admitted that a due regard to these relations constitutes the only basis of character and happiness, if not of usefulness ; and is it not the part of wisdom to give them a proper place in all our systems of instruction, and especially in such as provide for the mass ?

It is evident that the subject is beyond the reach of ordinary legislation ; for there must be a multitude of cases in which

these relations, obvious and important as they are, would be but partially and erroneously apprehended by teachers; and even where they are understood, and their importance duly appreciated, there may be a gross deficiency in the tact or skill with which they are treated.

For example: we have before us, at this moment, the copy of a letter from the chairman of a school committee, in the interior of Massachusetts, addressed to a teacher of one of the common schools of the place, requiring him, in very peremptory and offensive terms, to desist forthwith from the practice of opening and closing his school with prayer! Now, whatever opinion may be entertained of the conduct of the chairman, it is possible that he had received the impression that teachers generally, or that this teacher in particular was unfitted for the proper discharge of this sacred duty. It might be that great disorder prevailed in school during the service; that the manner of its performance was offensive or ridiculous; or that the out-door conduct and conversation of the teacher ill comported with any official acts of this character in school. At all events, we can easily conceive of cases in which a teacher may be as incompetent to touch, in any form, upon the religious relations of his pupils, as to teach the science of astronomy or navigation. We will not attempt, however, to measure the responsibility of those who commit a school to the care of such a man as its teacher.

We have alluded to this case to illustrate the impossibility of legislating upon the subject; but this fact takes nothing from the importance of religious teaching, or religious services in our common schools. If the individual pupil is to live and act as an immortal man, he should surely know something of his capacities and destiny. It would be obviously inconsistent to educate his infancy without reference to his childhood, or his childhood and youth without reference to his riper years; but inconceivably more preposterous is it to educate him for this life only, if, as we know and are persuaded, there is beyond it a duration, in comparison with which the longest life in this world is but as the first breath of being. Nothing will secure the general prevalence of correct views on this subject, but the general co-operation of good men to inculcate them, in theory and practice.

Though we know not why any one, who has not adopted the comfortless delusion of materialism, should object to the incorporation of religious with secular education, yet, by some influence or other, they are, in fact, completely put asunder. Far be it from us to plead for the unseasonable or inconsistent introduction of such topics into a school; and still farther to trespass, in the slightest degree, on the sacred rights of conscience and private opinion. But the child takes his seat upon

the school-bench to be educated, not like a brute, but like a reasonable, moral, and accountable being. The fact that he is related to another world, and that he is to be involved in all the amazing responsibilities of that relation—responsibilities so infinite and intricate that eternity alone can reveal them—is a matter of *personal consciousness*. It makes a part of his moral constitution; and, indeed, it furnishes the chief motives and sanctions of his moral conduct from day to day. Hence, it is obvious that, until we can separate the mortal man from the immortal, any system that proposes to educate the former and not the latter, must be essentially and fatally defective.

Religious emotions belong to us in the same sense in which fear, and hope, and love belong to us. The instinctive desire to fly away to the mountain or the forest, constrains the imprisoned bird to try every method of escape—ay, it will even sacrifice its life in fruitless efforts to live, and move, and have its being in the free and buoyant air—and so, by a higher and far stronger principle than instinct, is every man urged to seek for better and holier joys than he finds here. Though this principle may be left uneducated, it cannot be eradicated. If it is not drawn out, under the renewing and sanctifying influences of Him who planted it there, it will be found leading the unhappy man into the dark and dreary caverns of monkish or pagan superstition; perhaps breaking out into some odious or mischievous scheme of radicalism; or vainly seeking to inflict a death-blow upon itself, by recklessly plunging into universal scepticism.

The fires that burn in the bowels of our earth may be pressed down by Alps upon Alps—or the unfathomable ocean may roll its ceaseless tide over them—still they burn and rage in their secret caverns, until they become irrepressible, and then they burst forth in terrible fury, and bury cities and kingdoms beneath their desolation. Such was the fate of one of the fairest lands that the light of the sun visits.

One of the most distinguished historians of France brings the train of secondary causes which led to the revolution within the short period of thirty years preceding that event, and he attributes it to a general change in the moral sentiments and habits of the people at large, including children and youth.

"The institutions and relations of society," he says, "became generally remarkable for a cold egotism, that dried up all the sources of kind feeling. Every one seemed to live for himself, nor was there any common anxiety to preserve those wise and salutary provisions which connect the present age with those that are to follow it."

1 : hesitate to say, without any fear of contradiction
 men, that the antidote to the same disease among

us can be administered only in our *common schools*. It is there, and *there only*, that the great body of the children of our country can be met with an efficient training process. Sunday schools can do much—indeed they have already done inconceivable good to society; but they do not, nor can they be expected to exert that steady, permanent, daily control over the habits and dispositions of the child, which the domestic relation so seldom supplies, and for which a good common school is an invaluable substitute. It is here, next to home, that selfish, anti-social, disorganizing, radical, revolutionary spirits must be brought into subjection; and learn that great lesson of doing to others as they would that others should do to them.

We do insist, therefore, not only on the right but on the obligation of every teacher of children in the public schools of this country, to instruct them in the fear of God, which is the beginning of wisdom; and this is to be done, not evasively or nominally, by using the Bible, or selections from it, as a reading book, but by a wise and skilful application of its holy principles to every purpose of the heart and every action of the life. The great truth that every man shall receive hereafter according to the deeds done in the body—which lies at the very foundation of moral character and social relations—may be unacceptable to a freethinking man, here and there, but we are not, for that cause, bound to withdraw it from our systems of public instruction. A more anti-republican principle than this never was broached. If it prevail, the end of our career, as a free and prosperous nation, is at hand. We do not say this for the mere sound of it. It is a fearful truth.¹

¹ A late London paper publishes a charge to the grand jury at the Leicester assizes, which is so much to our purpose that we cannot forbear to transcribe it. In looking at the calendar of prisoners, his lordship (the presiding judge) observed—"He noticed only three persons who could not read and write, out of a calendar of twenty persons, and the doctrine which had been lately promulgated was, that give the poor education and you destroy crime. This had not turned out to be the case with the calendar before the court, for he found that most of the desperate robberies were committed by persons who are described in the calendar as reading and writing well. He certainly never would discourage educating the poorer classes of society, but he would boldly affirm, that if the education was not founded on a moral and religious principle, instead of becoming a blessing to the poor, it would, in the end, turn out a curse. To give a sound education to the poor, moral and religious instruction must accompany it—the receiver must be well made to know, not only the moral duties he has to perform, but also the religious ones; and however a number of conscientious men may talk and advocate the one without the other, still, he would maintain, the design and the effect intended by education would be lost, if the principle of connecting with it religious instruction is not adhered to. Education, without religious instruction, could not control the strong passions of the human race, and he had only again to repeat that the various calendars

The spirit of enterprise and adventure, coupled with an extraordinary desire of accumulation and display, is a dangerous foe to public and private virtue. It has been well said, that "trade and commerce are friendly to liberty, and liberty is friendly to them, but licentiousness is the enemy of both. Neither kingdoms nor commonwealths,—neither public companies nor private persons can long carry on a beneficial, flourishing trade, without the prevalence of sobriety, industry, frugality, modesty, honesty, punctuality, humanity, charity, the love of our country, and the fear of God." In the absence of these, law and lawful authority are trampled upon; riots and tumults are encouraged; drunkenness and debauchery are promoted; extravagance, like the daughters of the horse-leech, cries "give, give;" every art of illicit gain is practised; credit is ruined; and liberty itself perishes. If the stones out of the capitol walls at Washington, Harrisburg, or Albany, could cry out, and the beams of the timber in our banks and brokers' offices could answer them, we should hear a commentary on these truths, which would fill the bosom of every honest patriot with indignation and dismay.

There is one bearing of this topic which occurs to us at this moment, the importance and interest of which cannot be exaggerated—we mean the *influence of common schools, when placed on a proper basis, to preserve our Union*. We can conceive of no means so legitimate, practical, and appropriate to this end, as a general combination, of good men and true, through the land, for the purpose of elevating the standard of public instruction, and securing a proper American education to the mass of our children and youth. For, let it be remembered, that there is no limit to the modes and forms by which, in the process of such an education, the noble and generous principles of a pure patriotism may be illustrated and enforced, and all narrow and sectional prejudices checked and controlled, if not rooted out.

If we should be asked how this co-operation may be secured, and in what form made effective, our reply must, of necessity, be very general and indefinite.

Let us go into any town or district in our country—certainly in the older states—and we shall find one or two men in it, of intelligence, good sense, and sober judgment; and, withal, correct views of what popular instruction should be. Such men (if they do not feel it already) may be made to feel that no subject of public or private interest is so transcendently important

throughout the circuit had plainly convinced him that it would be far better to leave the poorer classes of the community in ignorance, than to educate them without having for the groundwork our blessed revealed religion. Teach men their religious and moral duties in this world, and he had no hesitation in saying, that crime would not in the end appear so monstrous as he had witnessed in this circuit."

as the right education of our children. Instead of shrinking from the office of a school commissioner, they may be persuaded to enter upon it as the most elevated and responsible station to which their fellow-citizens can call them. When the selection of a teacher becomes necessary, they will examine his qualifications and credentials with the most scrupulous care, keeping in view the momentous public interests, as well as the inconceivable sum of private usefulness and happiness, which are involved in the issue.

They will, moreover, make themselves familiar with the prevalent systems of instruction, and will endeavour to lead the minds of parents, masters, and others, who have the care of children and youth, to more comprehensive views of their duty. This can be done by the circulation of popular tracts and periodicals on the subject, and by personal influence.

Considering the teacher they employ as their agent, they will diligently inspect his labours, and require him to show that he is a workman that needs not to be ashamed. They can, by this course alone, detect the contemptible shifts by which the incompetent and unfaithful would fain conceal their negligences and defects; and it is only by personal examination that they can be assured of the actual advancement of the school, from week to week, and from month to month, in the attainment of useful knowledge.

The text-books of the school will be adopted only after an anxious and laborious investigation of their merits. The recommendations of others, though the alphabet may be too lean to designate all their titles of honour and reverence, will weigh but little, especially when it is considered that those who have not suffered their names to be stereotyped in certificates of approbation, are often driven, by a sort of moral necessity, to rid themselves of an importunate and half-starved author by, at least, "concurring in what" somebody "has said above."

But with such commissioners as we contemplate, not a chapter, or even a paragraph, would be lightly passed over; for even the problem of a common arithmetic may have a moral influence that is not beneath their regard: and when a set of books is once thus adopted, changes may well be few and far between.

The discipline of the school, also; the selection and preservation of the school library; the character of the motives employed, and of the principles inculcated; in a single word, the general course of instruction, and its tendency to prepare the pupil for the social, civil, and moral relations of his being, would furnish occasion for their laborious and ceaseless concern.

More than all, such commissioners would rigidly inspect the teacher's method of bringing the great truths of Christianity to bear on the minds and hearts of his pupils, so that while, on the one hand, the school should be protected from the evils of bigotry, sectarianism, and fanaticism, it shall be secured, on the other, against the equally destructive influence of a heartless, intolerant infidelity. For it should never be forgotten that, in the present blindness and madness of the human heart, infidelity will always compromise with truth on the basis of mutual forbearance. She knows her position too well to refuse a treaty on these terms; and we ought to know ours too well to propose or accept it.

To secure the services of such men, for the purposes just enumerated, we must acquaint them with the exigencies of the times. This is, of itself, a great labour to be undertaken by somebody. Every thing depends upon its being done well, and upon its being done now. No matter how the public lands are disposed of, nor even who succeeds General Jackson. If the children and youth of the country are not generally educated within the next ten years, (not to say five,) on a scale and with a completeness far beyond any thing which is now known or contemplated, the disposal of the public domain and the succession to the presidency will not long be matters of popular discussion and action, but rather matters of popular acquiescence and submission.

We verily believe that the great mass of the people of this country are willing to entrust the bureau of public education to the best men that can be found willing to take charge of it. A few discontented, mischievous, and corrupt spirits may be found, in many places, (perhaps in most,) who will make a show of opposition, but by a mild yet decided course of action, prejudices will be conciliated, and the good sense of the community firmly enlisted on the side of liberality and intelligence. Then the schools of the people will become (we may hope) what they once were, and what they should always have been, fountains of knowledge, and virtue, and piety.

Is it not worthy of consideration whether, in the absence of legislative action, a few individuals, of the right spirit, and of sufficient ability, might not be found, who will furnish the necessary capital for a *college of teachers*, with corporate powers, to be established in a central part of the Union, at a point easy of access from the South and West, the object of which shall be, not to supply the deficiency, but to illustrate, on a small private scale, the only possible plan for supplying it? Connected with a male and female school, it would afford opportunity to instruct teachers of both sexes in the practical duties of their profession; and of training them, by experiment, to a skilful

and faithful discharge of them. The few who would be thus prepared might find employment at a fair price, without any legal provision to secure it to them.

There may be some difficulty in getting this subject fairly before the minds of those on whom we must rely. A very simple arrangement would try the principle, however, and perhaps some existing organization would afford every facility that could be expected. A central body, with corresponding branches, seeking mainly to collect, digest, and diffuse information, might be all that would be required at first. Local laws and circumstances must, of course, modify any action on the subject. The leaven must be introduced wherever there is an opening, and must be left to the silent and invisible process by which the whole mass is leavened.

We are the more sanguine in our confidence that such a movement would be favourably regarded, from the opinions of many highly respectable gentlemen, in different parts of the country, to whom the subject has been opened.

In conversations we have recently held with some of the most intelligent and influential friends of popular education, particularly in New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio, they expressed their conviction of the necessity of such a voluntary co-operation as we have attempted to describe; they say that the practical value of existing systems of education among us has never yet been determined by an *examination of them in the minute details of their operation*; and they say that persons who, from prejudice or misapprehension, oppose themselves (violently perhaps) to every principle of sound, moral education, when proposed in the abstract, will, nevertheless, cheerfully entrust the administration of the system, in any particular district, to one or two men, in whose intelligence and uprightness the public have confidence. If these views are correct, we may hope that, even at this late hour, the whole machinery of popular education may be brought within the control of good and wise men, if they are disposed to put their hands to it. They must be willing, however, to occupy the very humblest place among the operatives. They must condescend to labour unseen and unknown. They must try every part of the system by the only true test of its utility, viz. its power to lay hold of the minutest fibres of human society, and, by developing, and combining, and leading these, direct the course of the spreading branches, and even the towering trunk, in whatever direction they choose.

Something must be done—and there is not an hour, not a moment to lose. We may traverse the wide range of modern experiments in the science of education, from the military infant school, of which we lately read an account in a newspaper of one of our southern cities, to the college for the gradual

approximation of the sexes, which is a more northern scheme, and we shall find but here and there one which promises well for the future usefulness or happiness of those upon whom it is tried; and, on this subject, and at this time, every failure is peculiarly weakening to the cause, and disheartening to its friends. Who will undertake to estimate the sums which have been expended—of time, labour, and money—on what were called *gymnasias*, or high boarding-schools for boys—such, we mean, as once existed at Northampton and Amherst, (Massachusetts,) and New Haven, (Connecticut.) Among those by whom they were founded and sustained, were gentlemen of eminent talents and literary attainments; but they must have looked very incautiously into the nature of our institutions, and the habits and associations of our people, if they supposed their enterprise was practicable; and even if they had succeeded, they would but have fitted a handful of boys for a station in life, from which a single reverse of fortune (as it is called) might for ever exclude them.

Yet we shall find, upon enquiry, that our wealthy and intelligent men, whose sons were put upon that elevated, expensive, and probably inappropriate training, were never at the town or district meetings, where the public school-money was raised and apportioned. They took no interest in the appointment of the school commissioners, or the schoolmasters. They never dreamed of going into the schools, after they were established, as citizens and patriots, interested in the welfare of the future possessors of the soil, and inheritors of the richest patrimony that the sun shines upon, to see whether they were conducted wisely and profitably. The language of their conduct was—“I am a rich man. I can provide for the education of my sons among the sons of other rich men. You poor labouring neighbours of mine must get such schools as you can, and get whom you can to oversee and sustain them. It is enough for me that I take care of my own children, and pay my school-tax when the collector calls for it.”

We say this is the construction which the popular mind will put upon their course of proceeding. And then, forsooth, when these same boys come up into the ranks of apprentices and journeymen, without the intelligence or moral restraint which a good education would have supplied, and are found at the head of mobs, and strikes, and trades' unions; speechmakers at riotous assemblies, and ringleaders of agrarian and atheistical clubs; when war is made upon the peace and order of communities, and law, with all its forms, and sanctions, and ministers, is set aside; and especially when the hand of their lawless violence is laid on the mansions, and luxuries, and treasure-houses of the rich; the arm of power must be raised, and held up by military force; the police dockets must be crowded; and,

in the direct and remote influence of such a state of things, our prisons and penitentiaries will overflow, and the public purse be emptied for the support of their degraded and miserable tenants.

And where shall we find the sons of the rich, who, but a little while since, were so well provided for without loss of *caste*? Are they soberly engaged in some useful and honourable employment—preparing to take the paternal business and estates, and wisely improve them? Or are they at the races, the billiard-rooms, and the brothels—becoming familiar with vice in her most odious and repulsive forms, and wasting, in riot and debauchery, the remnant, perhaps, of a shattered fortune, character, and constitution? The records of our police courts will tell the history of some of them; but the more dreadful and heart-rending history of others will be found written in letters of fire on the scathed and burthened heart of many a tender mother.

But we have done. Our object has been to show that all the children in our land deserve to be well and seasonably educated—they have a right to expect this at the hands of the governments under which they live, if they are to be held responsible for the discharge of the duties of citizenship. No man can escape from responsibility in this matter. Under such institutions as ours, we stand too near to be independent of each other, or to be indifferent to each other's interests. Not a child can come to years of maturity, uneducated, without harm to us—to you—to the whole republic. The interest of each is the interest of all; and hence we argue the obvious and indispensable duty of every good man in the land to look narrowly into our institutions of popular education, from the lowest to the highest, and do his full share of the labour of raising them to a proper elevation, and sustaining them there—upon the pledge of fortune, honour, and even life itself.

We have already occupied so much of the present number with this subject, that we must be satisfied with a simple introduction to our readers of the two volumes which stand at the head of this article.

Mr. Simpson has evidently examined the subject of popular education in its widest bearings, and with great care. He thinks (and well he may think) that there is, of late, an immense increase of popular power, and an immense extension of popular influence, without a corresponding increase of popular knowledge and virtue. He treats (and, for the most part, with great force and judgment) of the effects of ignorance on the working classes of the community—a distinctive title, by the way, of the appropriateness of which we have grave doubts—and he traces to their proper origin the worst of the evils which we are now

suffering in this country from the false and narrow views, taken by the mass of the community, of the principles, relations, and obligations on which the social compact rests. No man can read Mr. Simpson's book without interest and profit; and the practical aspect of most of his positions is a singularly attractive feature of it.

The other is not without much merit, though it seems to have been prepared with less care than some of Mr. Dick's earlier productions. It wants system and arrangement, and this sensibly impairs its value as a manual. It abounds with useful hints, and, as a collection of facts, maxims, and suggestions, is highly valuable. It covers too much ground, however, and rather bewilders us with the variety and multiplicity of the topics of which it treats, than enlightens or guides us in our search for truth and wisdom.

Marks of haste in the preparation of the volume frequently occur. As examples, it may suffice to say that, in the department of sacred geography, he recommends "Wells" as affording all necessary information on the subject, (page 303); and tells us, on the authority of a Mr. Stewart, that no such custom as paying servants, chambermaids, ostlers, and boot-cleaners prevails in the northern states of America, and that it would be considered, in almost every instance, as an insult to offer such persons a gratuity for performing their duty, (page 411.)

No teacher, of any grade, should suffer Mr. Dick's book to lie unread a single month. It is a professional book. But Mr. Simpson's treatise, while it claims the attention of all classes of the community, is especially commended to those who touch the springs and balances in the machinery of the social state.

- ART. IV.—1. *Ship and Shore ; or, Leaves from the Journal of a Cruise to the Levant.* By an Officer in the United States Navy. New York : 1835.
2. *Visit to Constantinople and Athens.* By the Rev. WALTER COLTON, U. S. N., author of *Ship and Shore*. New York : 1836.

The subjects of Mr. Colton's two books, though some of them have been much dwelt upon of late, never fail to excite a lively interest in the minds of readers. They commend themselves to the curiosity of mankind at large, as well as to the taste of scholars. Who loves not to read of the ocean, and the mariner's adventures?—the ocean, with "its countless waves," and its dangers, vicissitudes, and charms, as countless? The *ship*, that highest specimen of wonder and art, is not more laden with the varieties of every clime, than identified with the hopes and fears of human beings. We confess, for our own part, that we have never looked over a tolerable description of a prosperous voyage, a sea-fight, an ocean-storm, or a shipwreck, without participating in the delight, excitement, suspense, or despair of the scene, with an intenseness which seemed to us to be surpassed only by that of the persons who acted a part in the adventure, or suffered in the catastrophe. With the inmates of the buoyant structure, we have felt insulated from the rest of the world, and committed, as by the hand of destiny, to the happy or adverse events of the voyage. And then the *shore*, after the hazards of the deep are over, presents its agreeable and striking contrast. We come, as with our author, to some "Atlantic isles," or "range" some "Hesperian field," and revel in fragrance, beauty, and brightness. Who delights not in these oases of the ocean—these resting-places of the swift-winged ships? Presently, Europe breaks upon our view—that old world, where nations lie entombed. Passing at length the Pillars of Hercules, and sailing the sea, whose shores, on either side, exhibit equally the triumphs of early civilization and the ravages of time, we reach the coast of Asia Minor, and find ourselves amidst the scene of the Apocalyptic vision. Soon we gaze at Constantine's second Rome, a brilliant, but fading pageant—we wander over the plain where "fuit Ilium," if it ever was—then we wind our gladsome way among the green prominences of the Ægean—and finally plant our footsteps on the fields of Marathon, and by the side of the Parthenon. We know that even the common sailor, unlettered as he is, and uninfluenced by the associations of the scholar, bears testimony to the surpassing beauty of these last-named regions. How then must they affect the classical student, whose feet press a soil where nature and art shine

each in the perfection of its works! He who leads us among the scenes and objects so rapidly alluded to above, will, if he possess any power of sympathy, or felicity of description, cast a spell on the reader's heart which will enchain him to the narrative. The lover of antiquity, particularly, will feel the attractions of a work, a large portion of which brings into view the memorials of classic times.

Mr. Colton's post in the United States navy has afforded him excellent opportunities for observation, and he seems to have improved them to good effect. The fortunes of a life at sea, adventures on land, interesting scenery, rare objects, men and manners in their wide variety, female beauty, and the beauty of the relics of antiquity, are described with strong enthusiasm, and, at the same time, with much taste and judgment. We consider these publications (which are essentially one continued work under different titles) as a favourable specimen of that class of books of travels, in which the first glowing impressions made by a visit to a foreign country are recorded. These impressions, though oftentimes in need of correction by subsequent observation, are valuable on many accounts, aside from their power of fixing the attention of readers, when thrown off in their life and freshness. Prolonged and familiar acquaintance with foreign places and scenes is apt, of course, to beget comparative indifference towards them: one becomes less sensible to their distinctive features. It is the difference, the contrast between one's own country and other countries, which, first of all, and most powerfully affects the traveller. This dissimilarity the reader is interested in knowing, and he receives a vivid conception of it, when the journalist gives those views that first struck his own mind. These passing and rapid sketches answer every purpose, in presenting to us the scenery of nature, monuments of art, external manners, and national costume. But to give an account of the character of a people, their literature and philosophy, the nice shades of their social habits, and subjects of like kind, is a task which, of course, can be more satisfactorily accomplished by means of a protracted residence in a foreign land. Yet, there is a vast difference among writers in this respect. The same advantages would be turned to a very different account by different orders of mind. If we may anticipate a remark in this place, our author, from some felicitous touches on the character and policy of the people whom he visited, would seem to have made up, in tact and discrimination, what he wanted of prolonged acquaintance.

Judging from Mr. Colton's books, he appears to have possessed excellent qualifications for writing on the subjects which he has selected. Their general features indicate the man of feeling and taste, of keen observation, independent views, and

various knowledge. To prepare a pleasing and able account of the regions which he visited, requires a cast of mind and a species of information which belong not to every sagacious man or good writer. A union of several characteristics, and those, too, of a choice kind, is demanded. We want not, as in Chateaubriand, all enthusiasm; nor, as in Eustace, all taste; nor yet, as in Forsyth, all science and epigram. In regard, however, to the last-named author, if our recollection may be trusted in a perusal of his work on Italy many years since, we may be permitted to say that he appears to us to stand at the head of his tribe among English tourists. Still, the severity and dry details of science should be enlivened by enthusiasm and taste. In a work designed for popular use, we want the substance—the results of critical and learned research, without its forms. It is possible to find dull tourists, uninteresting writers, learned though they should be, on the Troad, by the banks of the Ilissus, or amid the ruins of Pæstum. Now, nothing can atone for the want of feeling and eloquence amid such scenes.

But not so with our author. His constitutional sensibility comes happily into play here. It is readily awakened by the hallowed scenes which meet his eye, and he pours forth a full and warm heart, with an inspiration becoming his theme. Indeed, we have remarked throughout his work, that he kindles with every object of beauty and curiosity, whether in nature or art, whether of ancient or modern date—that he is keenly alive to the incidents which are constantly occurring to a traveller—and that he has a quick sense of the ludicrous, eccentric, or absurd. This general susceptibility of impression is what we like to see in a painter of nature and of men. He who is destitute of it should not go to Asia Minor, Greece, or Italy, and write a book of travels, with an expectation of its being ever read.

In connection with his stock of sensibility, so desirable in a tourist, Mr. Colton possesses the power of giving utterance to it in no common degree. His command of language is not the least important of his accomplishments. He seems to be endowed with the faculty of saying whatever he pleases, and just in the manner he would choose. The most minute and delicate shades of thought are marked with a distinctness and precision which the discerning reader will not fail to admire. We have been struck, in particular, with his selection and use of epithets. They are always appropriate and significant in his hands, and often paint a thought as if it had been thrown upon canvass. We feel the power of a well-chosen adjunct in the vivid images or trains of reflection which it raises in the mind; and the writer may congratulate himself, whose quick susceptibilities suggest to him the very terms best adapted to awaken the emotions of others.

The author's kindness of heart and truly catholic spirit are every where displayed in his pages. He looks over the wide surface of society with a candour and benevolence which embrace its various and often conflicting interests. Towards unessential and educational errors he is commendably lenient, and when he has occasion to utter the language of censure, unless in cases of flagrant and inexcusable wrong, it is with a spirit of gentleness which conciliates, rather than offends, its objects. He who goes abroad, and views the varieties of the human family, and mingles with all descriptions of men with their individual and endless differences, in respect to opinions, tastes, customs, and pursuits, will learn to be forbearing and liberal, if he is not so by nature. Our author's candid and catholic feelings, we believe, were directed by a sense of moral obligation, and, indeed, emanated from such a source.

There are passages of great pathos in his volumes, though they are often introduced and worked into some unexpected digression, and do not appear as parts of the regular narrative. This may be considered a defect simply as to his manner, or the form of his work, since those passages might have produced a still better effect under other circumstances. There is every evidence of profound feeling in our author, from the effects produced, notwithstanding the numerous fanciful and sportive pieces which, at the same time, constitute portions of the work under review. Indeed, strokes of pathos and sallies of humour succeed each other at intervals so inconsiderable, that the reader, affected one moment with deep sympathetic grief, becomes at the next the picture of

"Laughter holding both his sides."

We have remarked, in many other cases besides the present, that the pathetic is nearly allied to the comic in the same individual—the profoundest feeling with the most sportive tendencies; so nearly do extremes meet in character and genius, as well as in nature. This consideration may reconcile the reader to the seeming incongruity which exists in our author—those light phantasies supervening upon the most touching tales of grief. We should feel, however, little inclination to censure this game-some mood, so much is it redeemed by fine touches of the pathetic, did we not question the propriety of introducing the digressions themselves, at least with such frequency. The interest of the real narrative, it will be allowed, must be affected, in some degree, by the interruption—as the reader, in the mean time, is thrown into a state of suspense, and waits impatiently for the denouement. The power of melting the heart should be held sacred, and employed with the best effect. He who can open the fountains of feeling, in the description of the nun of

Santa Clara, may well spare a tirade against the members of our congress. The author, however, has acknowledged his sin. "I must confess," he says, towards the close of his second book, "digression is my fault, and candidly own, were a man to treat his wife with as much neglect as I do my narrative, if she had any spirit she would apply for a divorce, and, if there were any justice in the court, obtain it."

We have before hinted our opinion of the author's diction, at least in one of its features; but we may take a more general view of it with propriety. There can be, we should think, but one sentiment respecting it, with competent judges. We have read his books with much pleasure, as works of taste, and felt that we had come in contact with a polished and powerful intellect. He has evidently brought to his task the literary skill which it demanded—the power of a neat, discriminating, and energetic expression. We cannot say, as is sometimes said in the fastidiousness of criticism, that his style is scarcely noticed, because it is so inartificial and perfect a vehicle of thought. For what is thought, aside from the forms which embody it—the terms in which it is presented to our minds! What is beautiful, energetic thought, on an author's page, but a form of mental exhibition, in which we recognize grace and vigour! The truth is, we always notice the diction of a writer, if we notice any thing, and that, as conformed or not to our notions of an excellent model. The characteristics of Mr. Colton's style will be found to be elegance, precision, and force. He seldom suffers himself to write a careless, obscure, or feeble sentence. Passages of fine, and even eloquent composition abound in his books. To use his own figure, in a beautiful eulogium on the English tongue, he comes near to his own conception of dexterity in wielding it. "He weaves his feelings into a broad, bright chain of language, and casts the radiant web, in a glowing belt, round the great firmament of letters."

The felicities of his diction are peculiarly worthy of notice, in his descriptions of the scenes and monuments of antiquity. We have already alluded to this topic; but his classical touches deserve a single comment by themselves. We have seldom met with any thing better of the kind. We have read more prolonged, ambitious, or elaborate accounts; but, for a book of travels, these are less in place than our author's concise and vivid pictures, produced almost by a single dash of the pen. By a judicious combination of circumstances, he crowds into a single paragraph the pith of a whole disquisition. He evokes the misty but beautiful spirit of antiquity, in his few breathing, burning, melting thoughts. This portion of his book indicates, in no doubtful manner, those accomplishments of the scholar

and man of taste, which fit one to receive and communicate the inspiration of the consecrated memorials of elder time. We will not enlarge here, as we may soon have an occasion to produce an extract or two from passages of this description, which have made a lively impression on our minds.

Mr. C. has an original vein, and richly so. His turn of thought is entirely his own—it has little resemblance to that of ordinary minds. He thinks like a man of genius; and, whether in sallies of humour, in meditative effusions, or in continuous narrative and description, he evidently draws from the deep fountains within. The whole face of his book shows, that he relies on his own resources, is guided by his own judgment, and gives us his own impressions and sentiments. Those brief comments on matters of taste, fancy, domestic life, morality, and similar topics, which are interspersed along his narrative, are conceived in a manner no less original than impressive. With itineraries, guides, and other mens' accounts of the regions which he surveyed, he professes to have had no concern in the preparation of his books; and we may well believe him, from the fresh and racy character of every page.

Of the power of Mr. Colton's fancy, we could say much, were it necessary. His books throughout are an exhibition of this pleasing, though somewhat dangerous, faculty. His imagination, every one will allow, takes a wide range. It is not, however, absolutely wild and ungovernable, even in its freest career—its merriest moods. It gambols, indeed, but somewhat by rule. The scholar's chastened taste, and sound notions, restrain or shape the movements of this capricious power. He holds the reins with a good deal of dexterity; and though we have thought that he drove at times too much like Phaeton, yet we have not observed that he has ever made so unhappy a plunge as that ambitious charioteer. To speak less in a figure, though on such a subject figures will come, and the structure of language almost forces them upon us, Mr. C., it is well known, has a fine poetical vein. His ordinary prose representations show the fancy of the bard; and his pages are, in part, a record of the bright and beautiful things which we dream of in poesy. We should know his predilections on this subject, aside from the regular verses which are scattered throughout his work. The poetic cast of thought is a marked distinction, let it appear in whatever form or department of composition it may. It may be visible in prose as well as in verse, technically so called. It appears strikingly, both in its more unpretending and more avowed forms, in the volumes under review.

The poems, of themselves, deserve more than the passing notice we can now bestow upon them. We have admired the felicity and appropriateness of several of the pieces which close

the chapters of "Ship and Shore," particularly the Funeral Procession, the World, and the stanzas on a Morning at Messina. The few found in the subsequent volume are happy specimens of the art. One, in particular, is beautifully touching; we refer to the lines written on an incident which occurred at Egina. The poems are all characterized by ease, sprightliness, and point. They show a richness of rhythm, a brightness of fancy, and a power of conception, which belong to the genuine poet.

We have so long detained the reader by an account of the general features of Mr. Colton's books, that we have but a brief space in which to advert to particulars, or to bring into view the kind and amount of the information which they embody. What of critical remark remains, will be conveniently introduced, as we touch upon a few detached portions. Although the writer's object seems partly to have been to excite and amuse, in order to find readers, in these days of novel-patronizing mania, and he has hence thrown upon his pages, in rapid succession, passion, sentiment, philosophy, and the warm hues of poetry; yet he has not forgotten the more important concern of sober and solid improvement. Information of a valuable description is communicated, and that in no inconsiderable degree. After all that has been written respecting the countries included in his descriptions, the reader will find much that is new in fact, or by way of comment, as well as rendered peculiarly interesting, by the manner in which the relation is given.

Our author's description of Madeira, at which island he spent a short time, is the most interesting which we recollect to have read respecting that "paradise of the Atlantic." It is a fresh, lively picture of a spot eminently enchanting by its natural features, and its associations in the gay world. In a single chapter, there is a succinct account of its physical aspect, wines, climate, the city of Funchal, priests, society, and the usual items embraced in such sketches. But we should do injustice to the author's charming description of the scenery of Madeira, not to notice, in another part of the narrative, his ride to the Curral. We will give it, however, in his own words. The conclusion will be found to consist of one of those fine, sentimental touches, to which allusion has before been made.

"From the convent we passed the humble church of St. Antonio, and thence onward and upward through a continuous series of vineyards, all sheltered from the chilling effects of the north winds, by the heights to which we were tending. The orange-tree was bending under its golden burden; the banana revealing between the bright expanse of its broad leaves its delicious treasures; and the low winds, which had slept amid the flowers through the night, were abroad, scattering the perfume of their gathered sweets. A mile or two further of these gradual ascents, and cultivation ceased; the vine, save here and there, could not find soil

in which to strike its roots; and even where it could effect this foothold, was chilled into sterility. We continued on, now in a zigzag motion, up the steep height, and then on a path of frightful narrowness and elevation around its sharp pinnacle, till our steps were at length suspended on the verge of the Curral.

"This inland wonder is a valley of a wild ravine character, lying at a depth of three thousand feet beneath the cliff on which we stood, and surrounded on all sides by an equal, and, at many points, by a still loftier range of rocks. Far down in its green bosom, a cluster of white cottages may be seen, in the midst of which stands the delicate church of Nossa Senhora do Livramento, and near by, the humble mansion of the goodly padre. These habitations, from our elevated position, appeared not larger than what might well accommodate the prattlers of the nursery; and the hawk, which wheeled midway, dwindled to the form of a bird that might rock itself to slumber in a rose-bud.

"The quiet aspect of this little village contrasted strangely with the mountain barrier which towered in wildness and grandeur around it. In many places these precipices dropped to the bottom with an almost perpendicular front; in others they were broken, and there the *til* and *vinhatico* cast below the deep umbrage of their forest gloom. While over the wave-worn steep rushed some stream, on its exulting course, to the torrent that called to it from beneath. It was a place where the thunder-cloud would seem most at home, yet as the calm bow will sometimes attend this minister of sublime terror, so this sweet hamlet smiled out from its terrific dwelling-place.

"We now commenced our descent to the valley, which we reached by an extremely narrow path, cut along the steep face of the rocks, and requiring in us a philosopher's steadiness of brain, and a ropedancer's dexterity of balance. The ingenuity displayed by our Burroqueros, in getting down our ponies, was quite original, and but for the perils attending it, would have been burstingly ludicrous. When a smooth precipitous descent of several feet occurred, where the animal could obtain no foothold, they would let him down upon his patient haunches, by the flowing length of his tail, with many appliances of a steadying character, nicely adjusted to the emergency of the occasion. This will appear about as credible as the story of the flying-horse; but if there never be a greater deviation from truth, exaggeration and falsehood will cease among travellers.

"On reaching the small church of the hamlet, we found a tiny flag flying from something like a liberty pole in its court, and a little cannon sending out its noisy breath. On enquiring for the occasion of this military display, we were informed that it was in honour of the sainted lady, whose image we now discovered on the flapping banner. I had heard of prayers being offered to saints, but the homage of gunpowder was a novelty. It is a little singular that the same element which the assassin employs for the destruction of his victim, the suppliant should use in worship of his saint. But enough of this heterodox deviation.

"Standing in the centre of this deep valley, though the indications of human life and industry are around one in a variety of forms, yet there is very little that forcibly reminds him of man. This domestic sentiment is overwhelmed in the mightier impressions of nature. From the bottom of a profound abyss, he is looking up to mountains which steeply enclose him on all sides, and tower to the very heavens in the wildest magnificence. From the broken summits, around which the cloud rallies in darkness, down to the torrent that rolls at his feet, every thing awes and subdues him. Wherever he turns, the threatening mass of some lofty

cliff, or the shadowy mysteries of some unpierced chasm, or the hollow voice of some unseen water-fall, or the perpetual gloom of the forest tree, impresses him with sublime terror. He feels as one shut out from the gayer scenes of earth—confined within an insurmountable barrier of precipitous rock, and doomed forever, in his helplessness and desertion, to tremble under a sense of height and depth, solitude, solemnity, and danger.

"Yet the unpretending tenants of this secluded spot pursue their quiet vocations, as free of alarm as they are of molestation. They cultivate their vines in the very crater, whose bursting energies throw up this island from the bed of the ocean. Every thing around them has upon it the marks of volcanic violence, and seems still to be pillared upon a slumbering earthquake; but these ominous appearances and recollections do not disturb their calm and ever cheerful contentment.

"This results from the force of habit. It is this mysterious principle in our nature that enables the mariner to sing under the dark frown of the coming storm—that makes the peasant sleep soundly at the shaking foot of *Ætna*—and the chamois hunter pursue his game, in lightness and glee, along the glittering verge of the avalanche. Can any thing within the range of our conceptions more thoroughly adapt man to his condition than nature? and this she effects so silently and unperceived by the individual himself, that, before he is aware of it, he is singing under the clouds that mantle the tempest—looking with exulting sensations into the eye of the volcano—or holding a carnival over the ashes and bones of an entombed city. Let those who treat with lightness the untutored influences of nature, find in reason, if they can, a more effective and pervading power."

In the prosecution of the voyage our author touched at Lisbon. That city, with the portion of its vicinity which he visited, is neatly though not very extensively described. His keen sense of the ludicrous seems to have found several appropriate objects in this stage of his adventures. The reader will not soon forget his humorous account of the "literary hotel of Madame Julia."

At the close of the chapter which contains a notice of his few rambles about Malaga, occurs one of the beautiful poetic pieces before alluded to, viz. The Funeral Procession. We give it below.

"But yesterday and thou wert bright
As rays that fringe the early cloud;
Now lost to life, to love, and light,
Wrapt in the winding sheet and shroud;
And darkly o'er thee broods the pall,
While faint and low thy dirge is sung;
And warm and fast around thee fall
Tears of the beautiful and young.

"No more, sweet one! on thee, no more
Will break the day-dawn fresh and fair;
No more the purple twilight pour
Its softness round thy raven hair:
No more, beneath thy magic hand,
Will wake the lyre's responsive lay;
Or round its rings the wreath expand,
To crown a sister's natal day.

"Yet as the sweet surviving vine,
 Around the bough that buds no more—
 Will still its tender leaves entwine,
 And bloom as freshly as before;
 So fond affection still will shed,
 The light on thee, it used to wear,
 And plant its roses round thy bed,
 To breathe in fragrant beauty there."

The chapter which describes the passage from Malaga to Mahon is well worthy of the reader's attention, notwithstanding its light and eccentric character, as giving, we doubt not, a just account of some of the common superstitions of sailors. Passing by other places described, or incidents recorded, we come to the voyage from Milo to Smyrna, and the short visit at Cape Colonna, on the southern extremity of Attica. Here, as our author descants on the magnificent remains of the temple of Minerva, we find, immediately following it, a specimen of that beautifully pensive, moralizing strain, which is a striking characteristic of these productions.

"Lingering around the relic, which now seems to sanctify Colonna, I found myself invaded by one deep and melancholy sentiment—a sentiment of utter desolation. I was standing where thousands once thronged to pay their festive devotions, where the ancient Sunium embraced its happy multitudes, where the eloquent Plato, with his serene philosophy, soared like an angel with his golden lyre to heaven. Now not a human being to be seen, not a solitary voice to be heard, and not even a sound stirring to relieve the unbroken silence of the place, except the hollow moan of the wave, as it died on the desolate shore. I could have sat down there and wept over the dark destiny of man; for if a people so inventive in monuments, to perpetuate their power and splendour, become a blank, how soon will those spots, now the seats of refinement, opulence, and gaiety, be changed to empty sepulchres! and the ruin will never stop, nor will it ever be repaired. Babylon is still a desert, and Palmyra known only to the wandering Arab. Other continents may perhaps be discovered, and other islands emerge from the ocean, but over all that now smiles in the light of the sun, the dark tide of ruin and death moves on with a slow but inevitable tread.

"The only solace in our doom is the assurance that nature in her salient and self-restoring power may remain—that the same sun which gilds our palaces will gild our graves—that the same sky which pavilions our pomp and pride, will canopy our dust. But this cannot benefit us, or serve to cheer the pilgrim, who may ages hence wander to our tombs. What know the dead who were sepulchred here of the surviving light and influences of nature? It is of no moment to them that the succession of morn and eve, the budding spring and mellow autumn are still repeated. And the stranger who pauses here, only feels a deeper sadness at seeing the wave still sparkle on its strand, and the light with its purple and gold still fringing the cliff, while all else only bespeaks decay and ruin."

For other specimens of this sort, we refer our readers to remarks on the earthquake at Lisbon, page 120; on nature

and man, page 242 ; on ancient tombs, page 254 ; on the ruins of Scio, page 278 ; on the burial-ground of the Turks and Armenians around Smyrna, page 229 and onward,—all in “*Ship and Shore*,” besides others of equal interest in the “*Visit to Constantinople and Athens*.”

Of the perils of the voyage from Smyrna to the city of Constantine, described at the commencement of the latter volume, we have a vivid picture. The prospect of Constantinople from the island of Marmora, and a night scene in the city itself, are richly painted. There is much of the colouring of poetry in these touches:

Of the various objects of curiosity and interest in this great city our author has drawn a striking picture, and communicated no inconsiderable degree of information concerning the present state of affairs in the Turkish capital. In describing the character of the Turk, which is the subject of some subsequent chapters, he has put forth, in our opinion, one of his happiest efforts. Indeed, we think, few things in the present volumes, or elsewhere, of the kind, are equal to his delineations of the Turks, and also of the Greeks ; the latter following the other in the course of the narrative. He has evidently made these people a subject of much and discriminating thought, and thrown the distinctive features of their character into bold relief. An extract from the twentieth chapter, in which the Turk and Greek are brought into contrast, is given below. The antithesis is wonderfully elaborated and sustained. The correctness of the portraiture is abundantly avouched by history.

“The Turks and Greeks, though living for centuries under the same government, the same political institutions, and in constant habits of intercourse, yet present, in their characteristic features, even to the casual observer, the most striking contrasts: the Turk is patient and enduring ; the Greek, restless and refractory : the Turk is enquiring and distrustful ; the Greek, inconsiderate and sanguine : the former acts from reflection ; the latter, from impulse : the Turk submits in silence to his wrongs, and conceals his resentments till the perpetrator is within his fatal reach ; the Greek flies into passion, and loses his redress in the loudness of his premonitory execrations : the Turk exercises his ingenuity in preventing a disaster ; the Greek, in escaping from its consequences : the Turk fails in his enterprises from a want of confidence in himself ; the Greek, from a vain, over-calculating excess of this confidence : the former is defeated by having too little enthusiasm ; the latter, by having too much : the Turk will liberate a caged bird, and lop off the head of a human being ; the Greek will keep the cage close, and overthrow the gallows, when perhaps it ought to stand : the Turk takes care of his horse and dog ; the Greek takes care of himself : the former feeds the stranger, but puts him to death for the impiety of a look into his harem ; the latter allows him to kiss his wife, and then starve : the Turk cherishes his wife here, and divorces her in a future state ; the Greek neglects her here, and expects to live with her hereafter : the Turk prides himself in the number and appearance of his children ; the Greek, in the number and livery of his

servants: the Turk thinks of his dinner and siesta; the Greek, of his toilet and promenade: the former lives to please himself; the latter, to excite the admiration of others: the Turk washes his body, and neglects his apparel; the Greek washes his apparel, and neglects his body: the former uncovers his feet as a token of respect; the latter, his head: the Turk professes ignorance upon all subjects; the Greek, upon none: the former leaves every event to the disposal of Providence; the latter, to his own wits: the Turk will overreach you at the council table; the Greek, in the bazar: the former deceives you in the *conditions* of a compact; the latter, in the *fulfilment*: the Turk ascribes his misfortunes to an unalterable destiny, meets them with composure, and avails himself of the slight opportunities that may remain; the Greek ascribes them to capricious accident, or his own folly, endures them murmuringly, and often spurns what is left, in vexation for what is lost: the Turk, in going into battle, relies upon solid physical force; the Greek, upon dexterity and stratagem: the former calls upon Mahomet, and fights for his religion; the latter calls upon the Virgin Mary, and fights for himself: the Turk regards an absolute despotism as the ordinance of his Prophet, and religiously renders it obedience; the Greek considers it the ordinance of the devil, and indignantly resists: the Turk, if required to relinquish a habit, thinks of its origin; the Greek, of what is to take its place: with the former, nothing can outweigh the sanctions of antiquity; with the latter, nothing prevail against the promises of novelty: the Turk is a true devotee to his religion; the Greek makes his religion his convenience: with the former, his piety is the substance of things hoped for; with the latter, it is the evidence of things *seen*: the Turk tolerates the Christian *infidel* in the exercise of his religion, but decapitates a convert to it from his own; the Greek burns the partial dissenter, and allows the hopeless apostate to escape: with the former, the closer the resemblance, the stronger the affection; with the latter, the nearer the approximation, the greater the antipathy: the Turk kisses his death-warrant, and thinks of heaven; the Greek tramples it under his foot, and seizes his weapons: the former dies like a philosopher; the latter, like a gladiator."

Following the traits of the Turks, in which, by the way, at the conclusion of the tenth chapter, we find one of the most affecting representations and finest moral paintings that occur in the work, is a very sensible account, in a few pages, of the policy of Sultan Mahmoud, including the features of the present government of Turkey. The remarks are conceived in a spirit of philosophical reflection, and appear to us equally vigorous and just. There is scarcely a subject, in the range of human speculation, more interesting than the possible fate of the Turkish empire, now rapidly hastening to its fall. The influence of such an event on civilization and Christianity is a topic of vital concern, in respect to the welfare of a large portion of the human family. With our author, we think that "the day has passed, when the blind dictates of irresponsible power can be rendered palatable even to the Mussulman; that not only will the tyranny that weighs him down be shaken off, but with it must pass the onerous chain of ecclesiastical authority; that the same

effort which lifts the Mussulman above the broken fetters of his despotism, will place him on the ruins of his religion."

Our author visited the plain of Troy, of which a lively account is given; but he comes to the melancholy result, acquiesced in by all judicious travellers before him, that its locality can never be identified, and even that the city of Priam is, and ever will be, "a splendid uncertainty."

Mr. Colton, after having left the Troad, found himself, in due time, on the plain of Argos. 'The flame of classical enthusiasm rises higher, as he stands on more certain ground, and is able to identify places, scenery, and monuments.

In the chapter containing the narrative of his visit to Argos, we have an instance of our author's pungent, sarcastic, or ironical humour, on subjects which he wishes to invest with ridicule. In general, he does the thing with great effect. The rage for antiquities and inscriptions is well hit off, in the Discovery of Eve's Monument. The reader will recollect other instances in the volumes, as the Politician in Disgrace, Cicisbeism in Catania, Advice to Distillers, Vanity of Fanatics, and many more. Indeed, they are too numerous to consist with the highest interest of the narrative.

The classical glow of Mr. Colton seemed to be at its height as he stood on the ruins of the Acropolis of Athens. His vivid and delightful impressions are expressed with even more than his usual elegance and force. But we have no room for additional exemplifications of the contents of these volumes. We may but remark, in regard to his picture of Athens in its present state—of its monuments, ruins, natural features, and society—that, although it occupies but a small space, it is sufficiently minute for his purpose, and, withal, comprehensive. Before leaving the hallowed spot, he pays a merited and affecting tribute to the character of American missionaries in Greece, and descants on the missionary enterprise in a style of chaste and nervous eloquence.

Mr. Colton's books, the reader will perceive, are very much shaped by the characteristics of the times. They are strongly impressed with the features of our current English literature. The age of imitation departed, for the most part, towards the conclusion of the last century, when the writers who followed the era of Queen Anne dropped the pen. The musical and measured sentences, the delicate and nicely-turned periods of those days, were avoided by the class of writers who succeeded, and who introduced new subjects and modes of recorded thought. An over-refined delicacy of taste then disappeared. The description of artificial habits of social intercourse was, in a great degree, abandoned. Vigour and novelty were infused into description and narrative, whether of prose or verse. A less

studied and more appropriate language embodied warmer and more unsophisticated sentiments and feelings. A high sense of the beautiful, both in nature and art, was cultivated, and imagination was set free, to find congenial themes and illustrations through the wide world of matter and mind. The elder living authors, especially in Great Britain, constitute, in part, the class here described. The spirit of these men still exists in their juniors. All is life and action in the literature of the times. Novelty and naturalness are, or would be, its characteristics. We think, as above intimated, that this feature is highly prominent in Mr. Colton's books. There is in him, perhaps, an unusual reaching after sentiment, and novelty, and unwonted forms of mental exhibition. The liveliness of his imagination, and his original vein, would naturally lead him into such a path.

From this source, however, have proceeded, we suspect, the few faults which are found in these volumes, to some of which allusion has already been made. The too frequent recurrence of episodes is one—the author's disposition to ramble away from the subject in hand, and to introduce matters foreign to it, and tending to weaken the impression of the grand whole. In connection with the above is the turn too strongly manifested for comic and farcical representations: we have sarcasm and broad caricature instead of just and sober delineation: a melange of wit, whimsies, and love, occupies the place of simple narrative. These things occur with an undue frequency, considering the nature of the work, and not always on occasions where they would be expected. This is a fault which some readers would notice, perhaps, more than they would the beauties, which ought to conceal it from their view. A tinge of romance, too, is perceived in the work, which probably may be traced to the source above named. The style of the novelist appears—we have luscious descriptions of female beauty—the realities of life are veiled in a gorgeous drapery of fancy—and we seem to be absorbed in the illusions of an oriental fairy tale. The purpose in view is, doubtless, the commendable one of securing attention in these times of excitement; but the experiment would be somewhat hazardous, even now, in a writer destitute of Mr. Colton's power of thought and solidity of judgment. Judicious and reflecting readers are those, alone, whom it is of any importance, after all, to secure and gratify, if a writer's object be usefulness and a permanent fame.

The awe with which matters of religion and conscience should be touched, also, seems sometimes to have been less delicately felt in the composition of the work than they should be. We speak of the outward aspect of the thing—we enter not into the sanctuary of the heart—we believe that all is pure and right there. The pleasantries referred to, as affecting sacred subjects,

take their rise, we imagine, like the other delinquencies named, in the attempt to supply the appetite for excitement—if we must not rather ascribe them to a constitutional buoyancy of spirits. A light expression may occasionally be found, which trenches on the sacredness of the higher and holier principles of our nature. Mr. Colton can express himself, on all occasions, with sufficient cleverness and force, without the necessity of startling the serious reader, even by “the appearance of evil.” The best of men have sometimes been tempted to point an epigram, or add to the force of an affirmation, by the light or perverted use of a sacred truth. This aspect of the books has been noticed by readers, though we believe it has made no strong impression. The censure of a religious newspaper on this subject, or on one involving the same general principle, though, we believe, in a mistaken application, the occasion of which was found in “*Ship and Shore*,” has been ably rebutted in a notice of the circumstance in the subsequent volume. In the preface of that volume, Mr. Colton says, in regard to the general subject, on which we have now touched—“The more serious reader, who may have taken exception to some of the harmless pleasantries of ‘*Ship and Shore*,’ will find, perhaps, in these pages less cause of regret. But should he meet occasionally with sentences betraying some of those lighter and less regular pulsations, which will now and then visit the heart, he must not be offended. The only real difference between us, probably, is, that I give expression to feelings, which he more discreetly, perhaps, allows to pass off in silence.” Whether this apology be sufficient or not, it is certain that the fault is, in some measure, avoided in the later volume. For our own part, we acquit him altogether of an intention to offend on this score. These pleasantries, it is hoped, will be sufficiently corrected by the impressive and serious character of many passages which are found throughout the work.

This thought might naturally lead us to speak more directly of the religious allusions and suggestions in the work, and of its general moral complexion and tendency. But we have time only to say on this subject, that it became the professional character of the author, and his sacred station in the United States navy, to make these allusions and suggestions, and to impress on his production, as far as might be, the features of a pure and ardent devotion. We think that we do not mistake the aspect of the work, in this respect, and that the aim, so perfectly apparent in it, of recommending Christianity to the favour of his readers, by frequent and beautiful reminiscences on the subject, is fully answered. We have admired, in many instances, the author's easy and graceful transitions from the natural to the spiritual. Take, for example, the idea which was suggested

to his fancy by the sight of a wreck. It was to him a type of the future wreck of "the great globe," and elicited a short poem, at the close of which is the following impressive stanza:—

"And so 'twill sink amid the tide of time,
And leave no relic on the closing wave,
Except the annals of its grief and crime.
The pitying heaven will weep above its grave,
And universal nature softly rear
A dewy urn to this departed sphere."

Or another instance, of an allusion somewhat similar, may be selected, where, from the ruins of Athens, of "the grove where Plato lectured, the leafy retreat where Aristotle taught," he passes to the ruin of Time, and from time to eternity, when Time shall

"Hear a mightier monarch say—
'Advance my throne, let the last summons sound.'
Then shall thy scepter'd glories pass away,
And no bright trophy of thy reign be found,
Save in the wrecks of that tremendous day!
Man, startling from his grave, shall look for thee,
But find alone his own eternity."

ART. V.—*A System of Phrenology*. By GEORGE COMBE, late President of the Phrenological Society. Third Edition. Edinburgh.

"Know thyself!" was the saying of one of the wisest of the ancient philosophers; and so highly was it esteemed, that it was inscribed upon the wall over the entrance of the temple of Delphos; and was regarded as proceeding from the mouth of the presiding divinity.

In modern times it has been said, and received universal assent, that "the proper study of mankind is man;" and in accordance with this sentiment, from the earliest period to which history reaches, through all ages, we find that the most acute and profound thinkers, and diligent enquirers, have been busily employed in the examination of the character and properties of our physical, moral, and intellectual nature. And although it is true, that a vast amount of labour has been misapplied—wasted upon vain and unprofitable efforts to discover things placed beyond the reach of the finite mind—such as the nature of the connection between matter and spirit, it is nevertheless indisputable, that much valuable information has been

obtained. Even the mistakes of our predecessors have not been altogether destitute of value. They have served as beacons to those who followed in the same path of enquiry. They have pointed out the dangerous quicksands and impassable quagmires of idle conjecture and visionary speculation; and directed future travellers to a safer route. The pioneers of science have the post of danger as well as of honour; and they are not unfrequently the victims of the primary assaults upon the strongholds of ignorance and error. But they fall not uselessly nor unrevenged. It is over their prostrate bodies that new and more successful attacks are made upon the ramparts of folly and delusion; and while their noble daring, and fearless intrepidity, are held up as examples to the admiring gaze of posterity, their opposers and persecutors are given over to an infamous notoriety; their names perpetuated by scorn and derision to the latest generations.

The philosophy of mind has always been viewed as deserving peculiar attention. Its province is to investigate the characteristics of our nobler part; our moral and intellectual nature. It undertakes to examine the properties and powers of that something within us, which we are conscious is the *primum mobile* of all our actions; to analyze the fluctuating processes of thought which give rise to volition; to classify the infinite variety of ideas which are perpetually passing through the restless mind. We cannot conceive of a more interesting subject. Hence it has with great propriety been termed the "first philosophy," or the "science of sciences." And if one of our chief duties, as social beings, is to operate on our fellow immortals for their good, it is manifest, that in order to act intelligently, and with the best prospects of favourable results, it is necessary that we should be acquainted with the powers of our own mind for making, as well as the capacity of that of others for receiving, impressions. It is owing to ignorance of this important subject, that so many men who set themselves up as moral teachers, who are otherwise well qualified, do comparatively little good. They misconceive the character of those whom they address; and, consequently, their logic never reaches the understanding, nor their exhortations the heart. They attempt to convince by a display of ill-timed rhetoric, which they miscall eloquence; and to persuade by bitter sarcasm and violent invective. Instead of an exordium, adapted to soothe and soften, and gain the respectful attention of their audience, their remarks are vague and general; equally applicable to any other occasion. Instead of a peroration, fitted to evoke the kindest feelings of our nature, and produce resolutions suitable to the time, the most offensive and repulsive thoughts are uttered, which immediately excite a determined resistance.

It is obvious, then, that no one is fitted to be an instructor of others, who is not familiarly acquainted with metaphysics, in the best sense of the term; and we are therefore disposed to listen with great indulgence to every plan whose object is to cast farther light upon this abstruse and important subject. A new mode of investigation was promulgated about the termination of the last century, which is now known by the name of phrenology, whose claims we propose examining in the present article.

Phrenology, according to Mr. George Combe, who is one of its chief authorities, "professes to be a system of philosophy of the human mind, and, as such, it ought to throw light on the primitive powers of feeling which incite us to action, and the capacities of thinking that guide our exertions, till we have obtained the object of our desires."

Now, we object, *in limine*, to this definition. There are but two modes of ascertaining the "primitive powers of feeling and capacities of thinking" of human beings; first, by an analysis of our own mental operations as we are acquainted with them through consciousness; and, secondly, by observing the actions of others, and inferring the processes of thought and feeling which have been their producing cause. Both these modes were known long anterior to the invention of phrenology; and the only novelty which it presents, is its plan for tracing the connection between the brain, as the organ of thought and volition, and the mental manifestations. The study of the external form of the skull, with the view of discovering the shape, size, and functions of the different parts of the brain, and thence deriving indications respecting the dispositions, propensities, and intellectual powers of each individual, is the entire amount of this new system of philosophy. Dr. Gall thought he had discovered that boys remarkable for verbal memory could be distinguished from others by their prominent eyes. It had been long known that some individuals have a very retentive verbal memory; but if true, it is a new fact that they can be recognised by the appearance of their eyes. This projection of the eye-balls is said to be caused by the great development of the anterior part of the brain.

It may be here remarked, that for the successful cultivation of mental science, it does not appear indispensable that the connection between mind and body should be taken into account at all. We are acquainted with mind only through our own consciousness of its working, and the overt acts of those subjected to our observation. We can pursue the devious course of our own thoughts, and are fully aware whether they are for good or evil; and we can form an opinion relative to the thoughts of others, by noticing their doings; and decide

whether the mind, the impelling agent, is strong or weak, virtuous or vicious. But it is obvious, that in order to arrive at these conclusions, both in relation to ourselves and others, it is perfectly immaterial whether it is the brain, the heart, or the liver, which is employed by the thinking principle. We know that we think and will, and we are satisfied that those around us are similarly constituted; but in the enquiry respecting the operations of the thinking and willing power or substances, it is of no consequence by what bodily organ it manifests itself to us; unless, indeed, we are materialists, which entirely alters the case. If, however, phrenology can give us indubitable external marks by which we can judge of a man's moral principles and intellectual vigour, antecedent to a knowledge of his conduct and talents, acquired by observation; and we find that these marks are in accordance with our own consciousness, and admit of an invariably correct application to others, it will have extended the bounds of true philosophy, and laid mankind under great obligations, which we are bound in common gratitude to acknowledge. It will nevertheless be perceived, that it affords us no new information respecting the mind itself, nor its mode of action, nor even as to its cultivation. It simply pretends to trace a connection between certain mental faculties and particular parts of the brain; and we shall find as we proceed, that mental philosophy is surrounded by the same mystery as before its promulgation; and that we cannot even pursue a new mode of investigation.

That all our mental operations are performed through the instrumentality of a material organ, and that the brain is this organ, are propositions susceptible of such easy proof, that it is surprising any one in the smallest degree acquainted with physiology should refuse to admit them. Mr. Jeffrey, in his article, in the 88th number of the *Edinburgh Review*, has egregiously exposed himself, when he asserts "that there is not the smallest reason for supposing that the mind ever operates through the agency of any material organs, except in its perception of material objects, or in the spontaneous movements of the body which it inhabits."

A blow upon the head immediately destroys consciousness; and if blood-vessels are ruptured, although the person may recover from the first stunning effects of the injury, and regain his senses in a short time, as soon as the effusion of blood upon the surface, or within the substance of the brain, has reached a certain point, insensibility returns, and complete stupor and loss of consciousness reappear.

M. Richeraud, surgeon-in-chief of the Hospital of St. Louis, in Paris, relates the case of an old woman whose left parietal bone was destroyed by caries, in the greatest part of its extent,

thus exposing a large portion of one side of the brain. He says, "I wiped off the sanious matter which covered the *dura mater*, and, at the same time, questioned the patient on her situation; as she felt no pain from the compression of the cerebral mass, I pressed down lightly the pledget of lint, and on a sudden the patient, who was answering my questions rationally, stopped in the midst of a sentence; but she went on breathing, and her pulse continued to beat; I withdrew the pledget; she said nothing. I asked her if she remembered my last question; she said not. Seeing that the experiment was without pain or danger, I repeated it three times, and thrice I suspended all feeling and all intellect."

The late Dr. Thomas Brown, of Edinburgh, in his review of phrenology, speaking of the Emperor of Austria, who had issued his mandate prohibiting the lectures of Dr. Gall, says, "His imperial majesty has had, of late, too many good opportunities of knowing that a man cannot contrive to march, and load, and fire, when he has left his head behind him; and the redoubtable lecturer has said little more. It may be wrong to allow a daring demonstrator of processes and sinuosities to assert that the mind remembers, imagines, and judges, only by the intervention of certain parts of the brain, but it is a piece of forbearance at least as dangerous, to allow a single cellar to be open in the taverns of Vienna, or memory, imagination, and judgment, to be all set to sleep by a few grains of a very common and simple drug."

That the mind is, in some inscrutable manner, connected with the brain, is thus made abundantly evident; but, that its operations are carried on by certain motions taking place in that organ, either as a whole, or in separate parts, as is asserted by Dr. Cullen, is an absurd hypothesis. It is impossible that we can have any evidence of motion, from the nature of its bony covering; and it is equally impossible, from the same cause, that motion can take place at all. The skull being full, and impervious to air, the pressure of the atmosphere upon the general surface of the body, acting upon the contents of the skull, through the fluids which pass and repass by the openings in the base of the cranium, will preserve its contents in a state of quiescence. So far from Cullen's assertion being true, it is a fact that especial care has been taken to prevent motion in the arrangement of its circulating system. The amount of our knowledge then is, that the brain is the material organ of mind. We know nothing of the *quomodo*.

It must be granted to the phrenologists, that it would *seem* to be easier to *conceive* that the mental functions, so numerous and diversified in their character, are performed by separate and distinct parts of the brain, than by the whole of that organ as

a unit. They also assert that the phenomena of dreaming, partial idiocy, and partial insanity, will equally admit of a plausible explanation. The division of the brain into two hemispheres precisely similar, or nearly so, and intimately associated by connecting bands of medullary matter, and the supposition of a plurality of organs, *at first view*, accounts very satisfactorily for the well-known fact that injuries, and even extensive suppuration, do not interrupt the mental functions. Mr. Combe observes, "it appears strange, if every part of the brain is concerned in every mental act, that all the processes of thought should be manifested with *equal success*, when a great part of the brain is injured or destroyed, as when its whole structure is sound and entire." But conjectural explanation and assertion are not satisfactory. Let us analyze the evidence.

The phrenologists think that, in dreaming, certain organs are asleep, and others awake and active. They infer, from the well-known fact that in dreams sometimes the reasoning faculty, at others the imagination, is active, that the faculty not employed is asleep; and as we can only know the faculties, according to them, through an organ or organs, therefore the brain must be divided into separate parts, having specific functions.

The first question to be answered here, is, in what respect do our mental operations, during sleep, differ from those observed when we are awake? The only difference is, that the will has not the same degree of influence over the faculties of the mind. The same laws of association are operative; and trains of ideas corresponding with the mental constitution of the dreamer, and with the previous impressions made upon his mind, succeed each other with greater or less rapidity. The ideas, it is true, are frequently incoherent, and their connection is not very apparent; but in so many instances the ordinary laws of suggestion can be seen to act, that we are warranted in supposing the wildest vagaries to have been excited in the usual manner. Aristotle remarked that a slight heat applied to the feet, during sleep, often produced in dreams the feeling of burning coals; and Dugald Stewart relates a similar fact of the late Dr. Gregory, of the University of Edinburgh, "who, having occasion, in consequence of indisposition, to apply a bottle of hot water to his feet when he went to bed, dreamed that he was making a journey to the top of Mount *Ætna*, and that he found the heat of the ground almost insupportable." He had read Brydone's description of this mountain; and the heat to his feet revived the impression which it had made. "Another person, having a blister applied to his head, dreamed that he was scalped by a party of Indians." The ordinary laws of suggestion are here distinctly visible; but

there is not sufficient command over the will to enable the dreamer to direct attention to the true state of the case.

The next enquiry is, what is the condition of the brain, by which the mind is, to a certain extent, obstructed in its operations? And the answer is, that it is a state of partial or imperfect sleep. No person dreams in a state of profound sleep. It is only when the sleep is more or less disturbed, that the brain is capable of performing its mental functions. Every person who has attended to this subject, must remember that dreaming state, in which he will lie for some time when about awaking from his night's repose, when consciousness will appear and disappear repeatedly in the course of a few minutes, while the wanderings of the mind proceed unobstructed. Dr. Darwin refers to this state, in saying, "that, when we are accidentally awakened by the jarring of a door, which is opened into our chamber, we sometimes dream a whole history of thieves or fire, in the very instant of awaking." These considerations satisfy us that dreaming is not caused by one part of the brain being awake, while the other portions are in a sound sleep; but that it is a state of imperfect sleep of the entire organ; the mind acting as when awake, with the exception of its not being completely under the control of the will.

Let us next examine the evidence derived from partial insanity. It must be allowed to be a plausible inference, that as mania is caused by disease of the brain, by which the faculties of the mind are disordered, when only one faculty is disturbed, that but one portion of the brain corresponding to it should be found to be diseased. But true philosophy requires that we should not rest satisfied with a mere inference. We must examine the facts; and if the organ of veneration has been discovered to be the exclusive seat of disease, in that form of monomania which refers to religion, and so of the other phrenological organs, the question may be regarded as settled. Unfortunately, however, the facts are in direct opposition to the phrenological inferences. The brains of a very large number of maniacs have been dissected, and marks of disease of a great variety of parts have been detected; sometimes extending over a large portion of the brain; at others confined to a small spot; but no such circumscription as phrenology requires has been discovered. Those who have had the best opportunities of investigating this matter, assure us that they have discovered nothing to support the phrenological hypothesis. Rudolphi, a distinguished professor of the University of Berlin, declares that he has examined many hundreds of brains, without finding any thing that appeared to him favourable to the phrenological theory. The whole history of cerebral pathology may be examined, and facts to prove that partial insanity depends upon

disease of specific parts of the brain can nowhere be found. The only pathological cases having the smallest tendency to support the phrenological assumption, are those which regard the cerebellum as the organ of amateness. These we shall examine a little farther on.

Partial injury of the brain, either from wounds or inflammation, terminating in disorganization of greater or less extent of parts, has been cited by the phrenologists to sustain their opinions; and also by their opponents, for the purpose of disproving their positions. The former argue, that if the brain is a unit, injury done to it must necessarily disturb all the mental functions in proportion to its extent. The latter contend, that if the seats of certain faculties are disorganized, their functions must cease. We nevertheless not unfrequently discover extensive disorganization of the brain, unaccompanied by mental affection.

The extent to which various organs of the human body may become diseased, without material derangement of their functions, is one of the most remarkable phenomena of animal organization. The liver may be prodigiously enlarged, or greatly diminished in size; it may become softer or harder than in its healthful condition; it may change its colour; and large abscesses may form in it; without any very great disturbance of its ordinary operations. The same holds true of the spleen. Even the stomach, an organ of primary importance to the well-being of the animal, will undergo surprising changes of structure, and its proper action be but little disturbed. The brain appears to suffer less than most other parts of the body from organic disease producing alteration of structure; and the few cases recorded are certainly very remarkable; and, if well authenticated, we should be disposed to reject them altogether, as unworthy of credit.

The phrenologists, however, say that they have no difficulty in explaining them on their system. The brain consisting of two hemispheres united by transverse medullary bands, the two sides may act either conjointly or separately. The greater part of the phrenological organs are thus either double or single, with respect to their functional action. During health there is the most perfect unity of effort. The sympathy between them is so complete, that it would be as rational to expect a person with two good eyes, to have the same object appear white to the one and black to the other, as to look for a diversity of perception by the opposite organs of any faculty. But as soon as disease attacks one side, there is a dissolution of partnership. The sound side immediately casts off its unfortunate colleague, and sets up for itself; and exhibits such an utter destitution of feeling as to speculate coolly upon the sufferings of its former

associate. Dr. Spurzheim informs us in his *Phrenology*, that "Tiedeman relates the case of one Moser, who was insane on one side, and observed his insanity with the other; and that Dr. Gall attended a minister similarly situated; for three years he heard himself reproached and abused on his left side; with his right he commonly appreciated the madness of his left side; sometimes, however, when feverish and unwell, he did not judge properly."

Now, is it not incredible that parts perfectly harmonious during the continuance of health, and united by so close a sympathy that no diversified action ever occurs, should have their bonds of connection so easily severed? A much more natural supposition would be, that when disease appeared in the one, it would be transmitted to the other. That they would participate in each other's sorrows as well as joys; and that the bands which serve as the medium of intercommunication in health, would not cease to perform their office as soon as morbid action began on one side.

The cases adduced by Dr. Spurzheim to prove this duplicity of function are not satisfactory; because they are not precisely analogous. He tells us, "that cases similar to that of Moser seem more extraordinary than they are, in fact, for an opposite state of each hemisphere is not rare; it exists evidently in hemiplegia; one side is paralysed, deprived of all activity; the other continues to exert its functions, and the patients seem to have lost no faculty of mind. One half of the tongue is paralysed, one eye is blind, one ear is deaf, while taste remains on one side, the opposite eye sees, and the other ear hears." In this list the eye is an unhappy example. When cataract attacks one eye, it very generally, in a short time, appears in the other; and the same holds good of inflammation of this organ. But to have an accurate resemblance and parallelism, the disease must be situated in the brain, at the origin of the optic nerve; and then, if the origin of the opposite nerve is not affected, it will constitute a fair case of analogical evidence. So of the ear. The deafness must not proceed from disease of any portion of that organ outside of the cranium. Before it can be admitted as evidence, it must be shown to proceed from an affection of the auditory nerve at its origin in the brain.

Hemiplegia, or palsy of one side of the body, and palsy of one half of the tongue, are also brought forward as illustrations. In these cases the primary affection has its situation in the brain, and the morbid action is not communicated to the opposite side. They would, therefore, seem to afford a fair example of analogy; but, when subjected to a rigid analysis, they, too, will be found to be fallacious. All the evidence we possess, relating to the connection of the brain with voluntary motion and sensation,

goes to show that the two hemispheres are independent of each other. The right hemisphere sends its nerves across to the left side, and *vice versa*; and the destruction of the one hemisphere does not impair the function of the other. But phrenology contends for a closeness of sympathetic union, which makes it incredible that this sympathy should be interrupted as soon as disease makes its appearance. That view of the hemispheres, then, which regards them as separate and independent, bears no resemblance to, and, therefore, cannot illustrate, that which exhibits them as united by the closest bonds of sympathy.

Genius, it is farther argued by phrenologists, is almost always partial, which it ought not to be, if the organ of the mind were simple.

There is no more proper place than this for remarking what must have struck every one who has critically examined phrenology, that its advocates make all the diversity of feeling and intellect observed amongst mankind to depend upon the size, shape, and condition of the brain; and, notwithstanding, exclaim against the calumny, if they are called materialists. If every variety of genius and talent is to be traced to the condition of the brain, then it follows, either that thought is the function of the brain itself; or that the soul, or immaterial thinking principle, is the same in every individual, and its exhibitions of power in different persons simply modified by means of its material organ the brain. If the former is the opinion of the phrenologists, then are they properly denominated materialists. If the latter, we would thank them to inform us how they have discovered that souls are precisely similar in all individuals. We believe that they are diversified while connected with their frail and perishing tenement; and we also believe they will still farther differ from each other when separated from it and introduced into the world of spirits; and this will happen in consequence of a greater original capacity for improvement in some than in others.

There is no escape for the phrenologists from one or the other horn of the above dilemma. For, if it is admitted that the immaterial thinking principle differs in different individuals, it is obviously absurd to measure the head in order to ascertain mental peculiarities. The heads of two persons may be exactly similar in every respect; but, owing to diversity of power in their respective souls, their mental manifestations may not have the slightest resemblance.

We are aware that some, who wish to reconcile Christianity and phrenology, argue that the soul, acting through the brain, shapes this organ so as to correspond with its (the soul's) powers; and, consequently, that the size and shape of the brain will indicate the properties of the soul of each individual.

the facts are against these pseudo-phrenologists, and those who are thorough, are conscious of this. They say not one word in support of any difference in the powers of the soul; because they know it would render observations on the size and shape of the head entirely useless. They fearlessly carry out their principles, and explain every observed diversity of feeling and intellect by the difference of size, shape, and condition of the brain. Mr. Combe virtually affirms this to be his opinion, when he says, "that genius ought not to be partial, if the organ of the mind is single." Because, if it is the soul which is possessed of several faculties, and is stronger in one faculty than in another, it is manifest that there is no absolute necessity for the brain to consist of several organs rather than of one. It is quite possible that the soul may exhibit all its powers, however multifarious, through the brain, as a single organ. He does not, however, leave us in doubt. We shall presently see that he denies, in language free from ambiguity, that the soul undergoes any change; and this is the creed of all true phrenologists.

Another argument of phrenologists is, "that it is an undisputed truth, that the various mental powers of man appear in succession, and, as a general rule, that the reflecting or reasoning faculties are those which arrive latest at perfection."—"Daily observation shows that the brain undergoes a corresponding change; whereas we have no evidence that the immaterial thinking principle varies in its powers from year to year."

That the brain enlarges after birth is well known; but we shall presently find that it is any thing but indisputable, that its growth corresponds with the development of the intellectual powers. It has never been attempted to be shown, by actual measurement, that this correspondence takes place; and it never can be proved that the phrenological organs of the reflecting or reasoning faculties are retarded in their growth, in a degree at all commensurate with the slow progress to maturity of these faculties. It is true, Mr. Combe asserts that, "in childhood, the middle part of the forehead *generally* predominates; in later life, the upper lateral parts become more prominent;" but it will be observed that his own language indicates uncertainty. He says it is *generally* so. Now, before we can admit the argument founded upon this supposed fact, we must know the number of the exceptions, and the circumstances under which they occur. If, in the cases where this more rapid growth of the middle part of the forehead, than of the upper lateral parts, does not happen, the knowing faculties, whose seat is in the middle, are not more developed than the reasoning, it destroys Mr. Combe's argument, "that the various mental powers of man appear in succession;" and, if they are, it invalidates his

phrenological fact, inasmuch as we have the development of the faculty in the absence of the corresponding organization.

But, moreover, it is well established that memory is the faculty of the mind first exhibited by youth; and, according to phrenology, this is referred to no particular organ; it is "merely a degree of activity of the knowing and reflecting organs." This makes any external prominences of the middle of the forehead unnecessary. It is only required that the knowing organs be more active than the reflecting; but how it happens that they are more active, or by what means this superior activity is to be discovered, phrenology affords us no information.

In order to prove this variety in the progress of the brain to its full size, the cerebellum is mentioned; and it is asserted, "that, in infancy, it forms one fifteenth of the encephalic mass; and, in adult age, from one sixth to one eighth." Admitting this to be true, (which we shall discover by and by to be disputed,) the cerebellum being the organ of sexual desire, what analogy, we would ask, is there between it and the faculties of the mind and their organs? The idiot has this propensity in great activity, with little or no mind. It would be as good logic to say, the muscles of a man are larger and stronger than those of a boy, therefore the organs of the knowing are developed in advance of those of the reasoning faculties.

Lastly, on this point, how do the phrenologists know that the immaterial thinking principle does not vary in its powers from year to year? If they believe in the existence of a soul, and admit the truth of the only book which gives us any information relative to its attributes, they must allow that, during this state of probation, it is continually undergoing change; either advancing in purity and strength, preparatory to its admission among a higher order of intelligences; or retrograding, in its downward progress, to those mansions of woe, which are prepared for those who have degraded their noble nature, by the pursuit of folly and licentiousness.

It is farther contended, "that, in all ascertained instances, different functions are never performed by the same organ, but the reverse: thus, the stomach digests food, the liver secretes bile, the heart propels the blood, the eyes see, the ears hear, the tongue tastes, and the nose smells."

This is an additional example of imperfect analogy. The cerebrum, for all the purposes of mind, has its two hemispheres united, the phrenological organs being double, and acting simultaneously; and it is not pretended that lines of demarcation can be discovered, by which we can distinguish one organ from the others in its immediate vicinity; and yet difference of function is predicated; whereas the liver and stomach are divided into distinct portions by well-marked lines of separation;

while we have two eyes, two ears, and two nostrils. In order to have the analogy even approximating perfection, one part of the liver should secrete black, and the other yellow bile; one part of the stomach should be for the digestion of beef, and another for pork; one eye should see white objects, and the other black; one ear should be for the perception of concord, and the other of discord; one nostril should discover the most fragrant, and the other the most unpleasant odours.

Mr. Combe farther remarks:—

“That it is found wherever the function is compound, each element of it is formed by a distinct organ; thus, to accomplish taste, there is one nerve, whose office is to move the tongue; another nerve, whose duty it is to communicate the ordinary sense of feeling to the tongue; and a third nerve, which conveys the sensation of taste. A similar combination of nerves takes place in the hands, arms, and other parts of the body, which are the organs of feeling; namely, one nerve gives motion, another feeling, and a third conveys to the mind a knowledge of the state of the organ; and, except in the case of the tongue, all these nerves are blended in one common sheath.”

In the first place, as to the anatomical and physiological errors contained in this passage. He is wrong when he says, “one nerve gives motion, another feeling, and a third conveys to the mind a knowledge of the state of the organ.” There is no such nerve as this third one. The nerves of sensation, or the second of the above list, alone transmit impressions to the mind. Irritation of other nerves is not perceived. Mr. Combe also gives a function to one of the nerves of the tongue which has not been established. The ninth pair moves the tongue; the third branch of the fifth pair communicates all the sensibility it possesses through its gustatory branch; and the glosso-pharyngeal has been supposed by some to associate the tongue and pharynx in the act of deglutition; but Sir C. Bell classes it among the respiratory nerves, arising from the middle lateral columns of the medulla oblongata and upper part of the spinal marrow; and supposes its use to be to connect the parts it supplies, viz., the tongue and pharynx, with the respiratory motions under certain circumstances. It is not apparent which of these two last Mr. Combe regards as the nerve of the ordinary sense of feeling.

In the second place, let us enquire what is the amount of our information in relation to the brain, viewed as the great fountain-head of motion and sensation. There are nerves of voluntary motion and ordinary sensation, attached to certain parts of the brain, and, in common speech, said to arise from that organ; and it has been demonstrated that they are dependent upon it for their power of communicating motion and sensation; for, if their connection with the brain is destroyed, the parts which

they supply are rendered motionless and insensible. In addition to these, are the nerves of the five senses also attached to the brain, and equally dependent upon their connection with it. Here, then, are seven sets of nerves, endowed with distinct functions, all arising from and dependent upon the brain, and the question immediately presents itself, in connection with phrenological enquiries, has each of these nerves a separate portion of this organ assigned to it for the supply of its nervous energy?

Anatomy shows that all the cerebral nerves can be traced to distinct parts of the brain; that they do not all arise from the same part; but that each nerve originates, by filaments, from a portion clearly marked out, and easily distinguished. When, however, we come to examine the functions of the different parts, *as far as our information at present extends*, it is by no means evident that the nervous energy is communicated by the precise spot from which the nerve has its origin. It has been proved by experiment, that perception and volition have their seat in the cerebral lobes. By a certain amount of pressure upon the cerebrum, or by removing it, the animal is deprived of consciousness, and is not capable of perceiving impressions made upon its nerves of sensation; and volition is destroyed. These facts would seem to show that the mind acts through the cerebrum; and that sensation and voluntary motion proceed from the same part of the brain. But we can trace the auditory nerve to the cerebellum; and the removal of this portion of the encephalon does not destroy the sense of hearing; thus proving that, although the nerve of hearing arises from the cerebellum, the perception of sounds has its seat in the cerebrum.

The fact, however, is, that all the nerves of sensation, with the exception of the nerves of smelling and seeing, are connected with the cerebellum. Besides, the auditory nerve, the posterior portion of the fifth pair, which is the nerve of taste, as well as of the sense of touch, and the posterior filaments of all the spinal nerves, which supply nearly the whole body with the sense of touch, are connected with the cerebellum; and, notwithstanding, perception is seated in the cerebrum. The glosso-pharyngeal nerve, which, according to Sir Charles Bell, is a nerve of respiratory or instinctive motion, and, according to others, is simply a nerve of voluntary motion, arises from the cerebellum; and volition is seated in the cerebrum. The *par vagum*, or eighth pair, which, according to Sir Charles Bell, is also a respiratory nerve, and sends branches to the larynx to supply the muscles of voice, which are obviously voluntary muscles, also takes its origin from the cerebellum.

We thus perceive that the nerve of seeing and the nerve of smelling both arise from the cerebrum; and the fact is, they can

both be traced to the same vicinity. We farther perceive that certain nerves of voluntary motion arise from the cerebrum; which part, in truth, gives origin to nearly all the nerves of volition through the medium of the anterior columns of the medulla oblongata; while, at the same time, it is also true that the nerves of ordinary sensation, or touch, the nerve of hearing, and certain voluntary nerves, can be shown to arise from the cerebellum. If, in addition to all this, we admit the respiratory nerves of Sir Charles Bell to be possessed of a peculiar function, some of which can be traced to the cerebellum, and then take into consideration that perception and volition are seated in the cerebrum, what becomes of the phrenological assertion, "that different functions are never performed by the same organ?" "and that, whenever the function is compound, each element of it is performed by means of a distinct organ?" We have found that perception and volition are functions of the cerebrum; that nerves of voluntary motion proceed from it, and that the nerves of seeing and smelling are connected with it. Here is certainly a considerable variety of function. We have also ascertained that the nerves of ordinary sensation, the nerve of hearing, certain nerves of voluntary motion, and the nerves of respiratory motion, are all connected with the cerebellum. Here is a still greater variety of function. When we view all these facts, are we not justified in asserting that, as far as anatomy and physiology afford us information, there is no foundation for the phrenological hypothesis, that the brain is a congeries of organs, each having its appropriate function?

Phrenology, however, does not rest its principal claim to our attention upon anatomy and physiology. It does not pretend to demonstrate that the brain is divided, by clearly marked lines of separation, into the different organs of which it speaks; neither does it consider this division necessary. It contends, that, although the organs are in contact, and cannot be separated by the knife of the anatomist—and that physiology should be suffered to be limited to the establishment of the functions of the brain, in relation to the diversified movements of the corporeal organs generally; still, it is possible, by observing the size and shape of the head externally, and marking the connection between mental function and configuration, to obtain more accurate knowledge of mind than by the old method. This, it will be perceived, is a fair and candid appeal to the results of observation; and, however unsound and unsatisfactory may be the arguments derived from anatomy, physiology, and analogy, if it can be demonstrated that such a relation between the configuration of the head and the faculties of the mind does exist, as can be applied to some useful purpose, phrenology will rank among the sciences. We are willing to admit that, for the most

part, the size and shape of the brain can be ascertained with sufficient precision, for all practical purposes, over a considerable portion of the head. There are, however, a few obstacles productive of uncertainty in the measurement.

1st. The frontal sinus, which is a cavity in the skull, caused by the separation of the two lamellæ, interferes with the organs of form, size, weight, individuality, and locality, by exhibiting a prominence of the outer plate, with no corresponding projection of the brain. Mr. Combe endeavours to invalidate this objection; but his attempt is a fine specimen of what logicians call reasoning in a circle. Where there is no prominence, he informs us, we may consider ourselves safe in judging of the strength of the faculty by the shape of the skull at this part; although he admits that there may be a projection inwards of the internal plate of the skull; and then, where there is an apparent elevation of the organs of individuality, locality, and the rest, we may safely judge whether there is a sinus, by ascertaining whether the corresponding power of faculty is present. In these last cases, we are to decide upon the size of the sinus by observing the development of the brain through its mental manifestations; and then we are to determine the development of the brain by the size of the sinus.

2d. The temporal muscles and the fleshy bellies of the occipito-frontalis muscle are thicker in some individuals than in others. Dr. Spurzheim tells us that the size of the temporal muscles may be discovered by touch, and may be inferred from the bulk of the muscles of the face. We think this an extremely uncertain method of arriving at the precision of true science.

3d. The size of the cerebellum, we are told, is indicated by the thickness of the neck. Now, this thickness of the neck, it is evident, is caused by great thickness of the muscles of that part. These muscles are very numerous; and a small augmentation of the bulk of each will greatly enlarge the back of the neck. Until phrenology informs us how it is that the magnitude of these muscles is indicative of the size of the cerebellum, it is unnecessary to take farther trouble to refute the assertion.

4th. "The greatest difficulty, according to Dr. Spurzheim, is when any organ is so much developed as to push its neighbours from the places they commonly occupy. There are two varieties of this case; either a single organ is extremely large, or several are very voluminous, and the surface remains almost smooth. In the first case the difficulty is not very great; for every organ having its own form and its particular direction, it is only necessary to recall these, in order to ascertain which it is. It requires more practical skill, when several neighbouring organs are almost equally developed; but even then, the direction of

the protuberance, and its most prominent point, facilitate decision."

The above paragraph reminds us of the low story we have heard of the potatoes planted in certain very fertile soils, the growth of which was so rapid that they quarreled for space. The phrenological organs would seem to be in a still worse predicament. Surrounded by the unyielding bony walls of the skull, there must be a dreadful compression of the neighbouring organs, when one or two take it into their heads to tower above them, and lay violent hands upon their habitations. If it ever does happen that one organ enlarges so as to push the surrounding organs out of their place, (which we do not think possible, as there can obviously be no displacement, but merely compression and absorption,) we venture to assert that the most experienced phrenologist cannot tell whether parts of the surrounding organs are not also enlarged. It has not been proved that the organs have exactly the shape of their imitations upon casts; neither has it been proved that, if they do enlarge separately, each one retains its shape and appearance. Until these points are established, we are justified in refusing to admit the fact, or allowing the explanation.

It has been objected against phrenology, that no division of the brain into organs, similar to those represented upon the exterior of the imitation casts, can be observed. However desirable this may be, we do not consider it fatal to the system. It is only necessary that prominences, or general configuration shall be shown, which shall be distinctive of the faculties of the mind, and admit of invariable application, so as to remove all uncertainty, in order to entitle it to our confidence.

We will now direct our attention to the first position, founded upon an examination of the human head, which the phrenologists regard as impregnable, viz., the size of the brain. They assert, "that a large brain has more mental power and efficiency than a small one, in similar condition; and that, if difference of size in the brain would produce no effect on the vigour of its functions, this organ would form an exception to a law which appears general over organized nature;" and here are the proofs.

"First. The brain of a child is small, and its mental vigour weak, compared with the brain and mental vigour of an adult."

In reply to this assertion, we quote the following observations of Sir W. Hamilton, of the University of Edinburgh:—

"In man, the encephalos reaches its full size about seven years of age. This was never before proved. It is commonly believed that the brain and the body attain their full development together. The Wenzels rashly generalized from two cases the conclusion, that the brain reaches its full size about seven years; as Scmering had, in like

manner, on a single case, erroneously assumed that it attains its last growth by three. Gall and Spurzheim, on the other hand, assert that the increase of the encephalos is only terminated about forty. This result of my induction is deduced from an average of thirty-six brains and skulls of children, compared with an average of several hundred brains and skulls of adults. It is, perhaps, superfluous to observe, that it is the greater development of the bones, muscles, and hair, which renders the adult head considerably larger than that of the child of seven."¹

With respect to the size of the cerebellum, in relation to the cerebrum, the phrenological doctrine is, "that, in new-born children, the cerebellum is to the cerebrum as one to thirteen, fifteen, or twenty; whereas, in adults, it is as one to six, seven, or eight; and it attains its full size between the ages of eighteen and twenty-six." Sir W. Hamilton says, "he has proved, by a great induction, that it attains its full proportion at about three years of age."²

The second proof of the great influence of size is, "that small size in the brain is an invariable cause of idiocy. Phrenologists have in vain called upon their opponents to produce a single instance of the mind being manifested vigorously by a very small brain. Deficiency of size, however, in the brain, is not the only cause of idiocy. A brain may be large and diseased, and mental imbecility arise from the disease; but, although disease be absent, if the size be very deficient, idiocy will be invariable."

Nothing can be more deceptive and erroneous than the assertions contained in the above paragraph. It is assumed that the brains of idiots are healthy; which is the reverse of the truth. It is because they are diseased, that they have not attained their full growth. Morbid action has arrested them in their progress to full development; and we have, as the consequence of this morbid action, not only a diminished quantity, but also a vitiated quality of brain; and idiocy must necessarily ensue. There is, therefore, no foundation for the assertion, "that, although disease be absent, if the size be very deficient, idiocy will be invariable;" inasmuch as there are no examples of very deficient size, unless in the cases of idiots, and their brains are diseased. Whenever the brain is large, and idiocy is present, the phrenologists immediately cry out, "it is diseased;" but, however small and misshapen, "oh! that is a perfectly healthy brain, and behold the verification of phrenology, the unfortunate individual is an idiot." The only fair comparison would be between the smallest brain compatible with health, which is well-formed, and possessed of all the usual mental faculties, and the largest brain, in a similar state

¹ See Monroe's *Elements of Anatomy*, Edinburgh, 1831. ² *Ibid.*

of perfect organization and good health. This comparison has not been made, and the evidence derived from the above source is, therefore, inadmissible.

A third proof is, "that men who have been remarkable, not for mere cleverness, but for great force of character, such as Napoleon Bonaparte, have had large heads."

Here we deny the universality of the fact; and a single exception disproves the assertion. Every person must have met with instances in opposition. A very remarkable one is that of Lord Byron, whose head was much smaller than that of many greatly inferior to him in ability. Francis Jeffrey, former editor of the *Edinburgh Review*; the late John Bell, author of the *Principles of Surgery*; and the late Chief Justice Marshall, offer similar examples.

A fourth proof is, "that it is an ascertained fact, that nations in whom the brain is large, possess so great a mental superiority over those in whom the organ is small, that they conquer and oppress them at pleasure. The Hindoo brain, for example, is considerably smaller than the European, and it is well known that a few thousands of Europeans have subdued and kept in subjection millions of Hindoos."

This is a beautiful specimen of phrenological reasoning. The Europeans, say they, have large heads, and their number in Hindostan is small; the Hindoos have small heads, and they are numerous; therefore the size of the head is the cause that the former conquer the latter, and continue to hold them in subjection. Less refined and acute logicians would say, that the ignorance and groveling superstition, which have debased the Hindoos almost to the lowest possible state of degradation, would much better explain their abject submission to a small band of enlightened foreigners. But phrenologists can see nothing but the size of the head; and we should not be surprised to hear of some learned professor endeavouring to show that Wellington defeated Bonaparte at Waterloo, because the heads of the British were of greater dimensions than those of the French; and that General Jackson beat the former at New Orleans, because he had a number of big-headed Kentucky and Tennessee riflemen in his army. If, however, Bonaparte's head was so extremely large, and so much depends on the commanding officer, as some suppose, the battle of Waterloo should have had a different termination.

The last proof which we shall examine is, "that the influence of size is now admitted by the most eminent physiologists. Magendie says, 'the volume of the brain is *generally* in direct proportion to the capacity of the mind; and that it is rarely found that a man distinguished by his mental faculties has not a large head.'"

It will be perceived that the eminent French physiologist guards his statement with great circumspection. He uses the qualifying words "generally" and "rarely." He thus admits that there are some examples of men of superior abilities having small heads; and that a large head is not indispensable. This completely destroys the utility of an examination of the *size* of the head; inasmuch as we are not informed of the mode of distinguishing these instances.

The foregoing five proofs are regarded by Mr. Combe as sufficient to establish the great influence of size over the power of organs; and to show that a large head is essential to the possession of great force of character. Our attention is next directed to the doctrine of relative size; and it would appear that this, in a great measure, nullifies that of absolute size. At page 97 we are informed, "that it ought to be kept constantly in view, in the practical application of phrenology, that it is the size of each organ, in proportion to the others, *in the head of the individual observed*, and not their *absolute size*, or their size in reference to any standard head, that determines in him the predominance of particular talents or dispositions." At page 30 we are told that Bonaparte had great talents, because he had a large head, and that the Hindoos have been conquered by Europeans, because their heads are small. Here it is obvious that absolute size is that to which reference is made. Bonaparte's head was large, when compared with the heads of other men; and he was superior to others, because his head was large; and the Europeans having larger heads than the Hindoos, the consequence is that the latter are a conquered people. At page 30, the heads of certain individuals are compared with the heads of others, and inferences are drawn from the results of the comparison; while, at page 97, we are told that this is all wrong; that these heads should not have been compared with the heads of other men, as no accurate conclusions can be obtained from such a comparison; but that one part of the head of each individual should have been compared with certain other parts. According to this latter doctrine, it is altogether a mistake to suppose that the Hindoos have been conquered by the Europeans, because their heads are smaller. The Hindoo head must not be compared with the head of the European; but one part of his own head with another, and it is an error of the same character to institute such a comparison between the heads of any two individuals. If this latter doctrine be the true faith, it follows that it is perfectly immaterial what may be the size of the head. The organs of certain faculties may be diminutive, compared with the corresponding organs of other heads, provided they are only of fair proportions when compared with the counter-acting organs of the head of the same person. Thus, although

Bonaparte's conscientiousness was so large that it would have had a predominating influence in all smaller heads, it was rendered inert and inoperative by the superior magnitude of his destructiveness; and, although the size of his benevolence would have made many men examples of what a humane disposition could perform, in him it was held in complete subjection by the greater size of his combativeness. It is thus demonstrated that it is the relative size of the different organs alone which affects the mental character of individuals.

The professors of the new faith unfortunately are still not stationary; but oscillate between the absolute and relative size of the head, and confound these two conditions; sometimes presenting the one, and sometimes the other to our notice. This will be made manifest by referring to that part of Mr. Combe's work, where he treats of the cerebral development of nations. He there speaks of the large size of the head of some nations, and the small size of others; of average size, and deficiency of size. It is owing to this vacillation that students of phrenology experience so much difficulty in comprehending its details. They are incessantly annoyed by conflicting facts and counteracting circumstances, until they find it to be impossible to ascertain the real opinions of the writers.

Let us next enquire whether it is true that any dependence can be placed upon these doctrines of absolute and relative size. We have already asserted that a large head is not the necessary concomitant of superior intellectual endowments; and any person who will take the trouble to make observations, will find that the highest order of talent is not confined to men with large heads. Men of all possible sizes of head, from the smallest to the largest healthful brain, are gifted with great intellectual power.

Is it then more true that valuable information can be obtained by observing the relative size of different parts of the head? Here, again, we are at issue with the phrenologists. Men with eyes deeply sunk in their orbits have a strong verbal memory, as well as those with prominent eyes. It is not the fact, that a peculiar shape and appearance of the eye is alone indicative of great power of the faculty for remembering words. This is matter of every-day observation. Neither is it more true, that a large development of any particular part of the head is indispensable to the possession of great power of certain other faculties of mind. Every possible shape of head has been observed to be connected with superior intellectual vigour. Men with "foreheads villanous low," or, in phrenological language, with an exceedingly small development of the organs of comparison, causality, and wit, have been seen, and may be seen every day, whose reasoning powers are of the highest order.

Every one is capable of making observations on this subject for himself. It is not, however, necessary to have recourse to nature to prove this to be true. It is admitted by phrenologists themselves. Mr. Combe informs us, "that there are circumstances which modify the effect of size. These are constitution and health. In some individuals the brain seems to be of a finer texture than in others; and there is in these a delicacy and *fineness* of manifestation, which is one ingredient in genius." And he adds, "it is thus clearly admitted, that constitution or quality of brain has a great influence on the mental effects of size." Here, then, we have something superadded to size of brain, which has a powerful influence upon the intellectual functions. The brains of certain individuals are of a peculiar quality or constitution; have a certain quality of texture, or delicacy of organization, which gives them power superior to those less exquisitely organized.

Mr. Combe goes on to observe, that—

"As a *general* rule, all the parts of the same brain have the same constitution, and, if size be a measure of power, then, in each head, the large organs will be more powerful than the small ones. This enables us to judge of the strong and the weak parts in each head. But, if we compare two separate brains, then we must recollect that the size of the two may be equal; and, nevertheless, the one, from possessing the finest texture and most vigorous constitution, may be exceedingly active, while another, from being inferior in quality, may be naturally inert. The consequence will be, that the best constituted brain will manifest the mind with most vigour. That size is nevertheless the measure of power, may be proved by contrasting the manifestations of a small and of a large brain, possessing the same combination of organs, and equally well constituted; the power or energy will be found greatest in the latter. This is what is meant by other natural conditions being equal."

It will be observed that Mr. Combe here remarks, that, "as a *general* rule, all the parts of the same brain have the same constitution." He thus gives his assent to the proposition that, in some instances, the constitution of the phrenological organs is different; some organs being possessed of more power, from "their texture being finer, or their constitution more vigorous," than others in the same individual. But, that we may not be left in uncertainty, when treating of combinations in activity, he informs us, "that cultivation or education will produce so great a development of mental function in some of the organs that their faculties will predominate, and constitute the chief characteristic of the mind of the individual. It thus appears that, either as a natural or acquired condition, certain organs, in some individuals, have more energy of action than other organs; and, consequently, that attention to relative size, or the size of one organ compared with another of the same head, is not alone sufficient to enable us to ascertain peculiarities of

mind ; and, unless some plan can be devised, by which we can discover in what organs this greater energy of action exists, and whether it is natural or acquired, it is obvious that no satisfactory conclusions can be deduced from a comparison of the size of one organ with that of others. No method has been proposed, by which we can discover the organs whose native vigour is the greatest. That which is supposed to be acquired, as the result of education, we shall refer to presently.

The difference in the constitution of the brain of different individuals is a still more important point of consideration, and is one on which great stress is laid. In perusing phrenological works, we are constantly meeting with the phrase, "*cæteris paribus*," "other conditions being equal ;" and we are particularly cautioned not to be hasty in drawing conclusions from size alone ; but to take into account the peculiarities of each individual ; whether they arise from fineness or coarseness of texture of the whole brain ; greater or less native vigour of certain organs ; or superior energy conferred by education. This being so important a part of the system, phrenologists are bound to give us precise rules, which admit of easy application, by which we can distinguish these different conditions. The brain is shut up from our view by its bony case ; and it is apparent that we cannot, by any examination of the exterior of a man's head, ascertain whether the texture of his brain is fine or coarse ; or what is the character of the action, either of the whole, or of separate organs. We must, therefore, have external marks, from which we may infer these peculiarities. And it is manifest that these marks must not be of doubtful character. They must be exceedingly significant, and not in the smallest degree liable to mistake or uncertainty in their application ; otherwise we never can place any reliance upon the results of our observations. If, for example, we should compare two heads of exactly similar dimensions, and assert that their mental vigour is precisely equal, and the texture of the one brain should be finer than that of the other, we should make a capital mistake. We should equally mistake, if some of the organs of the one should be more energetic than the corresponding organs of the other, whether this were nature, or the result of education. So, again, if we should observe certain organs to be large, in a particular case, and assert that this was indicative of the great strength of certain faculties, if some of the other organs should be possessed of more vigour of action, either from nature, or as the result of education, both the science and the observer would be brought into dispute. We thus perceive of how great importance it is, that the discriminating marks of these several conditions be so clear as to secure us from any or all of these mistakes.

Mr. Combe asks the following question : " Do we possess any

index to constitutional qualities of brain?" and thus answers it. "The temperaments indicate them to a certain extent." Now, this reply is most unsatisfactory. Correct conclusions, relative to the constitution of the brain, we are told, form an essential part of the practical application of the system. It is absolutely impossible to come to a decision worthy of confidence, unless we take into the calculation peculiarities of structure as well as energy of action, both native and acquired; and the only method by which we can ascertain these several conditions of the brain, by the acknowledgment of phrenologists themselves, will afford us information only to "a certain extent." Here, then, we have confessedly an essential element of the calculation but partially and imperfectly revealed to us, and, if we proceed, we must conjecture the remainder.

Let us, however, examine to what extent the temperaments are indicative of constitutional qualities of brain. "There are four temperaments," says Mr. Combe, "the lymphatic, the sanguine, the bilious, and the nervous, and they are accompanied by different degrees of activity in the brain." We here have a division of the temperaments somewhat peculiar. Mr. Combe takes three of the temperaments, which have always been recognized by physiologists, leaving out the fourth, and has added the nervous, which was suggested by Dr. Gregory as a fifth, including in his arrangement the four original classes. Respecting this fifth temperament of Dr. Gregory, the following remarks are quoted from the article *Temperament*, in the *Cyclopædia of Practical Medicine*, written by Dr. Pritchard, one of the most distinguished phrenologists of Great Britain:—

"The obstacle which stands in the way of Dr. Gregory's attempt to introduce a fifth temperament, is the circumstance that only four strongly marked diversities of external character present themselves to observation; the nervous temperament is not so distinguished, and as this is an essential part of the original scheme for the distribution of temperaments, the improvement here proposed is lame and defective."

According to Dr. Pritchard, there is no foundation whatever for a nervous temperament; and yet, from Mr. Combe's description, this is the only one of his four which has the slightest connection with the brain. He informs us that—

"The brain and nerves being predominantly active, from constitutional causes, produce the nervous temperament; the lungs, heart, and blood-vessels being constitutionally predominant, give rise to the sanguine; the muscular and fibrous systems, to the bilious; and the glands and assimilating organs, to the lymphatic."

These different temperaments, it is well known, are indicated by external signs, which are open to the observation of all. Thus, if we meet with a person having blue eyes; a fair, florid

complexion; red, or light-brown hair; soft, thin, and delicate skin,—these marks show, according to Mr. Combe, that the lungs, heart, and blood-vessels are constitutionally predominant; if the eyes are of a light gray, accompanied by a pallid, unhealthy whiteness of skin, cold surface, &c., the glands and assimilating organs are predominantly active; if the eyes and hair are black, the skin of a dark leaden and unhealthy hue, &c., the fibrous and muscular systems take the lead. Here, then, we have signs which indicate specific conditions of the lungs, heart, blood-vessels, muscular and fibrous systems, and the glands and assimilating organs; but we are not informed what is the connection between these several systems and the brain, by which we may form an opinion in relation to the condition of this organ. It is not attempted to be shown that the lungs, heart, &c. have any connection with the brain, as the organ of mind, either in the relation of cause or effect, which justifies us in the formation of conclusions; but an appeal is made to facts, and it is *asserted* that, where the lymphatic temperament is present, the action of the brain is slow, languid, and feeble; when the sanguine exists, the brain is active; in the nervous it is active; and in the bilious it is active. It thus appears that, admitting the temperaments do indicate the constitution of the brain, three of them afford the same indication, viz., an active condition; and, consequently, that all persons of these temperaments should be possessed of superior talent, compared with those of the lymphatic temperament, whatever may be the size or shape of their brains; inasmuch as we are assured that “the best constituted brain will manifest the mind with most vigour.” But if the sanguine, bilious, and nervous temperaments are all indicative of an active condition of the brain, what becomes of the phrenological assertion, that “the four temperaments are accompanied by different degrees of activity of this organ?” It is completely nullified.

Is it, however, the fact, that the lymphatic temperament is indicative of a “slow, languid, and feeble action of the brain,” as the organ of mind? We are here, again, at issue with the phrenologists. Some of the brightest intellects the world has seen have been of this temperament. We need only mention Dr. Samuel Johnson, whose lymphatic system was strongly developed. Neither is it a whit more true, that all individuals of the other three temperaments have superior minds. We find men of every possible shade and degree of intellect in all the temperaments; and it follows, that the phrenological index to constitutional qualities of brain, instead of giving us information to a “certain extent,” gives it to us to no extent whatever; but leaves us to grope in the darkness of conjectural uncertainty. It is well known, too, that these temperaments are seldom or

never seen in their purity ; but are liable to so great a variety of combinations, that, from this cause alone, it would be impossible to arrive at certain conclusions with respect to the condition of the brain. Even if they did indicate the state of the brain, when existing separately, as we have no means of forming a correct estimate of the exceedingly diversified proportions in which they combine, it is obvious that we are again *in nubibus*—enveloped by the murky atmosphere of uncertainty.

It thus appears that the phrenological method of ascertaining constitutional qualities of brain, whether proceeding from fineness or coarseness of texture of the entire organ, greater or less native vigour of certain organs, or superior energy conferred by education, is altogether worthless ; and as this is an essential part of the system—as it is impossible, by their own showing, to judge correctly of character, without taking these circumstances into consideration—and as they give us no certain means of discovering them, the conclusion is inevitable, that phrenology, instead of being based upon facts, as is the constant boast of its advocates, is nothing better than a clumsy hypothesis ; not being even a rational conjecture, where the series of facts is incomplete ; which is the case from the beginning to the end of the chapter.

We have as yet but barely alluded to the influence of education upon the organs of the different faculties ; and it will be easy to show that, from this source, we have confusion worse confounded. Speaking of combinations of activity, Mr. Combe says :—

“ It is in virtue of this principle that education produces its most important effects. If, for instance, we take two individuals, in each of whom all the organs are developed in an average degree, and if the one of them has been educated among persons of sordid and mercenary dispositions, acquisitiveness and self-esteem would then be cultivated in him into a high degree of activity, and self-interest and personal aggrandisement would be viewed as the great objects of life. If the love of approbation were trained into combined activity with these faculties, it would desire distinction in wealth or power : if veneration were trained to act in concert with them, it would take the direction of admiring the rich and great ; and conscientiousness, not being predominantly vigorous, would only intimate that such pursuits were unworthy, without possessing the power, by itself, of overcoming or controlling the whole combination against it. If another individual, possessing the same development, were trained amidst moral and religious society, in whose habitual conduct the practice of benevolence and justice towards men, and veneration towards God, were regarded as the leading objects of human existence, the love of approbation, acting with this combination, would desire esteem for honourable and virtuous actions ; and acquisitiveness would be viewed as the means of procuring gratification to these higher powers, but not, as itself, an object of paramount importance. The practical conduct of the two individuals might be very different, in consequence of this difference of training.”

In the first place, we remark, on the above paragraph, that its statements entirely nullify the doctrine of size, both absolute and relative. Education, it appears, may cause the same organs in different individuals to exhibit their faculties with so much difference of energy, that characters totally diversified will be the result. It is also evident that the organs which are most active, are to be the representatives of the mind of every individual. It will not be contended that this can *only* happen where the brains of two persons are of the same size, or the different organs of an individual developed in an average proportion, relative to each other; because, it is obvious, that small brains and small organs can be improved by education, and thus be brought to be equal or superior to large brains and large organs; and the counteracting influence of the superior activity, in this way conferred, will essentially modify the mental character; and, consequently, we never can discover the peculiarities of the mind of any individual by an examination of the size and shape of the head alone. We must take into the account the effects of education. The kind of education being either entirely unknown, or, if known, the amount of its influence being undiscoverable, it follows that our conclusions must be purely conjectural.

In the second place, the doctrine of the above paragraph destroys the distinction which phrenologists attempt to make between power and activity; and many other passages might be pointed out, where they equally lose sight of this distinction. "Activity," they tell us, "means the *rapidity* with which the faculties may be manifested." Now, it is apparent that Mr. Combe does not speak simply of an action more or less rapid, slower or faster, but of one, the power of which is different. This is rendered clear, by the nature of the modification of the character, which is the consequence. It is not that the same acts are performed with greater or less rapidity, sooner or later, but the acts themselves are totally different. "The practical conduct of the two individuals," he informs us, "might be very different, in consequence of this difference of training."

The truth, however, is, that this distinction, which is attempted to be made between power and activity, is absurd; and therefore it is not surprising that confusion occurs in its practical application. It is absurd; not because we cannot observe that the minds of some men act more slowly than those of others, but on account of the great stress which is laid upon so unimportant a feature; and the impossibility of keeping it separate from power, when attempting to use it. The organs of causality and comparison have a certain amount of power. Of what consequence is it, whether they act with greater or less rapidity. If they act slowly, a little longer time will be required; but the

same amount of power will be exhibited. So of the sentiments. The organ of veneration has a certain amount of power; and as a consequence, there is a given tendency to the performance of devotional exercises. The only result which we can perceive, of a greater *rapidity* of manifestation of this faculty, would be a more hurried manner of worshipping the Deity. So of the propensities. The organ of destructiveness has a certain amount of power; and there is a given tendency to commit murder. The only consequence of greater *rapidity* of manifestation of this faculty, would be the more speedy despatch of the victim. We might thus go over all the organs, and we should find, that it is not the rapidity, but the power of the manifestation which is the important point to be considered.

Another difficulty, in the way of the employment of phrenology, arises from the doctrine of the various combinations of size. We are told, that "as there are three kinds of faculties, animal, moral, and intellectual, which are not homogeneous, it may happen that several large animal organs are combined in the same individual, with several moral and intellectual organs highly developed. The rule, then, will be, that the lower propensities will take their direction from the higher powers; and such a course of action will be habitually followed as will be calculated to gratify the whole faculties whose organs are large."

The amount of the doctrine here taught, is, that certain organs may be large; but in consequence of certain other organs being also large, the character will be greatly modified; the one set counterbalancing the other. This combination of size being of indefinite extent and variety, it follows that the diversity of character produced by it, will also be without limit. This surpasses the modifications of disease produced by the various combinations of the four humours and eight qualities of Hippocrates, which amount to only four hundred and seventy-nine million, one thousand and six hundred. The study of the Chinese language is a trifle in comparison—it having only about thirty-five thousand characters.

We are now arrived at the place where we may ask, can it be matter of astonishment to hear phrenologists continually exclaiming against tyros, for endeavouring to exhibit peculiarities of character by an examination of the head. It is so exceedingly difficult, they inform us, to make correct observations, that none but men of superior abilities, whose heads have the formation adapted to this purpose, and who have gone through a long course of preparatory training, are competent to discharge the duties of the practical phrenologist. When we take into consideration the numerous points to which the attention must be directed—none of which are founded upon certainty, and many of them undiscoverable; some of which are

incompatible, and others inconsistent and contradictory—we must allow that none but a master of the art of guessing is capable of making correct observations. When we consider that we have to take into the calculation, absolute size, and relative size, of brain and organs; and all the diversified combinations of the various sizes of the organs; power and activity, with all their combinations; temperaments, with all their combinations; fineness and coarseness of texture of the brain; and education or training, with its prodigious effects; it is not surprising that phrenologists are but little satisfied with most of the observations made by the cultivators of the science.

What, then, is the use of phrenology? We are informed that “it is to enable us to discover the natural qualities of living individuals prior to experience of their conduct, and thus to appreciate their tendencies before becoming the victim of their incapacity or passions.” Does any one believe that this can be done, with a degree of accuracy entitled to confidence? Is it not manifest, that whenever phrenologists have stated any thing approximating to the peculiar character of an individual, it has been a fortunate conjecture founded upon the fact, that similar faculties, animal, moral, and intellectual, are found in every healthy individual of the race, differing only in degree, and in their various combinations? Any accurate observer of the human countenance, tolerably familiar with the varieties of human character, can scarcely fail to hit some of the predominant qualities of mind of those who present themselves to his notice; especially if he is acquainted with their previous history; which is an indispensable prerequisite, as has been seen in the progress of our discussion.

Finally, if it is true that the facts of phrenology are fictions of the imagination, as we think has been shown, this pretended science has no just claim to be entitled “a system of philosophy.” If it could be demonstrated that the mind manifests its powers through separate and distinct portions of the brain, instead of acting through that organ as an unit, we should gain nothing of material importance, as is confessed by phrenologists themselves, unless we could distinguish the different degrees of vigour of the different faculties, by the external appearance of the organs, and this is the point which still remains to be proved. They tell us they have discovered primary faculties not recognised by metaphysical writers. Admitting this, it is quite as satisfactory to say, that the mind may exist in these new states, or be capable of these new operations, as to be informed that certain *parts* of the brain perform these functions. We must therefore refuse to call phrenology “a system of philosophy of the human mind,” until its facts are better established, and its usefulness in promoting some of the great objects of human happiness can be demonstrated.

ART. VI.—*Notre Dame de Paris*. By VICTOR HUGO. Paris: 1834.

It is now, we believe, a generally conceded point that the idea of reducing taste to rule is absurd; and that the principle of life itself is not a deeper mystery than that of beauty. To say that, in order to please, a book should be written so and so, can only be allowed in the widest generalities, and for the purpose of excluding the grossest sins against common sense and feeling; and the very attempt to fix any principles at all on the subject, has led to the idea that a book written so and so must please, and that the secret once learned, any quantity of genius may be manufactured and wrought up into books for the market. Such attempts fail, because taste is above rule; the rule being inferred from the effect, is of course subject to it, and cannot by any *contre-coup* recreate its creator. But the higher we place the authority of taste, the greater necessarily is the condemnation of all who sin against it. Now, there are two orders of taste, and have been since there was a reading public; the first, vulgar and ephemeral; the second, eclectic and permanent. Each successive age forgets, as it crowns certain of its favourites with bays, and calls them immortal, how much immortality has evaporated—how rare a new star is, but how common a Vauxhall firework, and for the moment, and for the bystanders, how dazzling. Yet we know, in general terms, that the one is calm, pure, bright, and universal; the other, local, sputtering, and smelling of powder; and having convinced ourselves that these differences exist, we may learn to recognise the rocket, and foretell its end the instant we see its light.

To return to the propositions laid down above, it is not possible to please by rule, and as a corollary to this, it may be asserted that the attempt to do so must infallibly be detected, and revolt the taste. Once, twice, or thrice, it may succeed; a temporary popularity may be founded on some newly-invented stage trick, or on some old one newly resuscitated, but imitators seize upon it, the reading world gets glutted, and the thing loses its vogue and is forgotten. Wherever, therefore, an author's great efforts are capable of being sorted, and referred to the principles of a system, wherever you can count upon your fingers a quantity of passages all wrought up in a certain way, and laboured to produce a certain effect; wherever there is any prodigality of monstrosity and improbability; there you hear the cracking of machinery, the fizzing of sulphur and turpentine; there may be talent in it all, and invention and sleight of hand, but there is no creative genius.

The passages of *Notre Dame de Paris* are chiefly the following:—First, the *Esmeralda*, the heroine; she is a girl stolen in childhood by gipsies, and a dancer in the streets

of Paris as herself a gipsy, at the opening of the story. She wears round her neck, in a little bag, as a charm, one of her own little shoes, stolen with her when an infant, and a token by which she hopes one day to find her parents. She dances daily in the open place in front of Notre Dame, and her mother, who had been driven nearly mad by her loss, is now the inhabitant of a cell, which has no door, but only a grated window, looking out opposite the church on this same place where she has remained in despair and devotion ever since her child was stolen. Of course, she has the other shoe; but, in the mean time, before the discovery is made, she hates all gipsies horribly, and Esmeralda, whom she sees every day, in particular, and she loads her accordingly with curses as often as she passes. There is an archdeacon in the church, Claude Frollo, who is devout and learned, eaten up with the zeal of God's house, and of science, but who falls in love with Esmeralda, notwithstanding. The bell-ringer of the church, Quasimodo, is a monster of supernatural ugliness, whom the gipsies, when they stole Esmeralda, left in her place; he was then about four years old, and is now twenty; Esmeralda's mother sent him to the Foundlings; Claude Frollo took pity on him, and gave him an education and an employment; the bell ringing became a passion with him, but it burst his tympanum, and he is deaf to such a degree that he can only hear one bell, the largest of fifteen at Notre Dame, and a certain whistle which plays a part in the plot. There is no difficulty in accumulating names of ugliness; accordingly, poor Quasimodo has a square nose, a wart for one eye, a horse shoe mouth, a humpback, &c. He is also sometimes an idiot, or nearly so; at others, a very sensible, poetical, and sentimental man. Now for the story. Claude Frollo attempts, by Quasimodo's aid, (as the monster is devoted to him,) to carry off Esmeralda in the street, as she is going home from her dance, with the earnings of a fête day. The guard come up and rescue her, and catch Quasimodo. Esmeralda is taken up upon the saddle of the captain of the guard, asks him his name, which he states to be Phœbus de Chateaupas, and she falls that moment in love with him, slips down from his grasp, and runs away in safety to her home, in the kingdom of Argot, the Alsatia, or St. Giles's of Paris. A poor houseless poet, Pierre Gringoire, gets in there in the course of the night, and the beggars prepare to hang him; she marries him to save his life. But she is an angel of purity, and she keeps Pierre Gringoire at a respectful distance, and he sinks to the rank of her domestic, the keeper of her learned goat, and her collector of sous when she dances in public. By a string of coincidences, any one of which, in ordinary life, would be next to miraculous, she happens to find her Phœbus again just

when the archdeacon happens to be watching her ; she makes an appointment with him, which the archdeacon happens to discover, and he makes acquaintance, in disguise, with the officer, and quarrels with him, and they agree to fight next day. In the mean time, he lends him a crown, and the officer places him in a closet to witness the love scene between him and Esmeralda. He loses patience in the midst of it, rushes upon the officer, stabs him, kisses Esmeralda, and jumps out at the window, leaving her to be arrested as a murderess and sorceress, her learned goat, which she had strangely enough brought along with her to the rendezvous, being at once, in the days of Louis XI., her accomplice, and a sufficient witness against her. It is to be remarked, that when Quasimodo was arrested for attempting to carry Esmeralda off, he was whipped severely, and left for an hour in the pillory, exposed to the brutalities and derision of the mob. He bore all resolutely except a burning thirst, which vanquished him at last, and he demanded water in piteous tones, which were answered with fresh insults. Esmeralda alone had compassion on the miserable monster ; she brought him some water, and he drank, and remembered her as one more object of adoration which henceforth divides his heart with Claude Frollo. She is tried for murder and sorcery ; she confesses every thing under the torture, and is condemned, as it should seem, for murder only, as the sentence is hanging. The archdeacon visits her in her dungeon, and offers to save her and fly with her ; she refuses ; she has long known his face, and remarked and feared his terrible eye, and she knew it as it looked over her lover's shoulder when he stabbed him. She scorns and repulses him, and he leaves her to her fate. But when she is brought out for execution, and as she comes first to go through some religious ceremonies in front of Notre Dame, Quasimodo pounces upon her, knocks down two of the guards, and, by means of a rope he has ready, gets her up so quickly into a gallery of the cathedral, that the officers cannot recover her, and she is there secure. The church, therefore, is watched, to prevent her escape, and measures are taken to obtain an order to violate the asylum, and take her out. Quasimodo knows nothing of all this ; he gives her a cell in one of the towers, and watches over her and nourishes her, and comes to adore her as she sleeps, disappearing when she wakes, lest his ugliness offend her. He gives her a whistle to call him with, and once she makes use of it, upon occasion of a visit from the archdeacon, her hatred for him being as intense as her love for Phœbus, who, as she has now learned, is not dead. But she has been missed in Alsatia, and the kingdom is astir ; six thousand beggars and thieves move upon Notre Dame to her rescue ; at the last moment, too, for

one more day would have seen her dragged from her asylum to the gibbet. Quasimodo mistakes the object of the tumult, he thinks the populace come to murder her; and by the aid of the strong gates of the church, and throwing down beams and melted lead, &c. he makes a terrible defence. The guards arrive and disperse the mob; but Pierre Gringoire and Claude Frolo have carried off Esmeralda in the confusion. They cross the river together, and the poet abandons her to the archdeacon, who leads her to the Place de Grève, where, at the foot of the gallows, he offers her her choice between it and him. She chooses the gallows; and he carries her then to the cell of the recluse, her mother, described above, knowing that she is an object of special hatred to the old crone, whom he calls to her barred windows to hold the gipsy, while he calls the guard. The hag accepts the task with joy, and executes it ferociously; but, in the midst of the raving scene that ensues, the shoe story comes out, and brings about a recognition. The old woman bursts the bars of her window, takes her daughter in, and when the officers arrive, she swears to them the gipsy has escaped. They are quite ready to believe her, after some discussion, when the voice of Phœbus of Chateaupais is heard without, and Esmeralda rushes to the fatal window to cry, "Oh, my Phœbus," and to betray herself. Tristan l'Hermite, who is present in person, orders her to be hung forthwith; her mother makes a terrible defence, and dies as she loses her last grasp of her at the foot of the gallows. The archdeacon is watching the scene from a tower of Notre Dame, and he laughs a horrid laugh as he sees his vengeance accomplished, and Quasimodo, in the instant, throws him off from the tower. Quasimodo then disappears from the church; he lies down in the charnel house by the side of Esmeralda, and long after, their skeletons are found together.

In attempting to estimate the merits of a performance like this, we naturally ask, in the first place, where are they? Are they in the invention, or in the style; in the story itself, or in the manner of telling it? If in the story, to speak first of the first, we enquire, again, what are the peculiar merits of a good story? and the answer is easy; the characters of the persons introduced should be striking at once and natural, and so should the incidents related. It is an easy and a vulgar artifice to make your giants ten feet taller than any which have been heard of yet, your monsters ten shades uglier, and your cruel hearts ten degrees harder. But it is not easy to bring such phenomena upon a stage of human action, in shapes that shall look at all probable or possible; to construct a series of events springing credibly and harmoniously out of each other, and exhibiting the persons in situations adapted to their characters, and acting

consistently with them. These difficulties are the test of power; he who makes good his passage through them, brings us out creations full of life and individuality; he who passes round by the beaten track of improbability and incongruity, gathers nothing but commonplaces—the abstractions of a stupid wax museum.

Now, let us look a little at this spectacle of Notre Dame de Paris, and see if it be a living panorama, or a contrived show-box; and whether its actors are inspired by nature, or grossly worked by wires. And first, Claude Frollo, the archdeacon. How happens it that so many of the personages are, in some way or other, worked on to and made dependant upon him? Quasimodo is the child of his adoption, whom he took, in the goodness of his heart, from the exposure at the Foundlings, and nourished and provided for. Pierre Gringoire, the nominal husband of Esmeralda, was another deserted, friendless wretch, whom he took pity on in a somewhat similar way; and Jehan Frollo, his own brother, happens to be a wild rake, and the confidant and companion of Phœbus of Chateaupas, whom Esmeralda loves. Then Jacques de Charmolue, the *procureur du roi*, is the companion of Claude Frollo's secret experiments in alchemy, and this intimacy enables him to be present, in disguise, among her judges, and at her torture. Then for the places: the *Place de Parvis* happens to be Esmeralda's favourite resort for her public dancing; it happens to have Claude Frollo's cell on one side, and her brother's on the other; the window of Fleur de Lys, whom Phœbus is to marry, happens to look out upon it too; and with Quasimodo, in the towers of Notre Dame, always watching it, the author has all his people always at hand there, and so keen of sight are they all, that the archdeacon, from his cell in the tower, falls desperately in love with Esmeralda on the pavement; and, in a variety of instances, the eyesight of various people, looking up and down, appears to be equally piercing. As for Esmeralda's goat and its tricks, they are simply impossible; and the author's mistake, in ascribing such powers to such an animal, is, no doubt, owing to his having adopted an incorrect theory of the learned pig. No pig can read, nor any goat; but M. Victor Hugo, in representing his goat as possessed of that accomplishment, and of an actual knowledge of the hour of the day, and day of the month, erred probably from ignorance of the fact that the exhibitors of these marvellous animals merely teach them to pick out successively the letters or figures designated to them by a sign, which is always the same. It is very slight, and usually escapes the bystanders, but it is known to the animal, and much more easy to make him know than an alphabet. The talents and taste of the goat for mimicry, and its perpetual presence with its mistress,

through adventures where it would be impossible she should know all the great town matters, except needing to show the existence of the tower for propriety, to his aim of proper feeling of what it is. Again, not at the circumstances connected with the wedding of Pierre and Esmeralda. He is married and supposed to be dying; his deposition is taken to serve on the trial of Esmeralda for murder. He gets better, and returns into the country to get well. Esmeralda is condemned for the murder, and he is at the window of his affianced bride to see her led to execution; his intended has never heard of his accident and he trumps up a story of a duel to account for his absence. He sees her led to execution, and never hears of her marvellous escape to Notre Dame, and consequently, does not visit her there, though, from her cell in the tower, she has recognised him in the street, and sent Quasimodo to him with a message, which he treats as madness. And thus is prepared the claptrap scene where her ungovernable transport at hearing his voice betrays her to her pursuers. As for character, no such thing as consistency is dreamt of. Claude Frolo is, at the outset, benevolent, and conscientious, and affectionate; therefore he obtains power over Quasimodo and Pierre Gringoire. When he falls in love, he becomes morose and fanatical; therefore he inspires Esmeralda with hatred, because his secret design is to deliver her into the hands of justice as a sorceress, and she sees his malignity, without comprehending it. Thus far he is still conscientious; at last, when it is quite too late, he throws conscience aside too, and his persecutions of Esmeralda, with love and vengeance together, and the uses he makes of his ascendant over Quasimodo, set all these cords pulling different and opposite ways, and the music this author loves is the result. To serve one purpose, he is a far-sighted philosopher, who finds, in the then infant art of printing, the visible germ of all the marvels that have sprung from it; for another, he is a narrow bigot, a dealer in nonsense, a fanatic, and an alchemist. Quasimodo is another mass of contradictions. In the feast of the Pope of fools he is almost an idiot, taking the mock homage of the mob, who enthrone him for his monstrosity, as all in earnest, and gloating with delight at it. He is treated with more respect on that occasion, too, because he is known to be malignant and dangerous; but who can recognise this character in Esmeralda's cell in the tower—in his refined delicacy of serving her every want, guarding her from every danger, watching delighted over her sleep, and shunning her waking eye? Who can reconcile the maimed and incomplete mind he is expressly furnished with at the outset, with his pretty metaphors and poetical conversation when he speaks to the object of his adoration? Again, of Pierre Gringoire: he is represented

as a coward; and yet, in the midst of danger, he is cool and flippant, and arriving with Claude at the cell of Esmeralda to save her, in the midst of the horrors of the attack, he begins to put the goat through its tricks, quite forgetful, apparently, that a minute may make the difference of his life. But, enough of this. Let us consider some of the incidents, leaving the author to reconcile the parts played with the characters who play them, and the characters with themselves, as he may. Such criticism would be inexhaustible.

The whole art of the incident is directed to the bringing out of what are technically called situations; and plenty of these, as may be supposed, result from such free use of unnatural characters, and impossible coincidences and conduct. What the author likes best is a situation of fear—to hold the reader on the gasp with the protracted agony of some one who expects every instant the approach of death or torture. Pierre Gringoire, in the hands of the Argotiers, is one instance. Esmeralda furnishes two or three; but the most laboured one is that where she is delivered into her mother's hands, who holds her through the bars of her grated window, while the archdeacon goes for the executioner. How, in this position and relation, they could fall into conversation, discover the circumstance of the shoes, compare and identify them, and recognise each other, let the reader guess, if he can. And then the archdeacon, when Quasimodo throws him over the edge of the tower, and he holds on by the ends of his fingers till the blood gushes from his nails—his feelings, as he looks down—his fall on the sharp roof of a building below, and his rebound and fall to the pavement, where he is crushed, all this makes a first-rate agony; but such a one as very many people *could* invent and describe, though certainly very few *would*; and it is chiefly to this last sort of forbearance that M. Hugo owes much of his distinction. It is thought to be a proof of power to stir, and excite, and impress the mind, no matter with what feelings; and yet, the agony of a dog, that is crushed in the street, will sometimes so print itself on a spectator's memory, that he will turn pale, years after, at the thought of it. Now, a painter who should represent, in very mediocre pictures, but with mechanical faithfulness, a series of such scenes, would make a deep impression on the minds of all whom he could induce to look at his work, and such is the falseness of feeling, that probably spectators would not be wanting. But, if he set out such things in a tawdry gallery, with flowers, and gay lights, and music; if he arranged them in a series, and connected the whole together by a story, however indifferently contrived, he would entice many, even of the reluctant, and would so thrill, and dazzle, and horrify them, that, though all his apparatus might be mean, all his ideas

incongruous, and all his deceptions gross, nine tenths of the unthinking would go away convinced they had been with a great artist—

“Who rul’d like a wizard the world of the heart,
And could call up its sunshine, or bring down its showers.”

The reputation of Notre Dame de Paris is a humbug of this description. For music, we have the author’s considerable command of words, and somewhat pompous style; for lights, an occasional energy and brilliancy of expression, a sort of fire which he produces laboriously, and by the rubbing together of woody ideas. But he leads us on among things which, after we have once considered them, we are certain to remember—which are made impressive simply by exaggeration and painful detail, and which their own horrors defend from close scrutiny and systematic criticism. If a poet or a romancer tells us a pleasing scene or circumstance, and tells it pleasingly, we return to it again and again; our imagination dwells on it willingly, and recurs to it often; we enjoy all its beauties, and we discover all its faults. With scenes of horror or disgust the case is different; yet, there is an inexplicable curiosity which often attracts us momentarily to them, as it were, against our will; and if M. Victor Hugo will consider why such abominations as the Tour de Nesle, and such ribaldries as Tom and Jerry, have obtained a run, and kept possession of the stage, he will be on the way towards discovering what are the causes, and what is the nature, of his own success.

As for his style, it is hardly within the province of a foreigner to speak of it too positively, though we are certainly disposed to subscribe entirely to the qualified praise of an accomplished Frenchman, whom we once heard describe him as “un très habile phrasier,”—an able maker of phrases. The remark was applied as well to several others, and does apply, in our judgment, at least, to all the distinguished French romance-writers of the present day. Some of these horror-daubers are much worse than Victor Hugo, which a man who had read Hans d’Islande would hardly think possible; but so it is. The *Danse Macabra* is several shades darker in its groundwork, and much inferior in its language. Hans d’Islande is a sort of devil, illustrated by much ancestry, all devilish. His genealogy, which is given with exactness, exhibits a line of pictures of about as much originality and diversity as would appear in a series of sketches of Macbeth’s witches, taken in different theatres; and Hans himself is made up in a sort of Frankenstein fashion of traits taken from Caliban, Orson, Walter Scott’s black dwarf, and a spice of pure devil. All this is made up by recipe:—

"Eye of newt and toe of frog,
Wool of bat and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg and owlet's wing."

And the character being thus got up and ready for action, he is introduced to us in a mosque, or depository of the dead, somewhere in Norway, where bodies found drowned are kept for recognition. His son, a *human* son, and a youth of great promise, it should seem, has been found drowned, and the monster is come to claw off the crown of the young man's head with his long nails to make a drinking cup of it. This fatherly and surgeonlike process is very minutely described. The author seeks diligently to be graphic, and make you feel and see, as far as possible, all the horror and disgust of such a scene in its minutest details. It next appears that, when this son was living, a soldier of a certain regiment had disoblged him, which soldier the old monster cannot find out, but he resolves to assassinate the whole regiment in detail to make sure of revenging his son, and, in the course of the first two volumes makes a good deal of progress in this work—its completion remaining, we suppose, to furnish material for the other two, which we did not read. As for the *Danse Macabra*, which is by a writer who calls himself the bibliophile Jacob, it is somewhat worse, as we have said, than all this. All the characters named in it come to violent or tragic deaths—there is not one exception. The heroine lives longest; she dies about a year after the action of the piece, of religious melancholy, in a convent. Her husband, after being buried alive and dug up, dies in a convulsion scene, in an under-ground place, where three Jews are crucifying his child; her lover dies at the altar, as she is just married to him, of the plague; her father is eaten by wolves; the lover's father is boiled in oil; his father by adoption is flayed alive; and *Macabra*, a charlatan, who gives name to the story, is thrown from a tower by his wife, who is pelted to death afterwards, by the mob, with dead men's bones, in a sepulchre. There are more characters and more deaths, all foul and revolting to the last degree, sufficient to disgrace the man who could find pleasure in reading such a book, and to stamp him that wrote it as unfit for human society. Amidst the unrelieved ghastliness of the scenes and incidents of this story, the clumsy improbability of the characters and plot escapes all criticism. Suffice it, that no Bartholomew-fair invention could be grosser or cruder.

There is another writer whose works have a reputation in France, nearly or quite equal to those of Victor Hugo, whose equal he certainly is not in style and management of language, though he is much upon a par with him in his inventions and characters—we speak of Balzac. He paints fewer studied

horrors; he is not so fond as Victor Hugo is, of making a man "lie drowning the washing of ten tides," and telling you all about it, but he trusts for his effect and piquancy to another principle, and a baser one than even the vicious and ghoulish curiosity which gloats on horrors. Balzac is eminently immoral; his vein of thought is essentially bad and malignant; he assaults all the temples of virtue, and honour, and affection, and is never so happy as when he thinks he is breaking their walls, or shaking their pillars. Yet he can turn round and preach, too, as in one of his stories which bears the extraordinary title of *Jesus Christ in Flanders*, where he represents a boat load of people sunk, and drowned all but one or two, who are saved by a miraculous person to whom the title points; and the moral seems to be, as far as one can gather it, that the vices of the upper classes are real, though concealed by decorum; and that those of the lower classes are external, and the result of circumstances, while their hearts are more likely to be right than the others, and that he who sees the heart, judges them accordingly. The manner of the story is not such as to develop any proofs of this; the author relates incidents which he makes to suit himself, and his conclusion follows, of course, if you admit his facts to be probable or natural. Stories told for a moral usually fail in this way; you see the frame work and comprehend the design, and your curiosity is soon extinguished, and your interest with it. This story, then, is only remarkable as coming from Balzac, without any pretence to a moral at all; his works, in general, are marked with such malignity as one might attribute to a crippled fiend.

French novels have made a good many articles lately for various reviews, and it is not our purpose to go more at length into any discussion of their tendencies or merits—we set out to say something of *Notre Dame*, as that work stands, probably, at the head of its class, and what we have added has been beyond our design. It is somewhat gratifying to those who view these books as we do, to observe that they do not succeed in this country, nor in England; few or none of them are translated, and the reviewing pen has bestowed upon them general condemnation. It must needs be, we suppose, that romances come; and few enough, and far enough between, are the good or even the tolerable ones; but for the bad, and especially for the class we have been considering, we may safely add the imprecation—"Wo be to that man by whom they come."

ART. VII.—*The Life and Adventures of Jonathan Jefferson Whitlaw; or, Scenes on the Mississippi.* By FRANCES TROLLOPE, author of "Paris and the Parisians," "Domestic Manners of the Americans," &c. &c. With fifteen engravings. London: 1836.

We are not about to do this book the honour to review it; to show up its libels, its indecencies, and its falsehoods; or, in any manner, to sully our pages by quoting from its scenes of imaginary vulgarity and cruelty. It is altogether such a book as a vulgar and mercenary woman, who had found her account in former slanders, would write to replenish her means by ministering to a perverted moral sense, and a sickly appetite for slander. We shall not stoop to pick it out of the kennel into which it fell immediately on its publication; and we have only written its title at the head of this article, because it chances to be the newest specimen of ignorance and misrepresentation which has emanated from the English press, and because its author (masculine as she is) may as well serve the purpose of Mr. John Doe, to bring the real party into court, as another.

With Mrs. Trollope, therefore, (save as one of a class,) we have nothing to do. We are not, in any degree, surprised at her peculiar want of those requisites which should characterize a sagacious enquirer into foreign manners and institutions. Our surprise is, that none of the English travellers in this country have been endowed, in the least degree, with the philosophic spirit, with that nicety of observation, which penetrates the character of a people; the correct judgment which leads them from present circumstances to future results; with the delicate discretion that never betrays into false positions; and with the habit of looking to the truth of things, that keeps down or averts the view of prejudice.

It is true that our position is peculiar. Our distance from the high degree of European civilization and its influences; the few tendrils by which we hang to the past; our solitary position among the empires of the earth; the want of dangerous neighbours and competitors to turn our attention from ourselves, and mingle us with the passions and interests of other nations, mark our condition and our destiny as extraordinary—as matters of high hope and broad speculation. It is true, too, from causes very easily pointed out, that we have attracted but little attention. Europe, since our entrance on the political sphere, has been busy with her own affairs. Revolution after revolution has kept kings and governments anxious for their safety; and the angry and open workings of the revolutionary spirit has made them timid with apprehension. They dared not look on

us, as it only threw back the reflection of what they themselves were to meet at no very distant time. They saw a people stretching forward in the powerful race of freedom, unshackled by tradition or prejudice; with no guide in history; no instruction from experience; little or no hope from the past, and all its despair; surrounded by those vague surmises of danger that are called up by the consideration of the ruin of similar institutions; a young, a new, and unknown people, venturing, undaunted, on the most hazardous experiment that has ever tested the energies and virtues of human nature; and they turned with dread to themselves, and looked with anxious fear on the future, thus figured before them in a distant quarter of the earth.

There was once scorn and contempt for us: because time and ages of events had not given us a history; because there was no high lineage to our great names; because a republic carried, to the gentle ears of kings and courtiers, the idea of vulgarity—of something base and grovelling—of popular turbulence and vacillation—the rule of demagogues—and all the startling shadows that come with the names of Greece and Rome. It appeared impossible that a nation could exist without kings and crowns; that King People could be a substitute for King George; that there could be an anomaly so great as an empire of opinion, and not an empire of will; that there could be submission to law, without the aid or the awe of power. It seemed something paradoxical, something more than strange, that there should be such audacity as to run opposite to old-fashioned and long-established notions; such temerity as to declare they were absurd and intolerable; and such fearlessness as not only to throw them off, but to express a determination to undertake self-government.

These things gave to the name of America a something lower than humility. She was regarded as the Botany Bay of the universe—the resort of the restless, discontented, and criminal; not the home of the exile for opinion's sake, but the land where the factious and the traitor could find shelter—a land inhabited by a people whose ancestors were outcasts—whose manners, habits, and pursuits were all degrading.

These were the ideas attached to our character by those who were ignorant of our real situation; by those who would not know it; by those who suspected the truth, and feared it; by those who dreaded our success, and wished our ruin. There is much of this still left among the ignorant and indifferent of Europe—for apathy, as to all things, is the signal peculiarity of countries where society has but two grand divisions—the master and the servant—and where the anarch, custom, presses with its drowsy yet iron rule, and men play but the part of spec-

tators to the action and movements of the power which crushes them. The more intelligent and better informed, however, (for it is these only who keep pace with or are watchful of the occurrences of the day,) are fully aware that we have outlived the age of contempt, and have reached, or are reaching, that of power—a power that is not confined to our own limits, is not derived from physical strength, and is not made up of the usual elements of political force, but which comes from the moral energy of a truth that is every day still farther expanding and developing itself—that men can be free without danger to themselves. This capability, which has been so denied and derided, has assumed a position from which there is no retreat. It has been moulded to a form so plain and practical as to defy all mockery, and now must, at any rate, be fully worked out. There must be a complete demonstration of its possibility, or a complete refutation—for the truth lies in one of these extremes.

It seems impossible to check or impede the heady flood of men's demands; to throw back again what are considered rights and principles, founded on nature and justice, among the whims, the follies, or the errors of time. The despots and monarchists of the old world are aware of this. They see the hand upon the wall tracing, with an awful and mysterious movement, the fate that they feel to be rushing on, and bearing down barriers which ages had reared, and superstition and ignorance cemented. They are conscious that they are now mere automata, worked by a will utterly resistless; whose power confuses by its unperceived, yet constant and steady progress; confounds by its energies; and, like the gradual approach of the tide, sometimes flatters, as it retreats, with the hope of disappearing, but, in its return, dashes still farther on the shore; with each flow making new ruins, and with each ebb mingling these trophies of its strength with the wreck it has already created. They are conscious, too, among other elements of injury, that the governed, from the habit of looking on their governors with awe, respect, or veneration, now regard them with suspicion or aversion; that, from considering them as existing by a right of their own—as wielding an authority as unquestionable as that of the Divinity—they have ascended to the more correct idea, that they are only useful instruments, or necessary evils.

With such opinions, advancing and strengthening themselves as they do, day by day, how wide will be the sweep of the sceptre—or how stable stand the throne—how long-continued will be the reign of that state of things, in which the possession of power is confounded with the right to hold it? And whence has originated this strange knowledge—this novel and sudden

acquaintance with principles, which, although they now appear sufficiently evident, were never before asserted by the oppressed, or acknowledged by the oppressor? Where have they been forged—where have they been wrought into form, and made motives of action? They have not come by the instinct of nature; for this is as strong at one time as another. They have not risen by permission, or the voluntary support and approval of those who could oppose them. They do not appear one of those violent, arbitrary, and unexpected convulsions of sentiment, to which men are liable; nor one of those tumultuous excesses of passion, in which all is controlled and overwhelmed by impulse; but they seem rather the result of latent energies, whose germ was in the minds of all, and which has swollen to ripeness by the increased activity and incessant collision of thought. They have come with time shaking off its errors; with custom submitting to common sense; with right and justice taking the place of will; and with law destroying the usurpation of self-directed authority.

It is this country that has set the example in this career of liberality, that stands forward as representing, in its practice, the true spirit of the age, while other people are struggling vehemently, and some hopelessly, under its influence, to attain the same privileges. In this way, America has drawn on herself the eyes of the civilized world, who are now watching, some with friendly anxiety and others with hostile impatience, our movements, our success, and our errors. It is this peculiar situation that has brought the curious to examine and report on our condition—to laud and abuse—to detract, vilify, and exaggerate, in accordance with their principles and their objects.

But a traveller in this country, who is to form a correct opinion of its present condition and future character, should possess many uncommon properties, for he does not come among a people who have a history to guide him towards their future career, or one whose whole pretensions and reputation are established, and who can live upon their fame without loss or depreciation among the nations of the earth. There is, therefore, no resting place for his mind—no long array of facts on which he can raise his speculations, unless he go back to far ages, and choose them from among the doubtful annals of nations, whose institutions resemble ours only in name, and all whose history partakes of the fable and mystery with which time obscures every record. He should be, then, a philosopher, with the sagacity and foresight that belong to the character—with his power of deducing consequences from passing events—his habit of distinguishing the results of situation from confirmed errors—of separating the control of circumstances from accident—of balancing temporary expressions of feeling with

decided opinions. And he should, too, be a man of the times; with the power of throwing off all allegiance to the past, and ridding himself of its influence—with the faculty of looking calmly and without suspicion on all changes, and all sudden convulsions, at all recessions and vacillations in popular feeling, and the violence with which it shows itself.

Instead of an individual, or individuals, possessing such qualifications as these, with that knowledge of human nature which makes them aware that although institutions modify they do not obliterate the prevailing features of men's characters; an acquaintance with the workings of other systems than their own; habits of observation and reflection, a capacity for combining, comparing, and judging, and, above all, the power of throwing their view beyond the shadows that lie near them, into the bright lights that rest farther on; we have had bigoted partisans of a state of things totally the opposite of ours; men whose vision was obscured and paralyzed by their prejudices—whose feelings, and habits of thought, incapacitated them from appreciating the nature or the greatness of the novel experiment their aversion or idle curiosity brought them to visit.

But Englishmen are notoriously the worst observers, and, of course, the worst of travellers. Their pride, reserve, and insolence, cloud the distinctness of their perceptions; and, what is still worse for their purposes, place them in a false position towards the citizens of the country, whose character and peculiarities they are endeavouring to catch and study. And then they possess what, under other circumstances, is very laudable, but which is an absurd and unfortunate disposition for one who comes to view the action of a new form of government, and make himself familiar with a strange people. Their minds and hearts are ever wandering towards their home; and they cannot tolerate, nor do they wish to imagine, any excellence that, in the comparison, would depreciate the land they have left.

Thus the eye loses its keenness, the feelings their liberality; and though at home liberals, radicals, or reformers, they become here sturdy John Bulls, with all the narrowness, and stationary spirit, that has ever belonged to the name.

The beautiful theory of liberty, towards whose perfections they have been alive, and for the gaining of which their energies have been directed even to the levelling of social order, when brought fully before them in practice, loses the charm it had acquired in the glow of the imagination; and from want of the excitement of opposition, sinks into something far too homely, plain, and real, to rouse admiration or enthusiasm. The man who has been, for half his life, battling for what he thinks to be popular rights; who has been the inveterate foe of all abuses, of rotten boroughs, and the corrup-

tion they involve; who assaults the established church; who goes to the utmost limits of radicalism, in all his designs and actions; here, where popular rights are in full play he turns aristocrat; where rotten boroughs are unknown, he cannot understand how men of talent can be brought into the service of the country, where their merits are left to the discrimination of a mob; and where the choice of a creed, and the support of religion, is left to the option of the individual, he cannot see how men can be made moral, or prevented from the avowed advocacy of infidelity or atheism.

Some part of this is due to the instinctive aristocratic feeling that belongs to the man born under a monarchy; in part to being obliged to drop or subdue the pride which he strongly, though insensibly, possesses, acquired, as it has been, by the habit of valuing origin, and from looking on a large body of his countrymen as inferiors, and which he now feels to be absurd and burdensome, though the love of opposition, and the love of self, forbid him to surrender it. With such persons, it requires time to be accustomed to the claims of equality put forward by the humble and the poor, though it is for these, and these same privileges, he has been struggling.

There are still deeper reasons, well founded in human nature, to account for these inconsistencies. There is a display of patriotism in contending with a government for things it is not willing to grant; there is a magnanimity in the disinterested struggle; there is popular admiration to be secured, and all its exciting notoriety; the whole of which appear ridiculous in a country where the principles contended for are the established code of opinions, and those contended against, are unknown, or too remote from the common habits of thinking to seem other than absurd. Besides, the ideal excellence, with which he had elevated and heated his fancy, grows dimmer and colder in the contact with the unconcealed and bare reality.

There is no longer speculation, but practice; there is no longer the agitation of hope—of interested and excited passions—but all is dwindled to the test of experience, and the calm and dull movements of detail. This is enough to make the revolutionist despair, while the radical and reformer sadden under the listlessness of inaction, and hopelessness of making or finding excitement, where all their desires are anticipated, and the love of change is cooled by a ready assent and examination of their doctrines and proposals. But the tory, the lover of order, who clings to old things as if change were ruin, and looks on decay as the source of new life and beauty, and despairs of improvement or advancement in affairs of government, gropes among the bristling energies of popular feeling, as if he were on the crater of a volcano, or the witness of its convulsion, so that both

extremes of English spirit are, for this very reason, unfit to take a clear view of this republic. Yet it is this bigoted affection, even for things that are in themselves bad, that has made the British nation the most loyal and patriotic of people; but as individuals, at a distance from their roast beef and sea-coal fires, has, at the same time, filled them with the disposition to find fault where there is no occasion, and made them grumbling, irascible, and splenetic tourists—the most captious and doubtful of journalists.

But there are foibles in the nature of Englishmen, of whatever party, that render them less at their ease in this country than any other. They cannot, to any advantage, display the importance they love to affect, or inflate themselves with the vanity and self-esteem with which they endeavour to put forward their pretensions. They feel themselves to be among a people, that, however simple, are still clear and accurate judges of the worth of the character before them; who are not imposed on by artificial or conventional distinctions; who acknowledge no inequality; and who are in the habit of piercing beyond and examining more than the mere surface exposed to them. This at once establishes a false relation between the individuals of the two countries; for the one has been in the habit of regarding certain conditions in life as creating an inferiority; and, of course, freedom of address and independence of expression, and a total want of deference, is more or less difficult of endurance from him, who, though humble in his sphere of life, acknowledges no superior in rank, or those distinctions which the forms, prejudices, and necessities of a monarchy exact.

Such is the wide space between the English traveller and his American acquaintance: and the moderation; the entire negation of all pretensions; the throwing aside of all open love of self; the good-humour, by which the unpleasant position might be changed—it does not seem to belong to the British islander's character, or to be in his power, to bring forth on those occasions where they are, in a great degree, necessary, and where the results might be both fortunate and important.

It should be remembered, too, by these travelling cavillers, that the assault upon us returns, in a great degree, on themselves; for we are still Englishmen—exiles and emigrants, but yet sons of the British soil—with many points of character, developed by different circumstances, that remain in the old country, in the germ, repressed but not destroyed. Our defects, our errors, are no more than exaggerations of English imperfections. The parallel lies between us in every thing, except in those that are the results of time and different institutions. Whence comes any difference of character, but through difference of condition? and how does an English emigrant differ

from an English resident? or how is his nature changed by the choice of India, the United States, or the Cape? The man is the same, allowing for modification by circumstances; and if he develope vices more freely than virtues, they belong to the individual, or the species; but, if the latter should show themselves more strongly and abundantly, then the change has been wrought by alteration in situation. The being removed from British oppression and British inequality has brought out the man as he should be. His feelings have become elastic and ardent, by becoming one of a society that receives him neither with neglect nor suspicion, of which he may be an important part, and in whose welfare, and in all whose interests, he has a share.

But why should abuse be directed against this country by her brethren abroad? Is there dislike, contempt, and hatred of us—and why? Our origin is the same. And have we degenerated in spirit, in enterprise, in industry, in love of liberty, in a single useful or great quality that makes the land we come from the most renowned and the most powerful of the earth? The brief history we have recorded would not bear out the affirmative in any one particular. Then, is it because the extension of the principle of democracy alarms the torpid despotisms and worn-out forms of the governments of Europe; and that the view their social spies give of our condition and our advancement makes them fear for their tottering empires? The truth lies before them. Why misrepresent or falsify it? Why conceal from the world what we are to be, by placing in false lights what we are? Is there any thing, in our present state, that makes improvement impracticable? Will free institutions throw back civilization? Or by what perversity in the human mind will it be checked, by offering it every opportunity to advance?

But the view these persons take of us is wrong at its commencement. They do not go far enough back to include all our difficulties. They do not consider the vast change within fifty years. They see no distinction between an old people and a young nation. They cannot imagine the wants that belong to the first, but which can neither be met nor supplied by recently formed institutions: for it is an error to consider this country, as young, in the full meaning of the word—it is only so, so far as it wants the relics and vestiges of antiquity; the traces of culture in its fields; the splendour of wealth; the dignity and honours of age; and the influence of a high degree of civilization. It is a country without a past—without tradition of glory—and whose records of fame are but of short date. There are no embattled walls, and no crumbling ruins, whose very decay shows the iron strength and gloomy majesty of a once

inaccessible power—all lives and rests with the memories of men. Our associations are with the present—our honours with the future; and it is that which we are and are to be, not that we have been, which is interesting. Our national existence is but in the bud; experience has not yet flung over it the cold shadows with which doubt and despair chasten and subdue hope.

But, if we can turn to no ancestral rolls to prove the antiquity of our inheritance, and unfold no records, where are blazoned name and deeds, there is something more inspiring and elevating in the career we are entering, and course we are to hold, in the sense of independence, and a feeling that we alone are to create and be responsible for our destinies. The first emigrants were, in all particulars, an old people. They brought with them old opinions and habits, and their consequences. They were not like the race they displaced, unsettled and savage wanderers. They did not tear from their hearts the affections and feelings that endeared their former home, nor the recollections that clung to the land whence they were driven. Their wrongs mingled regret and sorrow, but roused no hostility. They did not hate England, but the monarch and the monarchy. As sufferers for opinion's sake, they desired only the repose that would permit them to think and act as they pleased, without censure from the laws. As republicans, they wished to be free of kings, parliaments, and church establishments, and to erect a government of their own. But they still clung to their country. They were still Englishmen, though they detested many of the principles that were attached to the name; and, with this fondness, there was united a constant intercourse with the land of their fathers that preserved the ties of affection, and with them, habits, feelings, and opinions, which were hardly suited to their altered condition and exiled lot. Indeed, it is one of the difficulties we contend with, as we become able to take care of ourselves, that there is too much influence among us of things which are not adapted to our character and situation. There still exists a feeling that may be called *Old Englandism*—a turning of the heart and the eye towards Great Britain; a yearning for her approbation, which has served as a useful check in our weakness, by keeping before us her history, her conduct, and her principles—but, as we become more independent as a nation, and more democratic as a people, acts as a restraint, and, from being long implanted, to oppose or attack it is like the disturbance of a strong affection, or the attempt to wrench away a prejudice. This kind of feeling was once important, as cherishing a regard for the land whence we derived our origin and institutions, and as impelling us to choose, and tending to preserve among us, much that was valuable in them. But with time, and the increase of our own power—the stability of our political structure, and the improved

knowledge of our situation and its wants—the feeling, with its prejudices and attachments, is dying away, shaken and loosened, as it has been, by illiberal and abusive remark.

The natural tendency with the people of this country is to respect, even to love, Great Britain; but, as national feelings spread more broadly, and we assume the position of an important if not a great power, this kind of dependent affection diminishes and weakens. Still, there is too much leaning, and too much concession, and too great a dread of what England and Europe may think of us. We forget, as well as our satirists, that there is no comparison in our conditions. They do not seem to see or we to remember our real position; that we are an old people on a new soil; that we possess many of the refinements of life, and yet are struggling with the difficulties of a recently formed government; that we feel the desires of wealth, without the means of gratifying them; that we can reach most sensual enjoyments, but have few of those intellectual resources which create, with cultivated minds, the highest value and richest return of a large fortune. This gives us an unfortunate medium of civilization, in which the highest powers of mind are not awakened, and the stimulus towards social improvement is feebly felt.

In Europe there is nothing to be compared with this. There, all is stationary, or advancing through destruction; here, the movement is onward, but in alliance with the best interests of man, urged by an intense activity and cherished by hope. This condition for the present seems disadvantageous; all reliance is with the future. Our enemies may draw their conclusions from it, and use it to destroy all hope of success; for to them it is given to speculate, to us to act; but its friends should regard it as a necessary condition, imposed on us by local circumstances and the system we have begun and must now carry through. As yet, all has been too precocious with us, our physical strength has outrun our moral; but while the one is liable to checks, the other advances steadily and unceasingly. Yet from a people who are trying a great political experiment, and have but just commenced it; who, from the extreme rapidity with which population has increased, and the sudden and unexpected development of their resources, are made to feel that they have great dangers to contend with, as well as advantages to expect; who feel, too, that in the full play of their young vigour and its excess of strength, they are approaching a crisis and time of trial, as well as an increase of power; it is unfair and unwise to look for the immobility that comes with age and torpor, or the systematic plans of social conduct, or for more than merely laying a broad foundation on which time is to erect an enduring superstructure. Why are not these things considered by those who

criticise us? Why not narrate the difficulties we contend with and their causes, and not results alone, which every day corrects and destroys? Is it that an Englishman here is surrounded by mortifying associations, that he is constantly reminded of the disasters of his countrymen, that there is no Cressy, Agincourt, Ramilies, or Waterloo, to rouse his vanity and pride as he traverses our continent, that this is the only soil where he cannot recall some splendid achievement done by Britons, while all others, and even the ocean itself, have acknowledged them as victors? Can it be that, haunted by these obtrusive phantoms of the past, the mind and the temper lose their balance, and he dare not admit the people he is among to be the equals of his countrymen, who indeed should be his countrymen if the perverse current of his pride did not torture them into foes? Can feelings from such a source authorize the bitter spirit, the evident hostility to us, and the invectives directed against us by those who should cheer us in our attempt and the struggles it entails—at a time when England requires a friend, when her own people are seeking to redress their wrongs, and the world regards her with envy and hatred; when her restrictions and her selfishness have driven other nations to look to their resources and develop them as rapidly and to as great an extent as possible? By the continuance of these assaults shall we not be made to retort on them with dislike and suspicion; and in self-defence, from being what we ought to be, more than friends, to become rivals and foes? It has been asserted that it would be more dignified to remain quiet under the infliction of foreign detraction and malice—that instead of a general outbreak of irritation, a nation resenting the falsities and fallacies of an individual, they should be borne without indignation, and time be permitted to give them the lie. But does not this display of angry feeling among a people prove a love for their institutions, a strong affection towards the cherished hope of their ambition; and would it be better, or what would be gained, if this irritation, though it may reach antipathy, should degenerate to apathy? We have not yet placed ourselves in the position where such attacks are not only unavailing, but ridiculous, and betray the malevolence and imbecility of the enemy. We have not outlived, like the dying nations of Europe, all speculation; but there is still a broad field over which thought and imagination may expand, and undergo the depression which a dread of the future can cause, and all the exhilaration an animated and cheerful view can excite. But time, patience, and labour are required to aid our exertions. A people on such an enormous territory as ours, do not at once start into life, a model in national greatness, and with the dignity and strength of long established governments, and their appearance of endurance, permanency,

and firmness. These are the results of long-continued and systematic action, of a progress through internal struggles and dissension, and external opposition, and the consequences of misconceived principles, mistaken opinions, and mischievous practice.

But we have said the parallel is very close, if not perfect, between this country and England, in all points that are not the results of difference in circumstances. The main elements, and all those things with which the greatest fault is found, may be traced to the home of our ancestors. Is love of money as great here as there; is the commercial spirit as mean? Is there not far greater liberality here, from the simple cause that fortune is more easily acquired? Has wealth more power here? do its possessors form a phalanx which not only secures rights of its own, but usurps those of others? is there that vein of servility and dependence that runs through all ranks and pervades all interests in the mother country? Have we an aristocracy, who, as a body, have ever kept down, or attempted to keep down, the best and strongest evidences of liberty, who have opposed its spirit, and all improvements, until revolution or its menace overwhelmed or alarmed them—a body who, by the exercise and continuance of their privileges, have preserved almost feudal authority and influence; who can brave both throne and people; yet who, at the same time, have undoubtedly served to cherish strong national feelings, and give a tone and spirit to the councils and character of the nation? If we examine the causes of difference between the two countries, we shall find that they resolve themselves very much, if not entirely, into an acknowledged division into classes in the one, at the head of which is a powerful and wealthy nobility; though this is not the only aristocracy of Great Britain, for its spirit sinks through each class,—while with the other, it is the character and intelligence of the mass which governs, and the individual is an important part of society at large. This at once draws a broad line between the two countries, as to their social character. The pride of rank, the birthright of wealth and station, the inheritance of an ancient and illustrious name, keep alive a dignity and sense of honour, and cherish a desire of reputation that checks, in a country strongly commercial, much that might otherwise tend to degrade it. In England, the aristocratic feeling, with all the consequences it produces, is all-powerful, and belonging to an inferior class is a species of degradation; while here, the absence of classes, the free opportunity which every individual possesses of raising himself, and the conviction that he is or can be a useful and important member of society, displaces the social monopoly, or the disposition towards it, which a titled order holds, and brings results, on the whole, far more beneficial; for though without pride of class, of birth

or rank, there is the personal pride that comes with the sense of one's own worth, of having made one's self, of having created character and fortune from nothing and obscurity. This national freedom, unrepressed by any thing, except the laws and public opinion, or the conscience of the man and the community, calls forth certain aristocratic feelings which belong to human nature, but is at war with all distinctions and privileges; it forms, too, the great difference between this and all other countries, and will be the greatest test of the value of our institutions. But it is this importance of the individual, that constitutes the difficulty and danger with which they have to contend, as well as the difference in which they consist. All other republics have allowed distinctions and classes; we admit of none. We rest all on the simple basis of the patriotism, the influence, and energies of the citizen in his private capacity. We hope all from these sources of exalted feeling; though it may be a rash reliance, and prove hazardous to our institutions, while now it seems to form their strength and excellence. Where this power rests with the individual, the necessity is imperative of raising the moral character of each member of society, to give a moral direction to opinion when it assumes the extended action of a majority, or large body, or expresses a general feeling. In all free states the danger lies in the mass becoming corrupt, for there must be the poor and profligate, and the bad and ambitious, who are ready to use such as their instruments; and what check can be imposed, other than the law? and what power has the law, but in public opinion? and what weight has this, but its moral force? and on what does this depend for its energy, but on general attachment to the institutions of the country, and respect for its laws? and whence are these derived but from the personal dignity and worth of the citizen? In England, public opinion is the feeling of a class, and not of the people as we understand the word—of her house of lords and her minor aristocracy, and their various dependents. These have heretofore been the governing influence of Great Britain; and from the well balanced form of the government, the spirit of freedom has been preserved, and on all great occasions has broken through and crushed that power.

Another thing that has brought England nearer to the best idea of a republic, and saved it from its vicissitudes, is the strength and character of her country gentry, who at all times have produced her patriots; and been her main resource in the dangers and struggles to which all free people are exposed. And if an aristocracy must exist, there can be no doubt that the only one which is tolerable is the landed: a body of men who, by their pursuits and habits, are fastened to the soil—whose sympathies and attachments are with their country—who

are the sincerest and most devoted of its lovers, and who are less liable to sudden change of sentiment, as they are less acted on by various and conflicting interests. It seems almost beyond dispute, that the continuance of free institutions will depend very much on the character of the agricultural class, and on the removing from cities—where fashion can create opinion, the corrupt influences of wealth affect it, and a mob be found to enforce it—all authority that is not fairly their due. History furnishes instances, however, to show that the preponderance even of the landed proprietors is inconsistent with, and dangerous to, civil liberty. In the thirteenth century, the nobles of Italy, who held her soil, demanded to be entrusted with the entire administration of the state. They asserted that they were the only real representatives of the republic; that the merchants were not, as they were, an incorporated portion of the body politic; and that, in case of war or revolution, they were the only defenders of their country, and the only sufferers. With a perversion of the usual course of things, the love of freedom was found in the cities; the nobles had become a dangerous oligarchy, and the merchants and the mob were obliged to resist their arbitrary encroachments, at length compelled them to forego their pretended prerogatives, and expelled them from all share in the government. With us the want of a law of primogeniture precludes the creation or existence of any aristocracy but the monied, who are by our habits doomed to a short life. Still, as it seems a natural excrescence on all forms, with the growth of our cities, the pride of class, the power and importance of wealth, and ostentation and luxury, will rise and display themselves. It becomes necessary to balance these evils, and, as a relief from the commercial spirit, to give all the authority possible, and at the same time elevate and enlarge the moral and intellectual character of the numerous and important body who possess the soil of their country.

The great and striking distinction, then, between us and all other countries, is the want of a body of men, who, by their education, can create and support an intellectual and moral character in a nation; who, by their wealth, are relieved from the necessity of labour; and who, by the rank the laws give them, can assume importance and consideration;—in other words, that in monarchies an aristocracy is an integral part of the system, while in a republic the predominance of no class is allowed, but confidence as well as power is placed in the intelligence of the mass—the degree of attainment is left to the option of the individual, and there is no chance that one portion will become more improved than another. Where this is the case, moderate ability will be more encouraged, as it is better appreciated than great capacity, and a common standard and a

uniform level will be made for all minds ; since, in a democracy, which implies a nation of what in monarchies would be called the working and middling classes, the majority govern ; and, of course, all great erudition, the career and objects of all great talent, the patronage and pursuit of the fine arts, and the objects of mental cultivation, will be left to the taste and inclination of the individual, without being called forth by the circumstances of society. These are the strong lights in which our condition may be shown : a poor people, and, as such, devoted to the acquisition of the material enjoyments of life, yet contending with a civilized state long established—and its various wants and excitements, as a necessary result, influenced by the commercial spirit and its tendencies—without a large capital to concentrate the talent of the country, to direct its taste, and spread over its whole extent, as the point of emanation, the influences, the improvements, the polish of intellectual culture.

In acknowledging society to be imperfect, we do not mean that its state is hopeless. There is no more reason for supposing that in fifty years it will not be as much beyond that of England as it was fifty years ago—as that of England is now beyond what it was then. Indeed, the course of things is so rapid here, that the half century may find us one of the most powerful and cultivated nations of the earth. At present we have adopted too many of the customs of old countries, and at the same time are deficient in the intellectual improvement that comes with time and the action of old systems. This has been charged upon us as the blemish and fault of our institutions, instead of being regarded as the necessary and inevitable consequence of our condition. For how could intellectual improvement come in a country wanting wealth, or, rather, where all are seeking it—and where all, in attempting to secure the means of subsistence, are necessarily compelled to forego the sources and gratifications of pleasure ? Our enormous dimensions, too, are forgotten—that each state is an infant empire, and each capital an incipient London ; and though we have not, and probably never shall have, any one acting as the centre of all opinion—directing the feelings of the nation—the seat of all power, and source of all corruption ; still, those already existing aid in the moral and mental culture of the people, and, by their daily growth in population and wealth, advance towards the highest refinements of civilization—bringing forth at the same time the enduring advantages, with the loftier aims, which education and intellect demand : so that all we ask for purposes of improvement is time, with which to polish by art the materials nature has abundantly bestowed. But whether there ever will be seen in this country, while her

institutions remain as they are, those inordinate fortunes that exist under other forms of government—those magnificent modes of expenditure they almost exact—that liberal support of the fine arts and patronage of talent, that sometimes result from generosity of disposition, as frequently from pride and ostentation; whether in a republic, where a dignified simplicity of manner and mode of life is a part of the ideal, and, to a great extent, from the equality of fortune, the avoidance of display is almost a necessity; whether, in a system like ours, where wealth and ambition take different courses, and the rich are seldom the cultivated, there ever can be raised that vast framework of luxury that comes with hereditary rank and title, and political consideration—with the mental improvement they imply, and the dependence they impose on all who court their favour;—are questions that can only be answered by a distant future. But our business is not with that, it is with the present alone. Here all speculations must be built on what is passing; the future can make but little appeal to the past. But does not the present give a stupendous idea of what is to come? A nation whose only curse is its prosperity; which possesses institutions the world envies; which, with uniform manners and language, is carrying the arts and refinements of civilized life into deserts; whose destiny, though as yet shapeless, can be viewed in all the relief imagination can create; whose greatness can be augured by the broad forecast, and with the strongest suggestions of thought, almost unaided by hope, and with none of the hesitation or the doubts of despondency; to a people so situated, of what consequence are the transient and necessary evils of condition? and why are they judged as if they were the result of time-worn and decaying systems? Society we have allowed to be defective—not from any inherent fault, but from the unyielding force of necessity; the commercial spirit we have agreed to be a base measure of great things, and a bad mode of advancing them; at the same time we have traced those deficiencies to the home of our ancestors, and found there our virtues and vices; and why, with the same qualities, but with greater advantages, cannot we establish the same, if not a greater name?

One other charge, brought against us by those who fear or hate us, we shall also combat, as of far more importance than any other: that is, that we are deficient in the higher order of talent. What does it amount to? but that we are where all countries have been—that our condition, in comparison with old countries, is still humble—that in architecture, in painting, in sculpture, in poetry, in natural science, in philosophy, we have produced no one great genius. Let those who bring the charge, go back through the long past, and see how many great

names, in either of those departments of knowledge, are to be found in the annals of any people. Greece has but one Homer, Rome but one Virgil, Italy but one Dante, England but one Shakspeare, France but one Corneille; for, however great the merits of others, these are considered as without an equal. Then let it be considered how long those nations existed before they produced these men. Greece, if her history be not fabulous, began with her Homer; but how long was the interval before the appearance of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides? And it cannot be replied, that Greece was at that time rude and uncivilized, if it be true that she was a colony from Egypt and the East, where both men and arts had lived long enough to wear themselves out, and commence the decline towards which all things tend; and which frames the limit that checks mind and its advancement. Why, then, should we not have a great poet? Those who agree with the axiom, *poeta nascitur, non fit*, must accord that circumstances, of whatever character, cannot crush the strong instinct, the longing, the aspirations, of him who is, by his birthright, the true child of genius. Nothing can turn him from his course, for he is led by nature; nothing change him; nothing mould him to a different end, for all the strength of his conceptions—all the power of his thoughts—are supported and borne on by one great passion, and seem but to increase its intensity. It haunts him like a phantom—it encompasses him like destiny—it is the life of his mind, forming but the single object, the sole hope and last desire that he feels or looks forward to.

Why should not America bring forth one such being? and why should not the next great poetic spirit, who visits the earth, rise in this western world? He will have freedom and her institutions ready for him; will they deter him? Will his love of the storm and the struggle—his wish for something strong, against which the current of his mind may break itself—his hatred of oppression—his boundless desire for the uninterrupted exercise of all emotion and all thought, and the finding it at his side—will that quench the flame which urges him on, and beams with the light of fame and immortality? It is to be hoped, not; though it may be, that the very causes which lessen and destroy opposition, will subdue half the strength of the poet's spirit. He may find that his love of reforming will be of no avail; that he is thrown from the track of his predecessors; that he can no longer be the prophet of the tyrant's downfall, and a people's rise; and that all which is left him, is to join in the universal chant of freedom. His ambition must be to support and forward the institutions of his country; and there will be here sufficient room for the exertion of his talents. And whether his thoughts are expressed in poetry or not, he will

have carried the poet's ardour into all his objects, and the end he achieves, or assists in achieving, will be patriotic if not poetical. Thus, though he be deprived of making his own verse the record of his fame, there will be time, and history, and nations, to honour it, and give place to the deeds he wrought, and ends he effected, among the events which endure, and which form the impulse and give the material for the exertions of future genius.

As to architecture, Greece had but one Ictinus, and has but one Parthenon; for, however perfect or magnificent her other structures, this individual and this work are the most remarkable monuments of her taste and her grandeur. But how often is it in the career of nations, and more especially in republics, that a Pericles is found, or would be permitted to wield their resources for the execution of such glorious purposes. The age of single domination has gone by; the people and their leaders are to stand on the same level, and with the extension of the principle of democracy, no one man will be able to gain such supremacy as to direct the energies of a people, though the end and the motive may run together, and national reputation rise with, and depend on, the glory of the individual.

England has had but one Wren, and has but one St. Pauls. The vast Gothic piles that remain untouched, and as if in defiance of time, owe their existence to an era of darkness and comparative barbarism. No national sympathy or pride accompanied the erection of structures that have been the admiration of men and ages. And now, no more than then, does there centre in them the enthusiasm and affection that come, when a nation looks on such works as monuments of its glory, and turns to them as proofs of the wealth, taste, and intelligence of their ancestors. No interest of this kind attaches to York or Canterbury. They belong to a period which nations, as they improve in civilization, do not like to contemplate; for both thought and feeling recoil from the track of the dark ages, and imagination invests them with a gloomy repulsiveness, that grows and deepens as it dwells upon them. Men can only view these noble results of genius as evidence of the subjection of the human spirit—as testimony of the inordinate sway, power, and wealth, of a cold and pompous religion. Even the origin of the order is unknown, and the names of the architects forgotten; all of which shows the inferior condition of the mind of the times, and that the most splendid and perfect performances of art may be executed in the midst of rudeness.

As to painting, what or how many are the truly great names in that art? and what Raphael, Titian, or Guido, has England produced, or what interest has her government taken in that or any other matter of taste? France has had her Louvre for

years ; while it is only within the last twelve that her great rival has attempted the erection of a national gallery. In natural science and philosophy, the same remarks will apply, though not to the same extent. They both imply leisure and aptitude for their details ; for the world is not oftener visited by original genius, in those sciences, than in any other department of intellect. A Locke, a Bacon, or a Davy, are mere accidents in the intellectual world ; and are not brought forth by circumstances, or fostered or created by political institutions.

We grant, that where there are great talents, which can be fixed with equal ease on any science, and are without a particular bent, the direction they may take will depend on the state of society, and disposition of the individual ; much, too, on education and early bias, and on the hopes and objects which have been prefigured, and made to excite the ambition.

But great inventive and creative faculties, that are at all times extremely rare, appear to be sent to fill up vacancies and continue the direction and put in motion the course of thought. They may come at any time, and under a despotism or a republic ; though of course the extent of their labours will depend much on the facilities and encouragement accorded to them ; not that they will give up the thing they love, or surrender their powers to unpropitious circumstances, but that they have no means of execution, and cannot combat at once against the character of the age and poverty of materials. It is in this way that their conceptions run far beyond what they can effect, and go beyond the spirit and the condition of the era in which they live, so that their exertions and their thoughts fall to posterity, and require the toil of centuries to be fully wrought out. There seems no reason, then, why this country should not produce some great genius in those departments as well as other countries, unless it be, that American mind is to differ from all other, or that American institutions have thrown back the progress of intellect, or caused it to deteriorate. It is perhaps true, that where talents are of a high order, but without any particular inclination, they will not take to the fine arts or to science. We agree, that so far as this is the case, circumstances impede our intellectual improvement ; for it is a fact, that for the present, our social habits and political condition do not encourage energetic and persevering exertion in pursuits whose cultivation requires leisure and fortune, or great patronage. But is it not the same, even to its extreme, in the land of those who charge us with these defects ? Are there not at this moment, artists, authors, and men of science, neglected and poor—not those only, who have had no opportunities of distinction, but men whom all the world knows and respects ? Who is the president of the Royal Society ? A man distinguished for his

scientific literary attainments, or in the remotest degree a fit successor to Davy,—and why was a prince of the blood preferred to the first astronomer of the times? England has very little to say for herself, as to the patronage of her government or aristocracy, of men who would have done honour to her, though the meagre award of a pension has at times dishonoured those who offered it, and mortified those who accepted it, in the open acknowledgment of their necessities. On the continent, men of science and literature are in the service of the state; their governments aid and employ them, and reflect dignity on themselves by attaching to their service such names as Cuvier, Humboldt, and Niebuhr. It is not that there are no such men in England, but that reputation alone is not, in that country, sufficient to bear up against aristocratic influence and political corruption. All governments must have their tools, and with none are these more necessary than with one which has to resist a strong opposition, and at the same time to shelter and preserve itself against the suspicions of the people. In all free nations, moreover, there must be individual popularity to acquire notice and importance, as power is with the mass and not with the government, and the man must represent popular sentiment or some division of it, and popular opinion strongly back the man, to bring his claims before those who fear him, or wish to make use of him. And men of science and literature are at no time very likely to be what is called popular. Their influence will be with the minds of men and not with their interests or passions; they can therefore be employed by governments that feel themselves safe and established, and when their usefulness in their pursuits is not diminished by the toils and cares of office; but are far less likely to be brought forward, or even if they should be, to be useful to those which require the ready and unprincipled partisan, the man who is willing to hazard his integrity to serve his ambition, and become the instrument of others, to secure his narrow, base, and selfish designs.

In all free nations there is a strong political direction with the minds of all, that leads them to overlook the things that have no immediate interest. There must be leisure as well as taste, to feel and assist the nobler and higher arts, and among a people who are busy in examining the movements of their political machine, and looking to the conduct of those to whom they have entrusted their interests and liberties, there can be no general admiration for that which is purely intellectual. Besides, public opinion exacts from all their share of labour in the common cause; and there is an appearance of idleness and indifference in not acting up to this expectation, and of arrogance in attempting to resist it. This is the case in England, as well as here, except that there a large capital concentrates wealth and

intelligence, and keep up a strong social stimulus, by which genius is brought out and cherished. With this exception, notwithstanding her age, her universities, and the refinement these should introduce, England is behind other countries in her patronage of science and learning. Her aristocracy have been engaged in their pleasures, the turf, the ring, and the gaming table, and in gaining power to put forward family connections; and now, to all appearance, they are deeply occupied in the struggle for their existence. Her country gentry are removed from the influence of such matters,—all other classes are too poor or too ignorant to be useful. The causes that act on a country so far advanced in civilization should and do affect us in a greater degree. Without a class with great wealth and cultivated minds, without a capital to bring together the adventurer and his patron—to excite emulation by incessant collision, and give to all the chance of supplying their wants; it is true that we have no means of inspiring a constant and persevering zeal in pursuits which require long and strong mental exertion, and we cannot foster genius by administering to its necessities, or keep up its energies by cheering and aiding its endeavours, or by the intercourse and conversation of congenial minds. We confess there is but little to keep alive the fire of intellect, and prevent it from flickering and sinking,—but little of encouragement that upholds it in exhaustion and disappointment, and saves the spirit from growing tame with its own despair,—little by which the intellectual character of the country may be raised,—save through that intense desire of reputation that belongs to the higher order of minds, but which wears itself out or grows cold without some genial influence or some warmth of sympathy. It is indeed true, to a great extent, that those who have the ambition and the ability to gain distinction in literature or science, find their aspirations checked by the apathy with which their endeavours are received. They are even sensible of more than this negative sort of reproof, for they feel there is something approaching contempt cast on pursuits which show no taste or talent for, and are removed from, the active habits of business. It is not that there is *no* appreciation of the labours of such men, but that general neglect and indifference bring the same result as if there were none. Of what importance or utility can he be, what influence can he gain, who has the hardihood to divide himself from all the stirring interests of the community in which he lives, and devote himself to the retired though exhausting exertions of his closet? He is a drone mid the vigour and life around him; he stands alone in the hum and bustle of thriving multitudes; he attracts no attention, because he asks no favour, because he is not mingled with the sordid and selfish mass about him, because

he is independent of their interests, their reverses, or their prosperity. In this way, from this social chill, that benumbs his feelings from want of sympathy, of congenial intercourse, of active collision with superior or equal minds, the deeper powers of the soul are unfelt; and to shelter himself from the solitude of his condition, he is compelled to a course of life that opposes the current of his desires, in which success gives no pleasure, opposition rouses no energy, and ill-fortune destroys no hope.

This, though an unhappy, is a natural state of things; and the causes are as direct as any that ever control the movements and affairs of nations. Our politics and our poverty are the chief—with the powerful influence they hold, and the direction they give to the talents and ambition of individuals. Constant political excitement encourages with all the hopes of political elevation; and no one will lead the wearing life of a profession, with its distant rewards, when he can at once secure some consideration and repute by being the leader, or among the leaders, of a party.

With the presumption, the excusable presumption, of a young man, the hazards and struggles, with the precarious honours, and their short-lived bloom, that attach to a public career, are no impediment; and if, in after life, he should find that the fame he has gained is not worth the toil it has cost, he will find, too, that it is too late to change the direction of his tastes; that the tone of his mind has been affected, and the character of his thoughts lowered, by the attempt to seek and accommodate himself to the illusions and low arts of popularity.

In this as in all commercial countries, until there is a large body who do not make the pursuit of wealth their main object, most things will be measured by the standard of their usefulness, and intellect among the rest: for it will be valued not according to its degree, but by what it can produce; and genius must submit to being gauged as if it were a mercantile commodity. But mere utility, the submitting every thing to the test of the "*cui bono*," is a very cold, narrow, and withering limit to the faculties of man, and is far too base an object to excite the more generous feelings, or the more powerful energies of the mind. Besides, are we to confine it to the gaining and adding to those things which belong solely to the comforts and enjoyments of life? Is there nothing beyond? Is there not a spiritual as well as a material utility? For what is religion, and the glorious anticipations it places before us? or what is philosophy and its various departments? and who, that can appreciate and fully enjoy them, would surrender the happiness they create? Or who would forego those deep sources of contemplation that exhaust thought and overpower mind in their extent, yet add to its compass, and elevate its capacity? Yet,

what are these when brought to the measure of their utility? How do they bear on the general pursuits of men? And how can their loftier objects stand in the balance with the sordid desires, low aims, and confined wishes of the mass of men, all whose feelings are interested in forwarding their fortunes, and passions excited in the struggle of selfish success, and who seldom raise their thoughts above the meagre meanness of their hopes, unless in moments of disappointment? When there is an ebb in the current of success, and the feelings flow back upon themselves, the mind recoils from difficulty, and fortune looks haggard. This narrow measure, too, levels too far all intellectual distinctions, and places the lower arts on an equality with the higher; throwing the humble and the aspiring together, and bringing into constant connection things whose real tendencies are entirely opposite. This seems to be a necessary consequence, where the many and not the few are to judge of and decide upon the merits of individuals; the many, who rise no farther than the bare limits of their wants, instead of the few, who feel there is something beyond.

It does, no doubt, however, require both cultivation and elevation of mind to discover the difference and distinguish between the useful and the great. The one comes with a knowledge of one's self; the smallness and humility of one's desires and hopes; with the ignorance and want of understanding of those enlarged conceptions that dignify and exalt human nature. The idea of what is great implies the existence of an intellect that has studied and improved itself so far as to lament its deficiencies—to regret, perhaps exaggerate, its wants—and from this consciousness of the narrow bounds of its powers, and this assurance of its imperfections, gathers the love and admiration of that which is more perfect. But this is a degree of improvement that can be attained only by a few; and, in all countries, must comprise a very small portion of the sources of habitual thought and ordinary action. But here it is the mass who rule, while the more improved and better educated lie beneath the surface of society, like pebbles beneath the ocean, and over whom the vast billows of the majority roll resistlessly, if not contemptuously. They can exert only a distant, though it may be an efficient, moral power; for, though rejected as useless, and as adding nothing to man's material existence, they still exact respect from those who neglect them. They are, in a remote degree, the centres of action as they are the centres of thought, and thence the sources of opinion. But the influence, gathered in this way, may still be very feeble; for, unless men's minds are harassed by the apparent approach of a crisis, and they are made cowards by danger, and are thus thrown back on the resources of the more reflecting and intellectual, who are

less liable to passing excitements, more will depend on the popularity of the opinion than on its excellence. Its circulation will be the consequence of the number it pleases, and not of its truth or intrinsic value.

If this be true, and such are the circumstances of our country; if it be, that, in a republic, where the will of the majority is paramount—all submits to the pleasure, and all tends and is meant for the happiness of the greater number—that the useful forms the sole idea of the great, then what are our chances of forming a national character, founded on the love of glory or virtue, or of establishing institutions that shall not only call forth but appreciate and make use of the highest order of minds? It may be true, and probably is, that the genius of the individual is influenced, though not directed, by his own circumstances, or those of the society in which he lives.

We have declared that there is an inward impulse, expressive, to all appearance, of a resistless power, which stimulates the will of him who possesses it to pursue, to their fullest extent, his inclinations. Still, it is very possible to curb if not crush this disposition; to drive it into other channels; to make it exhaust itself in unavailing efforts, where volition is a painful exertion, and not a pleasurable exercise; and, in this way, many, who might be pre-eminent in the career of intellect, are made to drop to the level of inferiors; to feel their powers ebb in the direction of the ordinary and commonplace; and at length forced to struggle amidst difficulties that are created by their contempt, loss of energy, and want of ambition. The individual mind is generally the type of the national, and where this is of a common cast, and the society which it governs receives coldly, or does not appreciate, the higher exercise of talent in literature, the fine arts, or science, then, greatness not being appreciated, nothing great will be attempted.

There is something in this view that staggers the fondness of one's hopes; but as there are excellent causes for the condition, and they have their remedies, there is still room for confidence and consolation; and more especially when it is remembered, that however discouraging are the immediate influences, still men's talents are developed according to their opportunities, and that the industry with which they exert them, and their direction, are in proportion to the character and quantity of their wants. The improvement and the change in this state of things, will come with the increase of wealth, and the influence of more thorough education.

It may be true that our citizens in general do not receive the same fundamental instruction as in older countries, and that they are in consequence more superficial; and yet they receive all that their circumstances will admit, and all that is necessary to

fit them for the active business of life, for which much the larger portion are intended. It is not easy to point out the degree of culture an individual or a nation may attain or require; but it is sufficiently evident that the education usually acquired here is imperfect and insufficient, as all reposes on the intelligence of the mass,—the fate, the character, and the influence of our institutions. The more this is developed, the greater chance is there for the greatness of our people, and the permanence of our government. Our first and greatest defect, from causes that are obvious, is the want of discipline,—and thence comes the want of self-control and habit of submission and subordination,—and thence self-conceit, and pride of opinion, and rash and immature decision on matters which require thought; and as a necessary result from the low standard of intellect, to which the ignorant and unformed judgments of men have attached their admiration, an undue applause and approbation, not of the truly great, but of the ordinary, who are elevated to that rank. The danger of this in a popular government is obvious, as by it individuals of common capacity are wrought by the popular favour they have the art to gain, into models of excellence and superiority; and where, as here, there is a constant shifting of sentiment, men, who have cunning and plausibility to meet these currents and rise upon their tide, are likely to outwit and put aside those who adhere to principle and look to the interests of the country rather than to their own, and who are honest enough to sacrifice personal ambition to their conscience and their honour.

It will never, of course, be possible to give equal education to all; but so much is essential as to enable all to decide on public men and measures, to discriminate between the value of individuals, to distinguish honesty from art, and patriotism from the desire of power,—Cato from Cæsar, Washington from Bonaparte. If there is no hope of effecting this, there is then but small hope of preserving a republic; for where the mass have the power, every thing will depend on the integrity and intelligence of those who represent them; and who are these to be,—the artful, and perhaps worthless, whom they love, or the honest whom they persecute? But the education to which we first directed our remarks, is of a higher degree than that to which we now allude. Yet it differs only in degree, for the results of both are the same in their different extents,—the one being for the larger body, whose means and objects in life do not permit and do not require much mental cultivation, the other for those who are able, and only want the will, to improve themselves to the top of their capacity.

If public life is to be, as we presume it must be, the desire and aim of all or nearly all the talent and ambition of the country, then this is an additional reason why the acquirements

should be as thorough as possible ; not that men of learning,—though it will be a long time, under our circumstances, before many such are produced,—are wanted, but that there should be that sufficiency of solid knowledge which creates the habit of rigid enquiry, and puts down and makes contemptible the pert readiness of superficial thinking.

One of the hopes anxiously entertained, and one of the wants, we think, to be most seriously felt, is the appreciation of all talent ; since, in the general diffusion of information, and the great facilities offered for improvement, there is no reason why the various powers men display and exercise, should not meet admiration and applause. On this feeling for intellect and its attainments will depend much of the beauty of our institutions, for it will fill the ideal their friends have imagined, and bring out the excellence they have attached to them. On this feeling, too, are built some of the fairest hopes belonging to our political existence ; for with it come the sense and the love of virtue, the respect for real worth, and the disposition to use it, the capacity with all to understand the highest order of merit, and of course to yield it praise. If it be hopeless to produce a general feeling of this sort, then our system is almost hopeless, and our destinies are to be the same with those of other free people, and we merely run through the usual career : liberty, anarchy, and ruin,—the licentiousness and desolation of mobs, the disorders of factions, and their consequences,—ending like Rome, with an empire and its tyrants.

For what is the first element of a popular government ? universal equality ; and what is its first reliance ? a mass, who are capable of understanding the rights it creates, and supporting the necessities their condition imposes. And how can this be effected ? by allowing one portion to be ignorant because they are poor, and another to be well instructed because they are rich ; in this way splitting us into classes, and weakening or obliterating all sympathy between different portions of the community ? It may seem to those who have no enthusiasm excited in the cause of universal freedom,—who look backward for the future, and are ever, when the view is thrown forwards, sighing over the ruins of the past,—who have no hope of the advancement of man beyond that he has been, no reliance on the progress of his fortunes towards a state his well-wishers have pictured as that of perfectibility,—who cannot conceive, and therefore regard with despair, a condition in which the violence and perversity and lofty errors of the passions, may be subdued to the plain level of his real interests and true welfare,—to such, the very standard of excellence we have thought it necessary a republic should attain, may, in its seeming impracticability, prove the absurdity of such a form of government, and the

wildness of imagining it can be made permanent. We admit, that to those who take this gloomy view of human nature, and who never allow the imagination to illuminate its dark records, this impassioned hope may seem wild and strange; but yet it grows naturally, from seeing what men have done and are doing, from the new relations they have assumed, from the novel experiment we have undertaken, and the vast events that must rise from its good or bad fortune. To all who are republicans in heart, no encouragement is necessary to give them confidence in the institutions of their country; but to foreigners, and to all who cannot adopt a new class of feelings, and throw by the prejudices they have inherited, the very novelty of what they see will create doubts as to its success; and it is to sentiments formed in this way, and opinions so loosely taken up, that our remarks have been directed.

As to the opinion any one may form of a republic, whether it is a good or a bad kind of government, we have nothing to say. We only combat bigotry and illiberality, not the deductions of one's reason; and where our institutions are unreasonably and unjustifiably assaulted, and a whole people outraged, according to the caprice, ignorance, or incapacity, of an entire stranger. We confess, that it must be difficult for one from an old country to subdue, as soon as he lands here, feelings he has imbibed early, and prejudices arising from those feelings which form a part of his mode of thinking. Yet a man who cannot do this, is unfit for an observer of the institutions of foreign countries. If he cannot at once divest himself of all which relates to another condition of things, he is not prepared to judge, and should not pretend to sit in judgment. He is only come to cavil and compare, not examine. Averted from his design by impressions he cannot conquer, what right has he to decide, or what means has he of deciding, on the relative and real value of systems with all whose practical advantages he is utterly unacquainted?

It undoubtedly requires much of the temperament of the philosopher—his coolness of judgment—his power of looking on truth in the abstract, and his deep love of it, to throw by the mass of prejudices whose origin is more distant than memory—whose roots are entwined with our affections, and which form, perhaps, much of the strength and worth of character. Yet they must be unloosed and thrown aside, or all nations will be measured by the standard of one; their capacities, their present state and future history, will be determined by that which is peculiar to some other, and cannot be transferred. We do not mean that the individual is to adopt the nature and sentiments of a citizen of the land he visits, but merely that he should study the causes of what he sees; that

he should deduce fairly their good or bad consequences, but not consider a thing as bad or dangerous, because it is not found at home, or as useful and important, because it is found there. He should become, for a time, a citizen of the world, adapt himself to the circumstances of the people he is among, and not find fault with what he sees, because it is uncommon, or because the contrast is great with that to which he is accustomed. If it be imperfect, and this be inevitable, from a cause or causes that could not be changed, is it not like cursing the heat of the sun, or the opposing winds and currents of the ocean, to depreciate or find fault with that which no power can alter? The disappointment might be much less, if expectations were distinctly defined before he commences his travels; then there would be no regret for the non-existence of things that are forbidden by circumstances, and none of that absurd discontent which worries the spirits, and creates a false medium for the judgment, and throws a false hue over every thing.

Is there no pleasure in discovering the effects of government on a people? how far it forms national character? or how much this determines the nature of the government? or in speculating on the vast future, through which they must move? and how far the past and the present influence the consummation of their destiny? If there be no pleasure in this kind of speculation, or one has not the mind to make it, it is an additional evidence of unfitness to travel any where; but more especially in this country. In other portions of the globe, there is little use in trying to imagine what a people are to be; they already have been, and one only looks on the ruins of cities and empires, and asks himself of the causes of their downfall—the questions of their decay, not of their prosperity; asks himself why nations have been swept away? why innumerable human spirits have inhabited the earth, and then passed off like shadows? In this desolation, this apparent annihilation of the existence of man, and obliteration of every vestige of human power, he is led to the question, what is man? what is the being whom Heaven itself seems almost to have forgotten—of whom, save a few monuments which time spares, and a few literary memorials to show the immortality of genius, there is not a trace? These gloomy questionings are such as come to us by the Nile or the Tiber, the Jordan or the Euphrates; by the Pyramids, the broken walls of the Colosseum, the solitary columns of Balbec, the diminishing fragments of God's holy city, and in all or every land except this, where the spirit of liberty has made her home, and the human soul rejoices in the free exercise of its powers and the glad hopes of their utmost development.

ART. VIII.—*Message from the PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, transmitting, in compliance with a Resolution of the Senate, sundry Documents relating to the Northeastern Boundary of the United States.* Washington : 1836.

The announcement of the president, at the opening of the last session of congress, that Great Britain declined to renew the negotiation, respecting the northeastern boundary, without certain preliminary conditions, which he deemed to be incompatible with a satisfactory and rightful adjustment of the controversy, has served, in some degree, to awaken the flagging interest attached to this still vexed question. It well invited the considerate call made by the senate for the diplomatic correspondence on the subject, with the usual deference to the opinion of the executive, in the first instance, as to its expediency; and the publication, by order of that body, of the communications which have passed between the successive secretaries of state, during the three years that the subject has engaged that department and the representatives of the British government at Washington, has tended to enlighten, if it has not entirely satisfied, the public mind as to those points, touching which its curiosity has thus been justly and sensibly excited. The view taken by the committee of the senate was, no doubt, correct, that it was better that the curtain should be lifted from the present state of the negotiation, than that it should be left in protracted concealment, and be made a matter of unnecessary mystery, especially as the business seemed to have arrived at a dead stand.

If it must be conceded that we lie under some disadvantages from the transparency of all our political relations, and of the intercourse of our government with foreign cabinets,—and under some inconvenience, also, from the checks which our system imposes on the depositaries of public power, and which prevent that greater directness, simplicity, and vigour of action, which a monarchical government is enabled to bring to bear upon subjects of its absolute and unquestionable authority, we may, nevertheless, find some compensation in the life and freshness that are thus imparted to the transaction of our important national affairs as a direct expression from the mint of public sentiment. It affords the more perfect benefit of an immediate responsible agency in those affairs; and it serves, also, to realise and fulfil to us the guarantee which the principles of our fundamental compact were designed to give us, through its constitutional forms, against any disposition to those masterly strokes of statesmanship, denominated, in the French phrase, *coups d'état*. It operates as a security against any exorbitant tendency

of the head in advance and at the expense of the members of the Union.

But, without multiplying general remarks of this kind, we may observe two things ;—*first*, that we do not perceive, from what has been exhibited, that the interests of this question have undergone any material injury from the want of a regular minister of the highest rank, during this period, at the court of St. James ; as, after all, and under all the varying phases which the negotiation has assumed, it is sufficiently apparent that it has substantially resolved itself into an almost direct intercourse between the two governments, the business having been conducted, on the other side, very much in the way it was at Ghent, in 1814, under immediate instructions, received from time to time, from the ministry at home. The intervals, to be sure, have been occasionally rather longer in keeping up the communication on that side—being interrupted, in the first place, by the absence of Mr. Vaughan, who returned, to resume his station in this country, as Sir Charles R. Vaughan, and by the longer time required for receiving new instructions,—and in some measure, also, it may be, by the necessarily extraordinary attention the British government has been obliged to give to its own domestic affairs. But, although this may have operated as some inconvenience, we do not know that it all amounted to much in point of fact. If the scene had been transferred to London, there would have been simply a reversal of the different positions of the parties, and, possibly, without much greater speed upon the whole. At all events, we do not discover much occasion of sensible regret in the loss of the opportunity with which any responsible functionary might have been charged—so far as can be judged from the views of the parties developed in the actual course of negotiation—in not having been engaged in what would seem to have been, at best, but an ineffectual service, except to manifest the amicable disposition of the government of the United States, in regard to an adjustment of the controversy. And, *secondly*, as has been just suggested, we have to remark, that there is the most entire and ample acknowledgment, by the British minister, of the favourable disposition which was brought by the president to the consideration of every reasonable expedient that could be proposed for the solution of this obstinate difficulty. From the nature and peculiarity of the kind of reconnoissances—if we may borrow this term of military art—into the field of the controversy, we are not sure, indeed, that time was very essential, or that the parties are any more likely to approach than they were at the outset. The dispute seems rather more to elude, and even defy, the resources of diplomatic ingenuity ; and the

departure is only becoming wider, in such a situation of things, as while one of the parties perseveringly insists on the propriety of trying to discover the intentions of the treaty of 1783, in the terms employed by that instrument to describe the boundary, the other peremptorily demands to have the description discarded and abandoned, as altogether defective and impracticable, and as affording no correct guide for direction or determination. We must confess that, in this state of the question, we are more strongly reminded than ever of the ancient controversy about the limits of Acadia; and we might be more and more led to despair of a satisfactory and peaceful determination of the question in debate, if we were not disposed to place a final reliance upon the prevailing principles of justice and wisdom in the moral government of human affairs.

It seems now to be matter of consent, that the king of the Netherlands, deeming himself unable to trace the line of boundary in conformity with the description contained in the treaty, abandoned the character of arbitrator, and substituted the office of mediator; and it appears to be equally clear, also, that he did not decide the question submitted to him at all, or that he decided it in a manner unwarranted by the terms of the reference. The failure, indeed, of the umpire to establish a boundary, according to the description of the treaty, is no less forcibly stated and insisted upon by the British government than it was asserted in the resolution of the senate; although the former considered it mutually obligatory on both parties to the submission to accede to the compromise which that sovereign recommended, while the view taken by the senate simply was that the decision of the arbiter, to be final and conclusive, and to be carried into effect, according to the convention of 1827, was, *in fact*, to be a *decision*, and that there was no obligation to accede to an expedient, such as proposed, upon the avowed principle of not being able to come to any decision. Some criticism, to be sure, is interposed by Sir Charles Vaughan upon the character and weight of the votes of the senate upon this point; but the subject is placed in a very clear light by the sensible exposition and well-supported remarks of Mr. M'Lane, founded on the whole record of the doings of the senate, in the final construction of which Sir Charles Vaughan seems to acquiesce with a very good grace.

By the refusal of our government to accede to this unexpected species of award, it was early signified that the British cabinet considered itself remitted to its former pretensions, which were declared to be revived, in consequence, to their full extent. And, at the close of the correspondence under review, it is distinctly announced by Mr. Bankhead, the British *chargé d'affaires*,

that Great Britain withdraws its consent to accept the territorial compromise recommended by the king of the Netherlands; so that that subject is for ever put to rest, the proposal of the arbiter for an adjustment being mutually discarded by the solemn acts of both parties, equally competent to its renouncement; and both parties again have reverted to the position in which they were placed by the treaty of Ghent. In the view taken by Mr. Livingston of this position, they were thrown back to the convention of 1827; and his idea was, that as the arbitrator selected under it had found himself incapable of fulfilling that office, it was apparently incumbent on the parties to the submission still to endeavour to carry the provisions of that convention into execution, by proceeding to agree upon some other suitable person or mode, such, for example, as selecting a commission, to be composed of accomplished and scientific Europeans. But this suggestion did not seem to find sufficient favour with the British government to obtain its concurrence or approbation. There can be no kind of doubt of the sincerity, and even earnestness, of the latter government to have the proposition of the arbiter adopted; and, after the prospect of its acceptance was extinguished, they still urged that there were several points belonging to the subject which the arbiter had fully established, (although he had failed to establish any certain and positive conclusion,) and which the American government were bound to acknowledge as being within the legitimate scope of his authority. In regard to the character of these specific points, we may have something more particular to say presently. But the fallacy, not to say futility, of this singular assumption was pointed out in the obvious remark of Mr. M'Lane, that it was requiring an acquiescence, on the part of the United States, in the dialectic course of reasoning adopted by the arbiter, while they were obliged to reject the result which he reached by these premises. Here, in fine, they parted; the government of the United States pressing a renewal of the experiment, and that the task of tracing the line intended to be pursued by the treaty should be continued until every reasonable expedient had been tried, and that of Great Britain insisting that those means had already been exhausted, that any further attempt would be fruitless, and that nothing, in fact, remained, but to lay aside the terms of the treaty, and to agree upon a new conventional line of boundary, most convenient to the contracting parties, in respect to their contiguous territories.

But the negotiation was not brought abruptly and absolutely to this conclusion on the part of the British government—although its policy was pretty early disclosed in the course of it—without apparently considering and weighing the character and probable effect of every alternative presented by the Ame-

rican government. It is necessary to observe, that a new element was interposed in the negotiation. The right of the state of Maine to have a voice in any arrangement, by which the limits of her territory, established by the treaty of 1783, should be affected, was started, in the first place, not in a very decided manner, by Mr. Livingston, and it was afterwards more distinctly asserted and vindicated in the progress of the discussion. As any conventional line to be drawn south of the true line of the treaty would deprive Maine of so much of her territory as it should cut off, it could not, as it was subsequently and very pointedly remarked by Mr. McLane, be adopted, "unless upon grounds of greater public necessity than at present exists, without the consent of that state." Had the king of the Netherlands actually undertaken to designate the line which he proposed as the real boundary indicated by the treaty of 1783, it seems to have been considered by Mr. Livingston that this objection, set up on the part of the state of Maine, could not have been urged to any effect. This question of state right proved, in the course of the correspondence, to be an element of some importance, and seems, in some manner, to have given a turn to the negotiation.

It was intimated, early in the correspondence, by Mr. Livingston, that even if the negotiation, which he, in his first letter to Mr. Bankhead, invited to be opened at Washington, on account, among other reasons, of being in the vicinity of the territory in dispute, should fail to result in an agreement upon the true line designated by the treaty of 1783, means would probably be found of avoiding the constitutional difficulties that had hitherto attended "the establishment of a boundary more convenient to both parties than *that designated by the treaty*, or that recommended by the king of the Netherlands. This was in consequence, as he signified, of an arrangement then going on between the United States and the state of Maine, by which the government of the United States expected to be clothed with more ample powers than it had previously possessed to effect that end. In order to explain what might otherwise seem to be a strain of complaisance, on the part of Mr. Livingston, in laying such stress on constitutional impediments, which had prevented the establishment of a more convenient boundary to both parties than that which was designed by the treaty—no embarrassment of which kind he seemed to think need interfere with going through the form, at least, of trying to find that fixed by the treaty—it is fit to add, that he also thought the negotiation to be opened on this main point should necessarily embrace the right of the navigation of the St. John, as an object of hardly less consequence than that of the boundary. It does not appear that any particular modification of the

boundary itself, other than in this manner, was contemplated by Mr. Livingston, in relation to the river St. John.

The date of Mr. Livingston's first communication to this effect, addressed to Mr. Bankhead, was in July, 1832. The reply of Sir Charles R. Vaughan—passing a mere formal note of acknowledgment from Mr. Bankhead, delivered in April, 1833—declines to mix up the navigation of the St. John as an ingredient in the question of boundary, although he avows no disinclination on the part of his government to treat it as a matter of separate arrangement, supposing the other to be satisfactorily disposed of. He expresses, however, a curiosity to learn from Mr. Livingston, in the first place, what was the principle of the plan of boundary, which the American government seemed to contemplate as likely to be more convenient to both parties than those which had been previously discussed; and secondly, whether any arrangement, such as Mr. Livingston had alluded to, had been concluded between the general government and Maine, for avoiding the constitutional difficulty. To this enquiry, Mr. Livingston answered that the hopes and anticipations which had been entertained of forming an arrangement, which would enable him to treat for a more convenient boundary, had not been realised; and that the government of the United States could therefore, in that state of things, treat only on the basis of the establishment of the boundary presented by the treaty.

It may not be amiss here, perhaps, to bear in mind the position in which Maine was admitted to stand in regard to this question—together with the arrangement which Mr. Livingston had expected to accomplish towards arriving at a more direct result—in looking at the practical expedient which he afterwards offered to the consideration of the British government, through their minister, for relieving the difficulty. It is further to be premised, that Sir Charles R. Vaughan, apprized that the arrangement, alluded to by Mr. Livingston as in progress during the previous summer, had failed, professed not entirely to comprehend the new view of the subject which had been partially opened, or rather hinted, by Mr. Livingston, and which the latter conceived might lead to a more propitious issue. Without waiting, however, for an answer from the British government, to the overture for treating upon the principle of the treaty boundary, which Sir Charles R. Vaughan undertook to transmit without delay, he at the same time urged Mr. Livingston to propose some more prompt and effective measure for the settlement of the boundary, than a renewal of the experiment to ascertain it according to the original description upon any plan, which, however improved it might appear, did not promise to produce any speedy and satisfactory decision. This

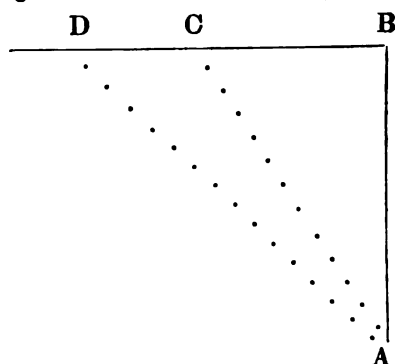
pressing invitation, it will be observed, led to the specific project communicated by Sir Charles R. Vaughan, in a note of May 28th, 1833, and which was presented as a further development of the view proposed in a former note of April 30th, and as embodying, also, the substance of intermediate conversations. The simple point of the proposition, it may be mentioned, was first signified by Mr. Livingston, in his former note, in the following manner :—

“Boundaries of tracts and countries where the region through which the line is to pass is unexplored, are frequently designated by natural objects, the precise situation of which is not known, but which are supposed to be in the direction of a particular point of the compass. Where the natural object is found in the designated direction, no question can arise. Where the course will not touch the natural boundary, the rule universally adopted is, not to consider the boundary as one impossible to be traced, but to preserve the natural boundary, and to reach it by the nearest direct course. Thus, if, after more accurate surveys shall have been made, it should be found that the north course, from the head of the St. Croix, should not reach the highlands which answer the description of those designated in the treaty of 1783, then a direct line from the head of the St. Croix, *whatever may be its direction*, to such highlands, ought to be adopted, and the line would still be conformable to the treaty.”

The application of the principle to the matter in hand, as solicited by Sir Charles R. Vaughan, is thus further unfolded in Mr. Livingston's subsequent note of May 28th :—

“The boundary, as far as the head of the river St. Croix, is ascertained and agreed upon by both nations. The monument erected there is then a fixed point of departure. From thence we have a two-fold description of boundary : a line in a certain direction, and a natural object to which it was supposed the line in that direction would lead ; ‘a line from the source of the river St. Croix, directly north,’ and the highlands which divide the waters that flow into the Atlantic ocean from those which flow into the river St. Lawrence. The American government have believed that these two descriptions would coincide, that is to say, that the highlands designated by the treaty would be reached by a north line drawn from the head of the St. Croix. They make no pretensions further east than that line ; but if, on a more accurate survey, it should be found that the north line, mentioned in the treaty, should *pass each of the highlands therein described*, and that they should be found at some point further west, then the principle to which I refer would apply, to wit : that the direction of the line to connect the two natural boundaries must be altered so as to suit their ascertained position. Thus, in the annexed diagram, suppose A the monument at the head of the St. Croix, AB the north line drawn from them. If the highlands, described in the treaty, should be found in the course of that line, both the descriptions in the treaty would be found to coincide, and the question would be at an end ; if, on the contrary, those highlands should be found at C or D, or any other point west of that line, then the eastern boundary of the United States would be the line AC or AD, or any other line drawn directly

from the point A to the place which should be found to answer the description of the highlands mentioned in the treaty."



It is quite obvious, that this view of the case might have held out to Sir Charles R. Vaughan the prospect of a very simple expedient for getting round or getting rid of what was called the constitutional difficulty, arising from the position of the state of Maine in regard to the question. But it is in its more immediate and important public light, that it is principally to be considered, as the enunciation, in a somewhat authoritative form, of a new practical proposition in regard to the proper application of the description of boundary in the treaty of 1783 to the face of the earth. In this point of view, we are naturally led, in the first place, to enquire how far it probably comports with the actual intention of the framers of that treaty, understanding, as we are bound to do, that it was not designed in any manner to deal with that description as devoid of meaning; but that the object was, in good faith and honesty, to seek for the true and just exposition of its terms, according to the real state of facts and geography of the land. While we plainly see here on the one hand, the evidence of a sufficient disposition, on the part of our own government, to approach the wishes of the British, in regard to the establishment of a mutually convenient boundary, yet, on the other, we are not disposed to entertain any idea so inconsistent with the high character of those who are charged with our great public affairs, as statesmen and patriots, as to suppose they would be capable of straining a point to subserve any sinister purpose, or that they would wittingly lend their aid to weaken our case as a claim by the force and upon the plain terms of the treaty by any evasive or artificial compromise of the signification of them.

As this proposition terminated the official connection of Mr. Livingston with the question, and, at the same time, necessarily entered into its subsequent treatment in the hands of his

successor, Mr. M'Lane, the present may be a suitable place to pause for a moment, and to scan, in a cursory manner, the ground upon which that learned and lamented statesman undertook to sustain the idea which he suggested; and which, so far as it is not to be looked upon in the light of a diplomatic expedient, certainly does seem to us to be founded in some singular misapprehension. We do not know that any fault is to be found with the principle in the form first stated by Mr. Livingston, as one that is recognized and well fixed in our general system of municipal law, in familiar use and practice, probably, in the courts of this country, and, for aught we know, considered, as afterwards observed, we think, by Mr. Forsyth, as an established rule of boundary before the Revolution—that is to say, that monuments should govern rather than mere lines. But the question here, as elsewhere and always, is, what kind of monument was intended? whether one of a more or less definite and general character or description? Now, so far as any single and solid monument was marked or made by the treaty, it was no more nor less than the northwest angle of Nova Scotia; a monument fixed, and to be sought for, rather out of, than in the United States; and one, so far as it bore the character of a monument, to be determined by the known condition of facts and signification of documents existing before the parties, and in their view at the formation of the treaty.

Without taking any great exception, therefore, to the general form of the principle assumed, we are not quite sure that in its actual application the true character of the monument in question has not been rather lost sight of, in the limited and peculiar manner that it was looked at by Mr. Livingston. For the definition of that monument, found in the treaty, is taken by Mr. Livingston to exist, at the same time, in a more distinguished, and, also, a more indeterminate, condition, than it has always been understood, both historically and geographically, to be, as well in Europe as America, not only till the end of the last century, but far into the present. This monument, to wit, the northwest angle of Nova Scotia, was never supposed to be any particular peak or height; nor had it, in that point of view, any known and determinate position or elevation; but it was an intersection of that large, long, and broad feature of the country which divides the waters rising in that region, upon the plain and ordinary principles of hydrostatics, into two classes, those flowing into the river St. Lawrence, and those flowing into the Atlantic ocean—as that general course of demarcation should be intersected, by a meridian from the river St. Croix. This geographical species of delimitation has been denominated in that language which forms the conventional dialect of Europe, the *point du partage*, or more appro-

priately in reference to the peculiar character of the divisions designated in the communication, formerly made by Mr. Preble to Mr. M'Lane, from the Hague, as the *ligne des versants*. This latter term of description is more expressively applicable to what is entitled to be assumed, as belonging to a continuous line of boundary—a boundary line not merely determining the actual point in question, viz: the conterminous northwest angle of Nova Scotia, and northeast angle of the United States, but also ranging along, and dividing off, the northern frontiers of what were once the provinces of Nova Scotia, now New Brunswick, and Massachusetts, including Maine, from the southern frontier of the province of Quebec, since called Lower Canada. Such a range as this must necessarily be over hill and valley, through dense, rough, and rare; and the enquiry after it, of course, is different from the pursuit of any single natural or artificial object, save that point, whereabouts it may be, at which the united terms of the description may be found to coincide. The general description of highlands thus dividing waters, was, we all well know, first politically adopted by Great Britain after the peace and the proclamation of 1763, and was a deliberate and determinate part of a great system of policy and boundary, established, and most industriously marked out, by the English government at that celebrated epoch. It was adopted, in pursuance of a general scheme for marking off the old colonies and provinces upon the Atlantic, as they were all then situated, and severing them from their respective charter or constructive claims, which they had been allowed to set up upon the interior—thus constituting a grand reserve of the great and entire domain in the rear of the whole Atlantic seaboard for the crown. When the French were extending their cordon from the St. Lawrence to the Mississippi, it was convenient to encourage these comprehensive claims of the more ancient colonies, by parallels of latitude from the Atlantic to the Pacific. But when Canada was ceded, the crown succeeded to the vast field of debateable and unappropriated territory, by the sovereign and transcendental title of conquest; and thereupon a new and complete system of political delimitation for the British dependencies upon this continent was devised, and settled, and carried out, in the most solemn forms. The general line of division, established by the proclamation of 1763, extended its geographical sweep from the Gulf of Mexico to that of St. Lawrence, touching along the outer and bolder, and more remarkable projections of the country that turn its interior waters into the Atlantic, from one extremity to the other; it would hardly be a stretch of fancy to say, from where the Alleghanies emerge again on the one side, according to the idea of the Abbé Raynal, in the Antilles, to where, at the other end, the highlands, rising

along the sources of the Connecticut and Chaudière, presenting themselves in a more obvious and visible profile upon the bank of the St. Lawrence, trend down toward Cape Rosières and the opposite island of Anticostée. This general description of boundary, in fact, for the Atlantic colonies, under the form of securing the crown lands from encroachment, adopted the great *ligne des versants*, determined by the more broad and lofty features of the country; and it appropriated to the prerogative title of the crown, all the rich valley of the Mississippi with the whole soil that supplies the immense mass of interior waters, which pour out from the lakes, through the river St. Lawrence, into the same broad bosom of the ocean.

This strong political measure, the proclamation of 1763, establishing the new provincial governments of Quebec and Florida—and comprehending one also for the recently acquired islands of Grenada and the adjacent archipelago—it will be remembered, undertook to mark off the limits of the American colonies and plantations, by a general reservation of all lands and territories lying “beyond the heads or sources of any of the rivers which fall into the Atlantic ocean from the west or northwest.” In another form of expression it extended the dominion of the crown over all the lands, &c. “to the westward of the sources of the rivers which fall into the sea from the west and northwest, as aforesaid.” It included in fine all the lands and territories, *without* as well as *within* the limits of those three new governments (besides those of the Hudson’s Bay Company), of that general description. The line of limitation thus established, struck off from the Ohio toward Lake Ontario, and followed the line constituting the southern boundary of the government of Quebec—along the forty-fifth degree of latitude, (crossing the head of Lake Champlain),—whence it is described as “striking to the northeast, along the highlands which divide the rivers that empty themselves into the grand river St. Lawrence from those which fall into the sea—and also along the north coast of the Bay des Chaleurs, and the coast of the Gulf of St. Lawrence to Cape Rosières.” In the Annual Register of 1763, which contains the proclamation, the historical summary states that in forming the line of the new government of Canada, after its departure from Lake Champlain and the 45th parallel of latitude, it reached “quite to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, through the highlands which separate the rivers which fall into the great river of Canada from those which fall into the ocean.” The proclamation of 1763 was in October. In the next month the province of Nova Scotia was re-constructed by a commission to Montague Wilmot, who was appointed its governor, and bounded “to the northward by the *southern boundary of the province of Quebec*,”—“and to the westward by a line

drawn from Cape Sable across the entrance of the Bay of Fundy to the mouth of the river St. Croix—by the said river to its source, and by a line drawn due north from thence to the *southern boundary of Quebec*. The description contained in these two documents create and designate the *northwest angle of Nova Scotia*; and so it is accordingly marked upon the contemporaneous map, which was published in the same volume of the Annual Register, of the British dominions in North America, with the limits of the governments annexed thereto by the treaty of peace, settled by the proclamation. The same map, it may be again observed, is continued in subsequent editions of the Annual Register to the end of the American war. Further evidence in illustration of this fact may at present be forborne.

The idea of such a succession of highlands, as was described in the document and marked down upon the map, was not new. It was not the fiction of the government, nor the invention of the day. The English cabinet would not have found it easy to impose upon the jealous, sharp-sighted, and sagacious colonies, whose limits they were curtailing, a false and spurious description of things that were known not to exist. And there neither was nor could be at that day any mistake in understanding what was the direction which the highland boundary, however it might be formed, was intended to take. It had its foundation obviously in nature, while a more gradual and less sudden declivity marked the longer and more direct or winding passages of the large rivers, from the Connecticut to the St. John into the Atlantic, the descent became more abrupt and apparent upon the other side, as it turned down its short and rapid streams into the St. Lawrence. It required no mathematical skill or scientific instruments to determine a question of that kind, which was sufficiently obvious to the common understanding and observation of mankind. The description of such a general course of highlands bordering upon the St. Lawrence and rolling downward toward Cape Rosières, is contained in historical documents in the first plan of the French government, of which there can be no suspicion, existing in the seventeenth century. On old maps they are named mountains of *Notre Dame*; on Mitchell's map a section of them to the eastward are called *Lady Mountains*. The existence of such a general range of highlands was adverted to and dwelt upon in the political and historical survey of the state of the colonies taken by Douglas, in successive editions which appeared prior to the war of 1756, and to the peace of 1763; and in that work the convenience of this natural species of delimitation for future purposes,—as a fence against the French, and a permanent well-defined frontier and barrier for the New England and Nova Scotia border, is distinctly pointed out; and it was publicly

recommended to the notice of the British government in reference to its duties and to the interests of the colonies, as they might be affected by the prosperous events of the war, or approaching negotiations for peace. The history of the policy of that period, as it was developed in the proclamation of 1763, upon the new turn of events to the welfare of the colonies, and the instinctive perceptions of its character by the patriotic minds of that day, may be read in the works of Franklin, who was among the most intelligent of them all. Records and illustrations of that description of boundary, the most clear and perspicuous, speaking a language incapable, it would seem, of mystification or perversion, in terms which no man then did, or now can well misapprehend, abound,—first, in the subsequent famous act of parliament in 1774, called the Quebec act, which adopted the same terms of description,—in the subsequent commissions to the governors of Nova Scotia, bounding still upon the southern boundary of Quebec, or Canada,—and in all or almost all the maps of the age. The only remarkable exception to the general uniformity of this latter species of evidence is that of Mitchell's map, on which the highlands were not laid down, for the plain reason that when that map was published under the directions of the English government, *the territories of Massachusetts and Nova Scotia were extended to the river St. Lawrence*. Finally, omitting all other intervening evidence, we may refer to the work and map of Col. Bouchette, surveyor general of Lower Canada—altogether presenting one unbroken state of knowledge without division of opinion upon the subject, down to the actual termination of the late war of 1812, and the negotiation of the treaty of Ghent.

Now upon this state of the matter it must be evidently vain to think of looking for any special or distinct natural monument to answer the description of the treaty. That monument at which the boundaries of the United States were to begin, was pointed out by the second article of the treaty of 1783, to be the northwest angle of Nova Scotia; which angle was described as being “formed by a line drawn due north from the source of the St. Croix River to the highlands—thence along the *said highlands*, which divide those rivers that empty themselves into the River St. Lawrence, from those which fall into the Atlantic ocean, to the northwesternmost head of Connecticut river.” It was a continuous line, however it might be formed, whether of rising or descending ground, that was contemplated and intended, under this general description of dividing highlands, as constituting previously the southern boundary of the conquered province of Quebec—and which thus extended from the head of the Connecticut to the shore of Gaspé. The Quebec act, before alluded to, of 1774, had simply reversed the original description

in the proclamation of 1763, commencing "from the Bay of Chaleurs by a line along the highlands which divide the waters that empty themselves into the river St. Lawrence from those which fall into the sea," and going back to a point on Connecticut river. From this line was projected the northwest angle of Nova Scotia by the formation of that province in 1763, as before stated; and the same terms of description which had thus acquired a known and determinate signification, were barely repeated in the definition given to the boundary by the treaty of 1783. Great Britain herself, it may be observed, never found any difficulty in finding practical modes of fulfilling all the necessary conditions for forming and fixing the northwest angle of Nova Scotia. The southern boundary of Lower Canada has long been established on the northern side of all the waters flowing into the Atlantic, including those of the St. John—and the jurisdiction of the more recent province of New Brunswick has been equally established to the head of the Bay of Chaleur. The situation of things in regard also to the old French settlement at Madawaska confirms the conclusion. Although titles, it is true, were formerly set up to fiefs and seignories, upon the upper waters of the St. John, under grants from the castle of St. Lewis, when Quebec was the seat of the French government upon this continent, while the territory was in debate between the two powers, yet Lower Canada has since assumed no proper authority below its own boundary line; and when the province of New Brunswick was formed, soon after the treaty with the United States, its sway was subsequently extended over the unopposing population of that peaceful hamlet of fugitive Acadians, upon no other ground certainly, than as it was supposed to lie ensconced, as it were, within the original northwest angle of Nova Scotia. The St. Croix itself, not having been for some time settled, it could not of course have been known where a meridian would touch, and the course of that great river, the St. John, had been but imperfectly ascertained as bending so far as it proved to the westward. It might have been very honestly supposed, that a north line from the St. Croix would clearly leave that little settlement to the east of it; and the convenience found in following the course of the river St. John by the above bend, as a communication with Canada, explains that sort of priority of occupation which the province of New Brunswick was found to have silently obtained, when attention was drawn to the circumstance subsequently to the novel and extraordinary claim set up by the British government under the form of the treaty of Ghent.

We cannot but regret that any misconception concerning the character and condition of the boundary of the United States upon the province of Lower Canada should be promoted by the

use of phrases which, however appropriate in certain senses, are quite inapplicable in regard to the present question ;—we mean in undertaking to make use of the term *monument*, in its strict signification, in relation to the boundary upon these highlands. Highlands they must undoubtedly be, whatever may be the aspect, and however less diversified and rolling the appearance of that region may be in approaching it from the Atlantic, compared with the more picturesque and projecting outline that it presents towards the St. Lawrence, still those must necessarily be highlands which send their streams hundreds of miles from their sources to the ocean. But we must again repeat, that the idea of looking for any particular palpable monument, distinguishable in any sense from the prevailing character of the country in the general eastern and western direction between the divided waters, is a very plain departure from the well known intention of the negotiators of 1783. It is along the back of this raised and elevated region, broken undoubtedly by frequent and various ridges, and their ordinary intervals and irregularities, that the line of boundary ranges, which was to be marked out and established by the usual principles of survey. It was the general course and direction of these high grounds, which must have struck the eye from various points of view from the river St. Lawrence and Bay of Chaleurs, and which, however delusive they might be in regard to their real proportions and distances, were attended with one infallible criterion, that of parting off the waters which flowed rapidly into the former river from the streams that wound their way to the farther ocean ; it was this general course and direction, which was to be sought for and observed in order to ascertain whereabouts an angle should be marked by it with a meridional line from the St. Croix. It is a pity, we must say, that any artificial obscurity gratuitously cast over the character of this ground, should derive accidental countenance from any unadvised expression or ill-considered proposition on the part of our highest American statesmen, denoting at least an imperfect apprehension of the real elements and merits of the question ; and if Mr. Livingston had been as well acquainted with this whole subject as he was with the Batture, even with much less of zeal and interest than he manifested in that strenuous and celebrated defence, we think he would never have suffered his mind to wander in search of such a sort of monument as thus seemed to him to meet and comport with the demand contained in the description of the treaty. What is most remarkable about the matter is that, from the nature of the monument in question, Mr. Livingston should have any difficulty in conceiving, or indeed that he should come without great difficulty to any other conclusion than that it might as well be sought for in a north direction from the St. Croix as

any where else;—or that indeed it could be sought for according to the terms of the treaty any where else.

There is no sort of doubt, although no highlands were laid down upon Mitchell's map, which is the one that is acknowledged to have been used by the negotiators of 1783, forming an angle with a meridian from the St. Croix—that they contemplated some continuous range of highlands running in a general direction at the head of all the St. Lawrence streams, such as were universally admitted to exist and were conspicuously exhibited upon all other maps. Whether interrupted or not by any physical peculiarity in the soil and face of the country their general course and direction was at least well known and determined. It was well known where the waters, that arose and separated in that region, discharged themselves, and that there was some quality in the formation and character of that portion of the country which determined their downward direction. No exact enquiry could ever have been expected to arise as to what particular spot or point of land was intended to be designated by this general description of a border boundary, carried along, and projected, as it were by one blow, from above the sources of the Chaudière to the head of the Bay of Chaleurs. It is needless to say again, that no single or certain natural monument whatever, was contemplated. It was to be sought along that general dividing line wherever it should be intersected by a line drawn due north from the St. Croix. The precise place where such a direct line would cross the highlands in question was totally unknown; nor could it be foreknown whether by reason of any inequality, anomaly, or physical peculiarity in the conformation of that unexplored region, the due north line would hit any perceptible high ground whatever. It might possibly, from causes of that kind, meet with no sensible obstruction of any consequence until it reached the river St. Lawrence. For not only, it will be recollected, this north line had never been traced to ascertain where it would terminate, and to find or fix some monument at that spot, but the river St. Croix itself, as has been mentioned, had not been determined, and a different one was in fact adopted in the event, from that which was laid down and marked as such upon Mitchell's map, and which was therefore the one in the immediate contemplation of the negotiators. Thus the river now established as the St. Croix, is rather a conventional St. Croix than that in the view of the framers of the treaty; and the monument finally fixed at the head of the river Schooduck, instead of the Maguadavie, can hardly be said to be set at the originally intended starting point. Nay, it was even changed by a subsequent arrangement from the place where it was first designated, at the head of the Schooduck where this stream is supplied from

its own tributary lakes, to that of the Cheputnatecook, at a more western as well as more northerly point, so as to cause the north line to cross the St. John much further up than it otherwise would have done. Thus the point at which the due north line from the established St. Croix must strike the dividing highlands is itself but the accident of an accident; and that because no remarkable projection should happen to be reached and encountered by the line thus to be drawn from this purely artificial point at the head of the present St. Croix, the description intended by the treaty should therefore entirely fail of its intended force upon that interior border is, manifestly, quite unreasonable. It is a well known fact on the other hand, that in discussing the question, "which was the true St. Croix," under the provision of the treaty of 1794, the commissioners of the British government themselves, adopted the general base line of this highland dividing boundary, in order to project the intended northwest angle of Nova Scotia thereupon, arguing very properly upon the terms of the treaty of 1783, that this was a competent and suitable method of verifying the actual St. Croix, by ascertaining whether the meridian which would touch it should also fall among those highlands. The necessary existence of this highland boundary all north of and beyond the river St. John, was then distinctly acknowledged and maintained by the British agent; and Mr. Liston, the British minister in this country, expressed his approval of the change which we have mentioned of what was to be established as the source of the St. Croix from the mouth of the Schooduck lakes to the head of the Cheptunatecook stream, because its adoption gave them the benefit of a greater length of the river St. John—which it was said it would cross about where it ceased to be navigable, "almost at the foot of the highlands." That because this meridian line should now, upon exact survey, not happen to strike any particularly prominent portion of the dividing highland boundary, deserving to be distinguished as of a monumental character, the criterion should be set at nought and rejected, is quite contrary, not only to the theory and practice of the year 1798, but to the most common principles of good faith and integrity. Although it may be strange that if to this day no careful examination should in fact have been made along the general northern region lying beyond the St. John, abreast of the Schooduck and Passamaquoddy waters, for the features that were supposed to form the great Canadian boundary in 1783, and also in 1798, it might be still more singular to imagine that any discovery could now be made to warrant any deviation from the direction of the due north line from the St. Croix, so distinctly and so firmly drawn by the treaty. We are not informed, nor do we know, whether any exploration

has been actually made for highlands in that precise direction ; neither do we regard it as of any especial importance, further than as it might put an end to a notion that has gained some unaccountable ground, as it would seem, in the course of this diplomatic discussion, that no such highlands do in fact exist in that direction.

As it is somewhat confidently advanced by Sir Charles R. Vaughan, that every thing which is known of the geography of the country tends to show that no such highlands as are described by the treaty can be found in that particular meridian from the St. Croix,—and the American government is quoted by him as almost admitting that fact, by the sanction afforded to a search for them in a more northwesterly direction from that spot, it may not be out of place here to give some general account of what is known to exist in regard to that part of the country which would be reached by such a meridian. It seems to be well understood, that this is a crown of land resembling what is generally termed table, whence the waters rising in that quarter from various springs find their way into the river Metis on the St. Lawrence, and into the Ristigouche and St. John upon the sea side. The tract is traversed by threads or tributaries concurring to constitute those larger streams ; and it may serve to show somewhat of the structure of the arbiter's mind, that he could not help considering this circumstance as taking away from the dividing character of these highlands—that they did not actually separate rivers flowing into the St. Lawrence from the rivers St. John and Ristigouche, but only from rivers flowing into the St. John and Ristigouche ! But it was certainly a little too refined to suppose that the negotiators of 1783 contemplated any such minute analysis of those interior waters. The elevation of land at the source of the river Metis, one of the nearest points to the place in question, is greater than that of Mount St. Francis above the river of Trois Pistoles, which would undoubtedly pass for a part of the dividing highlands. Again, the highland at the Temiscouata Portage, upon another neighbouring part of the boundary line, is thirteen hundred feet above the level of the sea ; (less than fifty miles from the St. Lawrence, and about one hundred and thirty from the source of the St. John, the meridian line from the latter, scales the loftiest summit of a ridge existing along the whole line). The waters of the St. Lawrence, it is to be observed, are tide waters, on a level with those at the mouth of the St. John ; and taking into view the general configuration of the territory immediately bordering upon the St. Lawrence, that the average height of the highlands extending along its southern slope within an average distance of thirty or forty miles, is nearly two thousand feet,—while along upon the other side of the same highlands

several branches of the river St. John take their rise, and that this great river, in a circuit of three hundred miles which it accomplishes in its passage from the source to the ocean, makes its descent over numerous rapids and falls, and finally over one remarkable fall of upwards of eighty feet,—this general state of facts would seem to relieve, if not to remove, a good deal of the obscurity supposed to rest upon the character and posture of these highlands.*

This was not the only hallucination seemingly attending this remarkable project for a new exploration. If there was anything that was fixed and inflexible in the description of the boundary by the treaty, it would seem to be this, viz. a due north line from the St. Croix. This, although an imaginary line until it is surveyed and marked on the face of the earth, is as certain as anything that can be settled by the simple and direct application of scientific principles. The north was the direction given by the original grant of Nova Scotia to Sir William Alexander; and the establishment of the due north line was exactly coeval with that of the northwest angle of Nova Scotia—of which it formed one limb—in the creation of that government by the commission to Governor Wilmot in 1763. Without this line there is not, and never was, and cannot be, any such angle. Highlands might be here or there. The St. Croix itself was for some time uncertain; but a meridian from it, when the point was fixed, was as much determined as any thing in the laws of nature. If there be any fixed point *intra flammantia mania mundi*, it is that which is indicated by this description. The ultimate termination of the course is at the pole of the earth's axis. It is marked by the light of a fixed star. If this line is canceled, or, what is the same thing to this purpose, liable to have its course and direction changed by reference to something else—and this is to be superadded to the obscurity so studiously thrown upon the state of the highlands—the corner stone of the United States sinks into a shapeless ruin—and the whole structure of the original treaty limitation, at its very commencement framed with such special solicitude to remove all possible doubt, vanishes into air.

But suppose the existence of any highlands in a direction due north from the St. Croix to be disproved, and the object for which so much pains have been taken to be accomplished, what then should be the consequence in regard to the continuance or determination of that line? If we look back to a period previous to the treaty of 1783, we find that the king of the Netherlands considered the northwest angle of Nova Scotia to have formerly rested upon the bank of the St. Lawrence.

* See American Quart. Rev., June 1832, vol. ii. pp. 437—439.

There was perhaps some little anachronism in the use thus made of this term by him, for the northwest angle of Nova Scotia, in the strict sense in which it was employed by the framers of the treaty, did not properly exist, *eo nomine*, until it was formed by the political arrangements beforementioned of 1763. But true it is, that anterior to, and independent of, those authoritative provisions, the limits of the territory of the Massachusetts government, in that quarter, were always allowed and considered to extend to the St. Lawrence. The western line of Sir William Alexander's original grant of Nova Scotia went to the shore of the great river of Canada; and the grant of the Sagadahock territory to the Duke of York, afterwards James II., annexed to the province of Massachusetts Bay by the Charter of William and Mary, had the same extent. The treaty of peace acknowledged the political and territorial sovereignty of Massachusetts among the original thirteen states. Suffice it to say, that if the limitation of 1763, afterwards adopted by the treaty of 1783, and which was not very willingly acquiesced in before the revolution by the good people of Massachusetts, should now be repealed and removed, it would be quite as reasonable, that the original boundary so long insisted on should be restored, as that the line should be arbitrarily discontinued, or sent off at a tangent.

The United States want nothing of the treaty, however, but what it is; and we confess we do not see what was to be gained, going upon the ground of the treaty, by departing from the due north line from the St. Croix, and abandoning the northwest angle of Nova Scotia. On the other hand we are somewhat astonished that the British government should have demurred to adopting the experiment, supposing it was seriously considered by them as authorizing a deviation from the due north line. A very inviting diagram was certainly presented by Mr. Livingston—departing from that line at something like an angle of forty-five degrees; and so it would seem to have been interpreted and understood by Sir Charles R. Vaughan—that is, as offering a more liberal running of the line in an oblique direction to the westward, until it should meet with some such highlands as might answer the description of the treaty. For while he learned to be sure both from Mr. Livingston and Mr. McLane, “that insuperable constitutional difficulties imposed upon the government of the United States a restriction to treat only of a line of boundary according to the terms of the treaty of 1783,” he seems to have well understood and inferred “that the only deviation, therefore, which could be admitted in tracing the boundary from the strict terms of the treaty was an abandonment of the direct due north line from the St. Croix, which had hitherto been followed in search of

the highlands of the treaty," in order to extend that search in a more oblique western direction. A line thus drawn to those highlands,—wherever *in rerum natura* they might be found,—as Sir Charles R. Vaughan gravely observes, "would be such a compliance with the description of the boundary laid down in the treaty, as to remove all constitutional difficulties in the way of the government of the United States, and enable it to fix that line as the line of boundary!"

There seems to be an industrious and significant iteration, by Sir Charles R. Vaughan, of expressions which he had carefully and, as he submitted to Mr. M'Lane, correctly culled from the communications of Mr. Livingston and himself, denoting and implying that he regarded it rather in the light of an available diplomatic expedient to avoid the constitutional difficulty raised on account of the state of Maine; and in that respect he seems to have been disposed to look at it all round very carefully, to see how far it was likely to answer the purpose. From a conversation referred to with Mr. Livingston, and a small map produced by him—probably something corresponding to the diagram—Sir Charles R. Vaughan first received the favourable impression, "that the highlands to be sought in the manner he proposed would probably be found north of the St. John, but *some miles to the westward of the river St. Francis!*" A subsequent conversation or explanation with Mr. M'Lane left the general impression only, that the view of the latter was that attention should be directed to an examination of the country along the line assumed by the American commissioners to be the boundary under the Treaty of Ghent. This was certainly an improvement upon the idea imputed, we know not how precisely, to Mr. Livingston. But at any rate we do not quite see how it was that Sir Charles R. Vaughan should come so clearly to the conclusion which he conveyed to Mr. M'Lane, that an assent to the proposal of Mr. Livingston would give to the government of the United States nearly all they had claimed, and place the government of Great Britain in a much worse condition than they would have been by accepting, as they were willing to do, the limited portion of territory assigned to them by the arbiter;—that is to say, provided there were no highlands, as they contended, in the direction contemplated by the treaty, north at once of the St. Croix and the St. John. Indeed, we can hardly account for the hesitation as to this offer, if it was ever considered as distinctly made, except upon the perfectly conceivable ground, that, upon a fair and open survey of the whole country in question, to see how far it admitted of a correct application of the treaty description of the boundary in that quarter, the supposed possible deviation might, after all, nearly or quite vanish—and the proposed pursuit,

therefore, of a more western highland monument prove entirely illusory. In this last point of view we can readily comprehend how the assent to the proposition before mentioned would concede to the government of the United States nearly all they had ever claimed; and it is quite intelligible that the English government should not, upon the whole, consider that an experiment worth trying. The truth evidently was, as it turned out in the sequel, that the British government was desirous of tying the American government down to certain distinct and deliberate concessions upon the most important disputed points, before they would enter upon any new experiment.

Respecting the constitutional scruple so strongly urged by Mr. Livingston, as having prevented the government of the United States from acquiescing in the recommendation of the King of the Netherlands, to wit—"that the federal government had no authority to agree to any other line of boundary than that which is described by the treaty, at least not to any other line which might imply a cession of any part of the territory to which the treaty might appear to entitle one of the component states of the Union"—we cannot but think that it might have seemed to Sir Charles R. Vaughan a little superficial. We cannot, indeed, but acknowledge the language of that minister, in his remark upon the overture of Mr. Livingston in this point of view, to be equally distinguished by dignity and principle.

"But if this objection is insurmountable, as against the line recommended by the King of the Netherlands, would it not be equally fatal to that suggested by Mr. Livingston? Because, if the boundary was formed by a line drawn from the head of the St. Croix to highlands found to the westward of the meridian of that spot, that boundary would not be the boundary of the treaty; seeing that the treaty requires the boundary to be run along the meridian of the head of the St. Croix, and that the state of Maine might object to any deviation from the line of the treaty in a westerly direction, as justly as it could to any deviation from that line in a southerly direction. Nay, it might object, with more appearance of reason, to a westerly departure from a real meridian, which is distinctly specified in the treaty, than to a departure southward from an imaginary line, which is only described in the treaty, and the finding of which is a thing that has not yet been accomplished."

This singular error into which the respectable mind of Mr. Livingston was somehow or other led—that the due north line from the St. Croix might be deserted—was one that did not expire with his connection with the office of state, which he held only for a short time; but it necessarily, as we have remarked, run into and influenced the course pursued by his successor upon the same subject. Thus we find Sir Charles R. Vaughan, in a subsequent communication, understanding Mr. McLane as saying, "that should a new survey, freed from the restriction of following the due north line of the treaty, find

any where westward of that line highlands separating rivers, according to the treaty of 1783, a line drawn to them from the monument at the source of the St. Croix river would be such a fulfilment of the terms of that treaty, as that the president can agree to make it the boundary without reference to the state of Maine." We even find the same idea repeated and continued down to so late a date as April, 1835, in the correspondence of Mr. Forsyth, who certainly might have some apology for adopting a theorem which had been left him as sanctioned by his two distinguished predecessors—and which the president himself viewed as a rule of practical surveying which had prevailed in this country before the revolution.

"The president is advised that it is a rule in practical surveying which prevailed in this country before the revolution, and has since been, and still is, considered obligatory, that when there is found in the location of the premises described in a deed, or any other instrument, a disagreement in the course of a given line, and the bearing of a natural object called for as its termination, the given course must be made to yield to the given object, and the line closed at the object, in a direction corresponding, as nearly as practicable, to the course prescribed, upon the principle that the natural object furnishes evidence of the true intention of the parties, which may be relied upon with more safety than the course—errors in which constantly occur from the imperfection of the instruments used, or the want of knowledge of those in whose hands they may have been placed. He has thought that this rule might be rightfully and properly applied to the matter now in controversy, and is willing to agree that—if, upon a thorough examination, it shall appear to those appointed by the parties to make it that his majesty's government is correct in its assumption that the highlands hitherto claimed by the United States as those designated by the treaty do not answer that description, but that those highlands are to be found to the west of the due north line—that the boundary line should be closed according to the established rule in practical surveying. Whether there are highlands to be found in a northwesterly course from the source of the St. Croix, answering better to the description given in the treaty of 1783 than those heretofore claimed by the United States, and so clearly identified as to remove all reasonable doubt, remains to be ascertained. No enquiry into this fact, with a view to apply it to the respective and conflicting pretensions of the parties, has hitherto been made. It was under these circumstances, and with such impressions, that Mr. Livingston was authorized to propose to Sir Charles R. Vaughan, for the consideration of his government, that a new commission should be appointed, consisting of an equal number of commissioners, with an umpire selected by some friendly sovereign from among the most skilful men in Europe, to decide on all points in which they might disagree; or a commission entirely composed of scientific Europeans, selected by a friendly sovereign, to be attended in the survey and examination of the country by agents appointed by the parties. The adoption of this course would, it was urged, have the benefit of strict impartiality in the commissioners' local knowledge and high professional skill, which, though heretofore separately called into action, have never before been combined for the solution of the question."

It is due to Mr. M'Lane, however, to observe, that he stated

the proposition in a more careful and guarded manner than it was limited by Mr. Livingston, or than proved acceptable to Sir Charles R. Vaughan; thus—"In all questions of boundaries of tracts and countries designated by natural objects, the plain and universal rule of surveying is, first, to find the natural object, and then to reach it by the nearest direct course from any given point, and with the least possible departure from the particular course called for in the original deed or treaty." This, we think, serves to explain the practical difficulty found by Sir Charles R. Vaughan in closing with the original proposition of Mr. Livingston before he had fairly got hold of it; and we think it, at the same time, no more than just also to quote the full and well-considered reply which it is evident Sir Charles R. Vaughan was instructed to make to the rather strong statement respecting this universal rule of surveying.

"His majesty's government think it right, with regard to this proposition, in the first place to say, that, however just and reasonable the rule of surveying here stated by Mr. M'Lane may seem, they do not consider that rule to be so generally established and recognized as Mr. M'Lane assumes it to be. His majesty's government, indeed, do not recollect any case similar to the present in which the principle here asserted has been actually put in practice, but, on the contrary, they remember a case, not merely analogous to that which is now under discussion, but arising out of the same article of the same treaty of 1783, in which this supposed rule was inverted by the agents of the American government itself. The treaty of 1783 declared that the line of boundary was to proceed from the Lake of the Woods, "in a due west course, to the river Mississippi." It was afterwards ascertained, by actual survey, that even the sources of the Mississippi lie south of the latitude of the Lake of the Woods; and that, consequently, it would be impossible to reach the Mississippi by any line drawn due west from that lake. In order to escape from the difficulty thus encountered, it was urged by the American commissioners that the natural object, the Mississippi, should be wholly disregarded; and in the final settlement of that part of the boundary, as it was fixed by the second article of the convention of October 20, 1818, the principle now contended for by the American government was reversed; for, instead of the natural object being made the primary, and the connecting line the secondary guide, the natural object—namely, the river Mississippi—was put out of consideration; and the connecting line—namely, the line to be drawn due west from the Lake of the Woods—was converted into a primary element of the boundary. It was demonstrated that such a line never could reach the Mississippi at all; but, instead of adhering to the source of the Mississippi, as one fixed point, and drawing a new connecting line to it from the Lake of the Woods, which was the other fixed point, the commissioners adhered to the arbitrary line to be drawn due west from the lake, and wholly abandoned the Mississippi, though that river was specifically mentioned in the treaty as a land-mark."

As a matter preliminary to any further proceeding, therefore—making no other reference to the last posture of the pending negotiation, and keeping always in view the necessity of the

American government being provided with sufficient powers to carry any future arrangement into execution—Sir Charles R. Vaughan was instructed to claim from our government an acquiescence, in the first place, in the decisions pronounced by the arbiter upon all those points which he had decided. And, moreover, as the groundwork of any further steps in the business, as Mr. M'Lane was led to understand, it would be necessary not only to adopt the decisions of the arbiter upon the second and third main points referred, but also the opinions expressed by the arbiter upon the subordinate questions which he had determined, in order to show negatively that there were no certain rules or conditions for fixing the northwest angle of Nova Scotia, or for finding the highlands along which the boundary was to be drawn. It was insisted that the two parties ought to make the acceptance of the opinion on these points the basis, as well whether they should agree to divide the territory between them—in the mode recommended by the arbiter, or in any other proportion—or should still try to trace the boundary in strict conformity with the terms of the treaty; and that, without this, no useful or satisfactory result could be anticipated from the plan proposed by the American government.

These points, or conditions, upon which the further progress of the negotiation was to depend, were seven in number. But without spending any breath upon the details, we may merely remark that the reasoning of Mr. M'Lane in reply, in the most temperate and friendly tone, is equally clear and conclusive—that the effect of adopting these preliminaries, so far from aiding and promoting a determination of the boundary, according to the treaty of 1783, supposing that to be the object of it, would be entirely subversive of it. Nothing can more calmly and completely expose the fallaciousness—and, in short, the absurdity—of adopting, as guides to the right determination of the question at issue, certain ideas by which the arbiter had not only confessedly failed to come to any positive decision upon the subject itself, but had succeeded in persuading himself that there was no proper ground for coming to any correct conclusion about it whatever. Such a course of reasoning was upon the face of it necessarily to be distrusted; and if it was not proper rather to be reviewed, and pains taken to revise it, at least by such further lights as might be thrown upon it, the arbiter himself would seem to have sufficiently proscribed and forbidden the exclusive employment of the same peculiar means by which he had so completely precluded and disabled himself from coming to a determination of the matter in controversy.

This is one of those cases in which a single brick may serve as a specimen of the structure. The main question with which the mind of the arbiter laboured was, where the highlands

of the treaty were to be found—whether north or south of the St. John. He had no difficulty in finding that there were lands high enough in the first place to answer the description on the north, or upper side; but he also found that there were highlands on the lower side, between the St. John and Penobscot—as there undoubtedly are in all the interior of Maine—and that there are streams departing from them in various directions;—there being this difference, however: that the heights of land upon this side divide waters flowing into the St. John from other waters flowing into the same river St. John only—all discharging on the same side into the Atlantic, and none at all into the St. Lawrence. But then the opinion of the arbiter being, that the treaty required an *immediate* division of rivers by the highlands, and was not satisfied by an immediate division in one direction—viz: of streams descending into the St. Lawrence,—and a mediate or *intermediate* division through tributaries of the St. John and Ristigouche, upon the other; each of these ranges of highlands, as he reasons, in consequence fulfils one of the conditions belonging to the treaty description, and fails to fulfil the other;—or, in other words, so far as the opinion of the arbiter went, half of a lateral section of these highlands was on one side of the St. John, and half on the other. An absolute geographical impossibility also existed in his view of finding highlands uniting the requisite qualities on the eastern quarter from the St. John; and finally he came to the conclusion that the Ristigouche was not an Atlantic river—neither was the St. John. And yet, upon the other hand, as the opinion of the arbiter very remarkably asserts, “it cannot be sufficiently explained how—if the high contracting parties intended, in 1783, to establish the boundary at the south of the river St. John—that river, to which the territory in dispute is in a great measure indebted for its distinctive character, has been neutralized and set aside.” Sir Charles R. Vaughan very sensibly admits the difficulty of “attempting to give a clear exposition of the meaning of that passage in the award, where it is stated, that it would be hazardous to comprehend the rivers Ristigouche and St. John in those which fall directly into the Atlantic ocean.” The researches of others, however, may possibly prove more successful into the rather abstruse meaning of this recondite text; and we therefore shall leave it on record as understood to be extracted from the original translation.

“That if, in contradistinction to the rivers that empty themselves into the river St. Lawrence, it had been proper, agreeably to the language ordinarily used in geography, to comprehend the rivers falling into the bays Fundy and des Chaleurs with those emptying themselves directly into the Atlantic ocean; in the generical denomination of rivers falling into the Atlantic ocean, it would be hazardous to include into the species

belonging to that class the rivers St. John and Ristigouche, which the line claimed at the north of the river St. John divides immediately from rivers emptying themselves into the river St. Lawrence—not with other rivers falling into the Atlantic ocean, but alone; and thus to apply, in interpreting the limitation established by the treaty, where each word must have a meaning, to two exclusively special cases—and where no mention is made of the genus (*genre*), a generical expression which would ascribe to them a broader meaning,” &c.

It is singular, indeed, that the St. John should thus be doomed to disappear, under the process of discovering the highlands somewhere in the region that receives from that river what the arbiter terms its distinctive character. Striking out this river, and thus neutralizing the tract of country through which it passes in regard to the description of the treaty, according to this kind of reasoning, the consequence is stated to be, in a political point of view—by Sir Charles R. Vaughan to Mr. McLane, at the recommencement of the correspondence in February, 1834—that “the territory which lies between the highlands claimed by Great Britain, and those claimed by the United States respectively, is not the absolute property of either party, but is, in some proportion or other hereafter to be determined, the property of both;—that the territory, if not entirely British, is not entirely American, and therefore is not such territory as the American government can be precluded by the constitution from relinquishing.”

The correspondence between Sir Charles R. Vaughan and Mr. McLane ended in March, 1834, and the subject was renewed in December, by a communication from the former to Mr. Forsyth, in which the government of the United States was called upon to concur with that of Great Britain in putting a construction upon the terms of the treaty, that the Atlantic rivers, which were to guide in searching for the highlands described in the treaty, were those rivers which fall into the sea to the westward of the mouth of the river St. Croix. And the British minister was instructed to represent to Mr. Forsyth, that a clear agreement between the two governments on this point was considered to be an indisputable (probably indispensable) preliminary to the institution of any new mode of proceeding. This requirement is conveyed in the following positive terms:—

“The decision of this point turns upon the interpretation of the words of a treaty, and not upon the operations of surveyors; and his majesty’s government having once submitted this point, in common with others, to the judgment of an impartial arbiter, by whose award they have declared themselves ready to abide, they cannot now consent to refer it to any other arbitration.”

The argument urged by the British government against considering the St. John as one of the rivers flowing into the

Atlantic, is, that it delivers its waters into the Bay of Fundy; and that the Bay of Fundy is not only distinct by nature from the Atlantic ocean, but that the distinction was recognized by the treaty of 1783, in the mention of the river St. Croix, as the eastern boundary of the United States, having its mouth in the Bay of Fundy, and the mouths of the two rivers, St. Croix and St. Mary, forming the extreme limits of the United States, being respectively designated as "touching the Bay of Fundy and the Atlantic ocean." This was the principal argument that Sir Charles R. Vaughan was instructed to reproduce, and on which he appears disposed to rest.

It will, doubtless, be remembered that there were a number of streams in that quarter, which, at some time or other, took the name of St. Croix. Where the French landed, they set up the cross. The whole debateable country, lying indefinitely between the Penobscot and St. John, had, at some time, got the general name of St. Croix, as the territory below the Kennebec had acquired that of Sagadahock. The Sagadahock grant was originally bounded upon a *certain place, called St. Croix*; and while Mr. Jay, who was of French extraction himself, once seriously entertained the idea that the St. John itself was to be considered the St. Croix, it has been seriously insisted by the British, upon the footing of the old French pretensions against their own ancient provincial claims, that the Penobscot was the river which ought to have been established as the river St. Croix. It is further to be recollected, that there was no river which had then acquired the popular designation of St. Croix. The river now dignified and known by that name was, till lately, called the Schooduck. There was sufficient reason, therefore, for adopting the additional descriptive circumstance of its being the river running into the Bay of Fundy, if it was only to denote that it was not into Penobscot bay;—a point that was almost pretended by Great Britain in 1798. It served, also, to identify it with the corresponding river boundary bearing the same name in the original grant to Sir William Alexander, which described the same bay. The old line of Nova Scotia was drawn, by that grant, from Cape Sable across the entrance or mouth of this bay to the supposed St. Croix. And, in the re-establishment of that province by the commission to Governor Wilmot, in 1763, it was bounded "by a line drawn from Cape Sable, across the entrance of the Bay of Fundy, to the mouth of the river St. Croix—by the said river to its source," &c. The line accordingly adopted by the treaty of 1783, was "to be drawn along the middle of the river St. Croix, from its mouth in the Bay of Fundy, to its source," &c. This explains itself sufficiently. The object was to designate the river St. Croix as having its mouth in the Bay of Fundy, in conformity to the

ancient descriptions ; and, at the same time, it served to guard the United States against the revival of any stale pretension to set up any river out of the Bay of Fundy. It corresponds, also, with the designation which had been given to that river, in sundry acts of council and parliament, for purposes relating to trade and navigation, before the treaty of 1783.

But this argument, such as it is, does not touch the St. John. No such designation was ever applied to that river by any public act ; no question ever arose, or could arise, where that river had its mouth ; nor is there any occasion to extract it from the general description under which it had always gone, as one of the rivers falling into the Atlantic. The St. John was always considered as one of the rivers delineated in the proclamation of 1763, and afterwards under the Quebec act of 1774, as one of the divided rivers defining the highland or southern boundary of Quebec. All this, it is to be remembered, was fully admitted in settling the St. Croix ; and the St. John may well be a river flowing into the Atlantic, although the St. Croix is marked as having its mouth in the Bay of Fundy. The St. Croix was not signified either by the proclamation of 1763, or the treaty of 1783, as one of the class of rivers flowing into the Atlantic. The position, that the St. John does not flow into the Atlantic, because it flows through the Bay of Fundy, might as well be carried to the extent of laying it down, as a general rule of geography, that none of our large rivers, such as the Penobscot, the Connecticut and Hudson, the Delaware and Chesapeake, are rivers flowing into the Atlantic, because they pour into estuaries which have their respective names as bays—or into Long Island sound. Indeed, none of the rivers described in the proclamation of 1763 would be found to fall into the Atlantic for the same general reason, if it hold good in this instance.

In respect to this, there is a suggestion ventured by Sir Charles R. Vaughan, in an early part of his correspondence with Mr. M'Lane, with considerable coolness and courage. It is as follows :—

“ It should be recollected that Great Britain has *hitherto* insisted upon the highlands of the treaty of 1783 being sought for exclusively south of the St. John's river ; and she denies the claim of the United States to any territory north of the St. John's. The omission of all mention of so remarkable a feature in the boundary, as the intersection of that river, both in the treaty and in the accounts extant of the negotiation, justifies the inference that the commissioners, who formed the treaty, did not contemplate the existence *north* of the St. John's of the highlands which they described.”

It would be a little too much to say, in point of fact, that the negotiators of the treaty of 1783 did not contemplate the existence of the highlands they described north of the St. John.

That the British government even had *hitherto* insisted on the inconsistent position of their being south of that river, is quite too strong an assumption, also, if it is meant to refer back to any period before the treaty of Ghent, or even so long ago as the date of the treaty itself. There is, at least, one account of the negotiation extant, which shows that all trace of so remarkable a feature in the geography of the country as the St. John was not entirely lost sight of,—namely, the testimony of Mr. Jay, who proposed to adopt that river as the eastern boundary of Massachusetts. So far, on the contrary, from its not being contemplated then, or being considered extraordinary afterwards, that the line should cross the St. John from the head of the St. Croix to the highlands, it was distinctly so recognised, and explicitly admitted more than twenty years afterwards, as has been observed, in the confidential correspondence between the British agent and minister then in this country. It was never so much as doubted that such was the case till long after the year 1798, nor questioned, indeed, till after the treaty of Ghent. Some allowance might be made, in the present state of diplomatic discussion, for an argumentative supposition of this sort; but after all the evidence that exists upon this head, arising from histories, and records, and maps, of the time, and all up to that time, which are certainly among the best and most authentic documents upon the subject, and the most satisfactory elements of the negotiation extant—fortified and confirmed, as they are, by universal contemporaneous and continued long subsequent understanding, and exposition—at this age, and at this day, to broach an idea upon the high authority of a minister of Great Britain, that there is justifiable ground for inference that the commissioners who formed the treaty of 1783, did not contemplate the existence of the highlands described by them north of the St. John, really borders somewhat upon the marvellous.

Nothing, certainly, should always be more open to investigation than the question of intention. This has always been considered as the pole-star in the interpretation of compacts of all kinds, whether private or public. Even the rule of resorting to the monument, where that is given, in preference to the line by which it is to be reached, is one which is adopted as subservient to that great object. And it never can be lost sight of, so long as the memory of this question shall be preserved among the records and traditions of mankind, that it was, and is, and always must be, strictly and purely a question of intention, and nothing more or less;—the true and actual intention of the framers of the treaty of 1783, and not any forced, fictitious, or artificial intention. It is, and always must remain, among the memorabilia of this *question*, that it never was raised until a


long period after the publication of the treaty, in the understanding and application of which, on this particular topic, there had never been any dissent or doubt. If it had not been so understood and acquiesced in, in the determination of the St. Croix in 1798, that question might have taken a very different turn—if, indeed, it could have come to any determination at all. It was an egregious error into which Sir Charles R. Vaughan was led, in his correspondence with Mr. Livingston, to suppose that this was a discussion which had occupied the two governments, from time to time, for upwards of forty years; and thence gravely to infer, as there might be some ground at that rate for doing, that it was time to set such a long, perplexed, and interminable question at rest, by an abandonment of the defective description of boundary in the treaty. The truth is, that no such thing as narrowing or varying that description of boundary was ever thought or conceived of, until after an opening for this purpose, in the way of fact, appeared to be afforded by the events of the war of 1812. The first demonstration of any such design was by the seizure of Castine, and occupation of the river Penobscot. To this succeeded the lofty position of the *uti possidetis*, as one of the conditions of peace. That being relinquished, with certain other remarkable pretensions trenching on our western lake and national frontier barriers, then came a direct and undisguised request for a *barcation* of the boundary in question, which has since, and not, as Sir Charles R. Vaughan supposed, before, been a subject of discussion. In the last resort, there was intimated the hesitating expression of a diplomatic doubt, whether that remote nook upon the map of the district of Maine, which intercepted the ordinary route of communication between New Brunswick and Lower Canada, did really, of right, belong to the state of Massachusetts. We may pass by all that was published at and about the same period, in the way of pushing the British government to the point of making that demand, for the sake of taking security against the inordinate ambition of the United States:—and we return to the simple issue of intention, acknowledged to be a test, by Sir Charles R. Vaughan, upon which the government of the United States have once and again offered to unite with that of Great Britain, whether the highlands, which were contemplated at the time of the treaty, existed, in truth, and were believed to exist, on the north or south side of the St. John. On this subject there is certainly one plain principle, applicable to the interpretation of ancient instruments, which is current in our code of municipal law, and is of as high solemnity and observance as any one relating to mere courses and monuments; viz. that terms shall be taken in the sense in which they were employed at the time, and that

they shall be deemed to have acquired that signification in which they have uniformly been received by contemporaneous usage and long-continued understanding. It is sufficient to say that this principle was most distinctly declared and maintained by the British government, through their agent, under the treaty of 1794, in application to the descriptive terms of that treaty upon this subject, and in comparison of them with the same terms used in the proclamation of 1763, and the parliament act of 1774, as constituting the common dividing boundary of Quebec, or Canada, and Nova Scotia, viz.—

“ His majesty's government must be supposed to have used the terms describing these boundaries in the sense in which they had been uniformly understood by the British nation, and recognized in public documents and acts of government. In this sense, and in no other, could they have been then understood, or can they now be.”

The idea of abandoning the description of the treaty, as totally defective, and renouncing it entirely, as a rule for discovering the boundary, is one that will never answer. With all the disposition, real and putative, on the part of our government, to adopt any amicable and available expedient, this is quite a strain beyond them. Their course should undoubtedly be more by the card. Neither is it likely that there will ever be a second diagram delivered after the similitude of the former. Nor can it be conceded, as insisted by Sir Charles R. Vaughan, that to carry the treaty into strict execution is physically or geographically impossible: while it may be agreed that there do exist constitutional difficulties which have not yet been surmounted, that prevent the government of the United States from yielding to a compromise. We cannot, indeed, but think that the same exertion which has been employed in overcoming the constitutional difficulties might have been more profitably bestowed in surmounting those obstacles which have seemed to stand in the way of a just and faithful execution of the treaty of 1783. Indeed, we are not quite sure that, if so much reliance had not been placed upon the favourable disposition of the American cabinet to relieve the case from those constitutional embarrassments, the English government might have made some nearer approach to an agreement with our own upon some mode for the solution of this international controversy. As it is, time has been lost, and the determination has only been rendered more distant, possibly more hopeless.

It is apparent that the British government, by declining to agree upon the adoption of any mutual means for determining this question, except upon the terms of a strict and new convention, manifest, in the first place, a want of moral confidence in the firmness and soundness of their position; and secondly, that they have compelled the government of the United States



to plant their defence entirely upon its true ground—the united spirit and letter of the treaty of 1783. One would certainly be a little surprised to learn, as we are led to infer from this correspondence, that no regular enquiries should have been prosecuted, in the course of the long time—though somewhat less than forty years—that this question has been under discussion, for the great highland division of boundary, except at some one or two distant, detached points. The subject seems not to have been regarded as one of a connected and continuous line of boundary, but as a search after certain specific insulated and independent projections. These being found, it may have been presumed, and we suppose it was on one side, that the rest would follow, or might be taken for granted—and so a peaceful end put to the whole enquiry. But such has obviously not been the operation of the proceedings that have been instituted. Of the character of this enquiry, no more striking proof need perhaps be given, than the mode in which the king of the Netherlands was led, from the case laid before him, to seek the solution of the propositions submitted to him; not by one vigorous, direct, and comprehensive intellectual effort, or plain act of the understanding upon the whole breadth of the premises, but by a series of artificial inductions,—a course of minute, subtle, metaphysical analysis, from which nothing could be expected but refined and elaborate results. So far as there exists any rational room for enquiry, whether the face of the country answers to the description of the treaty, we cannot see any thing fairer than the offer of our government to leave it to a commission of skilful, scientific Europeans, if the British government choose, to examine and ascertain its character, and to decide how far it comported with the terms of the treaty. This is undoubtedly the true mode for the removal of any uncertainty. We think, also, that the resolution adopted by the senate, that it was yet practicable to ascertain the line of boundary according to the treaty of 1783, was not only entitled to respect as an expression of their opinion, but that it rendered it proper, moreover, at least to exhaust every reasonable method of discovery before resorting to the extreme and violent expedient of dividing the territory in dispute. How far, with an earnest co-operation on the part of the British government, the object of a fair and equitable settlement of the boundary in dispute might have been attainable by a faithful prosecution of the plan proposed, remains a problem which that government, after much deliberation, refused to unite in resolving, except upon certain conditions and qualifications, to which the president could not by any possibility bring his mind to consent. The plan proposed to be pursued, it will be observed, was simply one of fact, an enquiry into the plain and simple fact, as stated

by Mr. Forsyth, "whether there are highlands to be found in a northwesterly course from the source of the river St. Croix, answering better to the description given in the treaty of 1783, than those heretofore claimed by the United States, and so clearly identified as to remove all reasonable doubt." This is certainly vague enough under the terms of the treaty, and yet it seems to answer the honest purpose of enquiry. No enquiry, however, we learn, into this fact, with a view to apply it to the respective and conflicting pretensions of the parties, it is further stated by Mr. Forsyth, had hitherto been made. The British government, while, as afterwards avowed by Mr. Bankhead, they were fully aware that the award of the king of the Netherlands was not an absolute decision upon the main point in the submission to him, still persisted in claiming the concurrence of the United States in adopting the unavailable process, by which the arbiter announced that he could come to no conclusion. We quote a passage from Mr. Forsyth's first letter to Sir Charles R. Vaughan upon this point, which is plain and to the purpose:—

"If his majesty's government are so firm in the belief that a satisfactory settlement of the disputed line of boundary, according to the treaty of 1783, is so clearly impracticable as to render all future efforts to that end unavailing, and had, on that account, declined the offer made by the president, he might not have had cause to complain. But it appeared to him to be exceedingly unreasonable that he should be asked to adopt, in the prosecution of a proposed plan for the ascertainment of a true boundary as prescribed by the treaty, those suggestions and opinions of the arbiter, by which alone he had brought his mind to the extraordinary conclusion that the boundaries prescribed could not be located; more especially so, when the president sincerely dissented from the correctness of those opinions; and when, in addition thereto, the admission of some of them might, as understood by and following the previous pretensions of his majesty's government, establish, as the true boundary of the treaty of 1783, the line claimed by Great Britain, yet declared by the arbiter himself, the adoption of whose opinions was thus asked, to be towards the United States unjust and inequitable, and not comporting with the obligations and intentions of the parties to that instrument. Sir Charles R. Vaughan was informed by Mr. McLane of the reasons upon which this opinion of the president was founded, and his majesty's government invoked not to persist in requiring conditions to which the president could not assent. The president is pleased to find that the frank and conciliatory spirit in which this was done has been duly appreciated by his majesty's government, and sincerely regrets that they were not also found to possess sufficient force and justice to induce it to withdraw entirely the objectionable conditions. Such, he is concerned to find, has not been the case; but that, on the contrary, while it has pleased his majesty's government to waive, for the present, six of the seven opinions referred to, the remaining one, among the most important of them all, is still insisted upon."

This remaining point, the most important of the whole, thus insisted upon as the final *sine qua non*, related to the question

concerning the character of the St. John and Ristigouche, as falling within the class of Atlantic rivers. To obviate the difficulty attached to this condition, Mr. Forsyth was instructed to propose that it should be made a subject of specific submission to the decision of impartial commissioners; and in respect to the general object of enquiry with which it would be connected, he declared that the president despaired of finding a better constituted tribunal than the one proposed. This proposition was declined, by Sir Charles R. Vaughan, as being too unpromising to attract the favourable attention of either party; and in making this last communication to Mr. Forsyth before his departure, in May, 1835, he intimated that the suggestion which he had formerly conveyed to Mr. M^r. Lane, in favour of abandoning the defective description of the boundary contained in the treaty, and of substituting a more convenient conventional line than had been claimed on either side, or recommended by the king of the Netherlands, was ventured without instructions from his government. And he concludes his last communication with saying:--

"His majesty's government must acknowledge, and will duly appreciate, the friendly spirit and the unwearied endeavours of the president to remove the only difficulty which remains in the relations with the United States; and it is to be lamented that the two governments cannot coincide in the opinion that the object is attainable by the last proposal of the president, as it is in his power to offer, in alleviation of the hopeless task of tracing the line of the treaty to which the senate has advised that any further negotiation with the British government should be restricted.

"As to any proposition which it may be the wish of the government of the United States to receive from his majesty's government, respecting a conventional substitute for the line of the treaty of 1783, *the constant allusion* in the correspondence which has taken place to constitutional difficulties in the way of the executive treating for any other line than one conformable with that of the treaty, until the consent of the state of Maine is obtained, seems to point out the necessity, in the first instance, of attaining that object, which must be undertaken, exclusively, by the general government of the United States."

The disclaimer by Sir Charles R. Vaughan, just alluded to, is to be regarded, we imagine, rather in its diplomatic light; and it seems to assume this aspect somewhat more from the sequel to the negotiation, which was left to be conducted, upon his retirement, by Mr. Bankhead. This was a political movement on the part of the masters, to be expounded not through the mouth of the principal, but the subordinate. Without further preface, the next proceeding was the very singular offer to accede to the president's proposal for a commission of exploration and survey; provided the commissioners should be instructed to search for highlands, upon the character of which -- without requiring either party to give up its interpretation

of the river question—*no doubt could exist* on either side. What there was promising in such a proposition, when the parties had seemed to differ about every thing of a practical character, it may not be so easy at once to perceive. Such a delicate point of the case was not approached, of course, without considerable circumlocution; and after the dignified and honest remonstrance, already quoted, of Sir Charles R. Vaughan, against departing from the due north line as an equal violation of the express terms of the treaty and the so much talked of rights of the state of Maine, and knowing that there are no highlands in that nor any near direction, upon the character of which both parties would be likely to agree as being free from doubt, curiosity is naturally prompted to penetrate and discover the real import and signification of such an offer. To comprehend the object apparently intended to be compassed, we may have to return and resume the former train of the negotiation.

In the more elaborate part of the double communication transmitted by Sir Charles R. Vaughan to the department of state, dated February 10th, 1834, and which was apparently prepared with much care and deliberation by the British cabinet at home, to be delivered by him, as it was, in company with his own observations, we find the following paragraph:—

“Now every thing which is known of the geography of the country, tends to show that no such highlands can be found in that particular meridian; and the American government, almost admitting that fact, suggests that the required highlands should be sought for in a north-westerly direction from the ascertained spot. *No doubt can exist* that, by going far enough to the westward, such highlands as those required by the treaty could be found, because it is well known that *the high ground in the neighbourhood of the source of the St. John's divides the Kennebec, which falls into the Atlantic, from the Chaudière, which falls into the St. Lawrence.*”

Here we have it in plain terms. Italics, of course, are not employed in diplomatic communications; but these are the highlands about which, in the words of both the above papers, “*no doubt could exist.*” And the proposal, therefore, simply resolves itself into a direct line, to be drawn by the commissioners, from the monument at the present source of the St. Croix, to the high land, dividing the sources of the Kennebec and the Chaudière, as one of those rivers, without doubt, falls into the Atlantic, and the other into the St. Lawrence. The line thus proposed to be drawn, can hardly be distinguished from a *parallel of latitude*; and it ranges along the head of a large body of townships, laid out by Massachusetts and Maine, above the Bingham purchase, below the forty-sixth degree. This line commences some fifty miles below Mars Hill, strikes Mount Katahdin; intersects both branches of the Penobscot, cutting

off its principal lakes and tributaries, as low as the mouth of the Seboois river ; and throws the whole of the country above that line, therefore, into the dominions of Great Britain. The angle formed by this parallel and the original meridian of the St. Croix is, of course, one not far from ninety degrees—just double the diagram, or at least double what could have been dreamed of in the delineation of the diagram. The meridian, or north line from the St. Croix, according to this plan, vanishes entirely. Indeed, the due north line becomes a due west line ; and the northwest angle of Nova Scotia is to be formed either upon the eastern or western extremity of the line, at the starting or the terminating point, if, by any sort of regard to the phraseology of the treaty, it can be supposed to be formed at all.

There is no doubt that there is *a point* of the highlands upon which both parties have been perfectly agreed, and *that is the only point*—namely, that which was indicated by Sir Charles R. Vaughan in the former communication, and referred to in the general manner mentioned by Mr. Bankhead. There is a broken range or body of highlands rising after leaving the head of the Connecticut river, and extending along in directions more or less oblique between Arnold's river and the little lakes Magantic and Macanainok, which form the western feeders of the Chaudière, and, also, the rivers Du Loup and Metgarmette, all upon the Canadian side (although they would hardly sustain the logic of the arbiter as flowing *immediately* into the St. Lawrence) flowing into the Chaudière, and the head waters of the Kennebec, upon the American side. The broad difference between the two parties begins just at the place where the head waters of the Penobscot divide and part off from the west—and where the range of highlands stretches off toward the north and east, which has always been laid down upon the maps—and where, again, other heights of land are said by the British claimants to be presented more to the south and east, between the Penobscot and St. John. Detached heights of land, and some, it is probable, of considerable elevation, existing along that *inter-river* region, have been connected together by the form of the British claim in order to create a continuous line of boundary. This latter supposed line meanders between the numerous interlocking waters of the Aroostook and Seboois, and other streams entering into the Penobscot, until, by one means and another, catching from point to point, and leaping all intervening spaces, it is imagined to reach Mars Hill. Between the contiguous sources of some of those streams, it may be observed, there are *portages*, or carrying places ; and at some of these portages, and we believe it is well ascertained at the principal ones, especially between the contiguous sources of the farthest branches of the Penobscot and St. John, which are

but a short interval apart, there lies nothing but low, swampy ground. North of this hypothetical range of highlands, lies the field or area of the British claim; and the offer which Mr. Bankhead was instructed to make, in the shape of a modification of the president's proposal, would embrace all that district, and considerably more.

The only apparent difference between a parallel of latitude and a straight line from the head of the St. Croix to the only highlands, upon the character of which the parties could possibly be agreed, would, at the utmost, be the breadth between the head waters of the Kennebec and the western head of the Penobscot, which would not vary very essentially from a right angle with a meridian from the St. Croix. And this modification of the president's proposal, whatever it meant, was stated to be the only condition upon which the British government would consent to accede to it. But if this modification should not prove acceptable to the president, then the only alternative that remained, according to Mr. Bankhead's instructions, would be simply a resort to the same measure which had before been ventured by Sir Charles R. Vaughan, it seems upon his own responsibility, namely, "to abandon altogether the attempt to draw a line in conformity with the words of the treaty of 1783, and to fix upon a conventional line to be drawn according to equitable principles, and with a view to the respective interests and convenience of the two parties." In that event Mr. Bankhead was instructed to treat for an equal division of the territory in dispute between the respective claimants upon a plan consonant at once with the natural principles of equity and the natural features of the country; and this happy and harmonious line of division was to be drawn due north as required by the treaty to the St. John, and along that river to its southwesternmost source, and thence to the head of Connecticut river.

This overture of Mr. Bankhead is about the beginning of the end. It was in this last communication that the British government declared its own absolute renouncement of the territorial compromise recommended by the king of the Netherlands. Mr. Forsyth took a little time to think upon the novel scheme proposed by Mr. Bankhead under the phrase of a modification; and in his reply, without apparently undertaking exactly to define or to conceive in what manner or upon what principle the dividing line was to be drawn from one point to another, he plainly showed that his mind was open to any lights by which he might be more fully enabled to comprehend its operation. After a pertinent observation, that the award of the arbitrator being abandoned by both parties, the whole subject stood as if there had never been any submission of it, and after a reference also to some recent grave events occurring (probably upon

the border of New Hampshire) to impress the importance of a speedy establishment of that part of the line, as to which the parties were nearly of accord, unless there was a prospect of an immediate adjustment of the whole controversy, Mr. Forsyth remarked that the president perceived in Mr. Bankhead's note "no allusion to *any portion of the line except that beginning at the source of the St. Croix, and terminating at the head of Connecticut river.*" Supposing "this omission to bring into view the residue of the boundary line between the United States and the dominions of his Britannic majesty" to have been the result of a conviction that there was sufficient understanding between the parties on that part of the subject to bring it to a settlement as soon as might be desirable—and proposing to confine himself to the points touched in Mr. Bankhead's note, Mr. Forsyth asks:—

"Can his majesty's government expect the government of the United States to consent, before the selection of commissioners of examination and survey, and the appointment of an umpire to decide on the contingency of their disagreement, that the terminating point of the line running due north from the source of the St. Croix is to be alone looked for on highlands which cannot be reached from the westernmost bend of the Bay des Chaleurs but by running directly across high mountains, deep valleys, and the large rivers that flow through them? Agreement between the United States and Great Britain on this point is impossible, while his majesty's government continues to maintain this position."

We believe there has been some little exception taken at the eastward to the manner in which Mr. Forsyth appeared to entertain the overture of the British government for a division of the territory; and we are not quite sure that some of the forms of expression employed here and there in the course of the correspondence might not seem rather to have exceeded the necessary claims of diplomatic courtesy. Possibly the apparent assent of Mr. Forsyth to this new equity doctrine, of making a fair division of disputed property among contending claimants, might wear the aspect of too much facility, supposing it to have been gravely expressed. But taking the whole paragraph together, in connection with the subsequent comment, and especially with the counter project for the proposed conventional boundary upon the St. John, notwithstanding the serious air of diplomatic civility and almost simplicity with which it is pervaded, it may be reasonably doubted whether Mr. Forsyth really meant to commit himself by any superfluous demonstration of reverence towards the principle assumed and advanced, under these extraordinary circumstances. The whole of the passage on this subject in Mr. Forsyth's letter is as follows:—

"That equity, in disputes about territory, when both parties are satisfied of the justice of their respective pretensions, requires a fair division

of the disputed property, is a truth the president freely admits ; but the undersigned is instructed to remind Mr. Bankhead of what has been heretofore stated, that in a conventional line the wishes and interests of the state of Maine were to be consulted, and that the president cannot, in justice to himself or to that state, make any proposition utterly irreconcilable with her previously well-known opinions on the subject. His majesty's government will not have forgotten that the principle of compromise and equitable division was adopted by the king of the Netherlands in the line recommended by him to the parties ; a line rejected by the United States, because unjust to Maine ; and yet the line proposed by the king of the Netherlands gave to Great Britain little more than two millions, while the proposition now made by his Britannic majesty's government secures to Great Britain of the disputed land more than four millions of acres. The division offered by Mr. Bankhead's note is not in harmony with the equitable rule from which it is said to spring, and if it were in conformity with it, could not be accepted without disrespect to the previous decisions and just expectations of Maine. The president is far from supposing this proposition is founded upon a desire of his majesty's government to acquire territory, or that the quantity of land secured to Great Britain in the proposed compromise was the leading motive to the offer made. His majesty's government has no doubt made the offer without regard to the extent of the territory falling to the north or south of the St. John's, from a belief that a change in the character of the boundary line, substituting a river for a highland boundary, would be useful in preventing territorial disputes in future. Coinciding in this view of the subject, the president is nevertheless compelled to decline the boundary proposed, as inconsistent with the known wishes, rights, and decisions of the state.

"With a view, however, to terminate at once all controversy ; and satisfactorily, without regard to the extent of territory lost by one party or acquired by the other, to establish an unchangeable and definite and indisputable boundary, the president will, if his majesty's government consents to it, apply to the state of Maine for its assent to make the river St. John's, from its source to its mouth, the boundary between Maine and his Britannic majesty's dominions in that part of North America."

This modification of the natural equity principle, although applying to a very strongly marked natural feature of the country, was of course at once rejected as inadmissible. It would trench upon his majesty's territory of New Brunswick. The British government had even refused to treat concerning the navigation of the St. John, as an integral portion of the question. The convenience to be consulted in any political arrangement for partition according to the natural principles of equity and natural features of the country, related mainly to that of his Britannic majesty's dominions, and was to be resolved rather upon the ideas of his majesty's ministers. Now we have the most entire respect for the principle of this objection. It is founded on rights secured and guarantied by treaty. We have no right to go to the St. John below the meridian in any event. We acknowledge it would trench upon territory to which we have no pretension ; although we may insist that there are certain ancient landmarks to which, in case the treaty delimitation

should be dissolved, the United States might well claim to be restored. Meantime it may be mentioned, that, in notifying to Mr. Forsyth that the proposition offered by him, to render the boundary a river one, by the St. John throughout, was one to which he was sure the British government would never agree, he intimated that perhaps Mr. Forsyth had not given to the modification which had just before been proposed by the British government to the plan suggested by the president the *full* weight to which it was entitled. To this Mr. Forsyth simply replied, that before consenting to such a modification, it would be necessary for the president to be more *fully* informed of the views of the British government in offering it. This the more as the president was to bear in mind, as it had been carefully inculcated upon him, that the office of the commission proposed by him was only regarded as an experimental one, not to be authorized to *decide* on points of difference, but merely to report the result of their labours to their respective governments, so as to pave the way for an ultimate settlement of the question.

It may be observed, that all this latter part of the negotiation with Mr. Bankhead, to wit, touching the mode of looking for highlands, upon the description of which both parties were agreed—with the alternative offer of an equitable division of the disputed territory—and the overture to which it led from Mr. Forsyth of a line along the whole St. John—transpired after the communication of the president at the commencement of the session, that Great Britain declined to renew the negotiation, except upon certain preliminary conditions, which he judged to be incompatible with a satisfactory and rightful adjustment of the controversy. The new method which Mr. Bankhead was instructed to propose had apparently been transmitted by the British government before they could be apprised of the president's resolution to break the matter to congress, and invite thus their attention to the state of the negotiation. And upon whatever state of information the call which was made for the correspondence arose, we may suppose that the character of this additional portion of it—which certainly did not improve the complexion of that which preceded, nor render the whole of it any more palatable—created some motive to induce the president to comply with a request which he had considered it inexpedient to grant upon a former occasion; and we may also presume that it formed a further reason, in the judgment of the senate, to which it was submitted as having been originally undertaken under their advice, to publish the whole negotiation. It is probable that this reference of the subject was not precisely anticipated by the British government; and that it was a conjuncture not provided for in the instructions of Mr. Bankhead.

We know nothing really more admirable than the tone which the British government has maintained upon this claim—advanced, as it has been, in the face of its own most conspicuous public acts, already of considerable antiquity as well as of the highest solemnity, and in the face, also, of its own contemporaneous and continued exposition of the terms contained in those authentic documents, proclaimed in the most distinct and unequivocal manner, down to the determination of the river St. Croix, upon which that of the northwest angle of Nova Scotia then depended. If there is any one characteristic more distinctly impressed upon it than another, from first to last, it is that of boldness. This is the first, the second, and the third broad attribute stamped upon it. As the case now stands, it rests, on their part, not on the ground of the treaty, for that has been abandoned, but on the ground that the treaty itself is, in this respect, a dead letter, and that the space which is covered by the claim was a sort of *dominium jacens*, belonging to nobody, or at all events, to nobody but themselves. It is no longer pretended to be founded upon an intermediate range of highlands dividing the waters of the Penobscot from those of the St. John—as though that could ever have served the terms of the treaty. Nothing more is said about Mars Hill; and all the argument that was offered before the arbiter upon that claim now rests upon the merely negative effect of his award, and the possession, to a certain point, of the river St. John. “A strong point on those claims,” said Sir Charles R. Vaughan, with some emphasis, “is the exclusive possession of the river St. John’s.” The sum, it seems, of all that was submitted to the king of the Netherlands is, that he did not find sufficient premises in the case, in the way in which it was prepared for him, to come to a decision of the point that was proposed to him; and, therefore, they say, that if they have no case of it, neither have we; that it is as if there had never been any treaty about it, and nothing remains but to divide the land between us upon certain fair principles, or to put a kind of gloss or sham construction upon the treaty, with a view to avoid what might otherwise be in the nature of a constitutional difficulty.

It is rather a curious fact in the history of the negotiation of 1783, that it was proposed, in the first place, to leave the settlement of the northeastern boundary to subsequent arrangement; but the boundary defined in the treaty was afterwards concluded to be adopted, in order, as it was expressed, to prevent disputes, and lay a firm foundation for future peace between the two countries. And it is certainly singular that such a sort of remote, posthumous result, as was thereby intended to be avoided, should, after all, have been raised out of the very terms by which it was to have been prevented. It is very

remarkable, too, that such a strange mischance should have occurred at the very point at which *the boundary of the United States was to begin*. But, supposing the treaty line to be canceled on the Canadian side, in consequence of such gross defects of description, that according to the doctrine of the king of the Netherlands, as quoted and carried out by the organs of the British government, no such delimitation exists in that quarter, as was deemed to be described by the treaty, does it follow that Maine is, in fact, without any boundary upon the north, or that the United States are entitled to none but such as the British government may allow?

By the first article of the original treaty of peace, his Britannic majesty acknowledges the United States, naming New Hampshire, Massachusetts, &c., to be free, sovereign, and independent states; and for himself, his heirs, and successors, relinquished all claims to the government, propriety, and territorial rights of the same, and every part thereof. These territorial rights, &c. were determined by their original grants and charters, as they had been expounded and defined prior to the rise of those events and questions that led to the revolution. The authority of the Quebec act was never acknowledged by the colonies. The application of the proclamation of 1763 was not opposed, but it never was adopted any further than its terms were reduced to precision by the description of the treaty of 1783; and if that description signifies nothing now, no more does the antetype from which it was taken. The grant of Nova Scotia to Sir William Alexander went to the river St. Lawrence; and that was insisted upon by the government of Great Britain up to the capture of Quebec. The adjoining territory of Sagadahock, originally mentioned to have been granted to the duke of York, and annexed to the crown, by which it was afterwards united with Maine to the province of Massachusetts, was bounded on Nova Scotia, and extended likewise to the St. Lawrence. The due north line is still declared by the British government to be the western limit of Nova Scotia; and the ancient northwest angle of that province existed, until the autumn, at least, of 1763, (as it was pronounced by the king of the Netherlands,) upon the bank of the St. Lawrence. Thither, also, was carried and conjoined the northeast conterminous point or angle of what John Randolph used to call, with his characteristic precision, the old province of Maine and Sagadahock. There never was any question respecting the rightfulness of this claim under the Massachusetts charter, except so far as arose from the operation of the treaties of Ryswick and Breda, by which the debatable tract was ceded to France; but there was a regular confirmation of the grant to the duke of York subsequent to the treaty of Breda, and by the treaty of Utrecht the whole territory was

retroceded to Great Britain, under the description of Nova Scotia, or Acadia, with its ancient boundaries; and all that lay west of Nova Scotia was resumed as part of the Massachusetts province. It was distinctly holden by the opinions of the attorney and solicitor generals of England, (afterwards Lords Chancellors Talbot and Hardwicke,) in 1731, that, upon the conquest of the territory between Kennebeck (Sagadahock) and St. Croix, the law of nations occasioned only a temporary suspension, and did not create an extinguishment of previous proprietorship;—that, upon the reconquest of that territory, all the ancient rights of the province and of subjects of the crown were revived and restored by the *jus postliminii*; and that, consequently, although there were restrictions upon grants of land by the province under the charter, yet the crown acquired no new powers of settlement or government over it. It cannot be necessary to remark, that it was not in the power of the king, by his mere act, without process of law, to curtail the chartered limits of the provinces; and even the Quebec act of 1774, which was built on the proclamation of 1763, contained a clause that nothing in it should affect, in any way, the boundaries of any other colony. There was some little talk, after the proclamation, between the agent of Massachusetts and the British ministry, relative to ceding to the crown "*the narrow tract of land belonging to Massachusetts, bordering on the St. Lawrence, which was wanted by the crown to complete the continuity of the province of Quebec.*" We know it was urged by Lord Hillsborough upon the province of Massachusetts, in 1764, to authorize a cession to the crown of all claim, under their charter, to the lands on the river St. Lawrence, destined, by the royal proclamation of the year before, to form part of the government of Quebec. But nothing was done, of a definite nature, on the part of Massachusetts, before the treaty of 1783. There could have been no ground of doubt, indeed, whatever, that the king could neither revoke nor restrict the rights of territory and government which had once been granted by the crown, except on the absolute assertion of the sovereign right of conquest. But in those achievements, which added Nova Scotia and afterwards Canada to the British crown, and in defence of that common inheritance of her soil which surrounds her shores, the fisheries, New England had expended more of blood and treasure, according to the declaration of the illustrious John Adams, than all the rest of the British empire. The history of Massachusetts, alone, by Hutchinson, shows how much she exhausted her efforts and means for this purpose, and to what straits she was sometimes reduced for relief. The only doctrine recognized among American statesmen has been that the treaty of 1783 was a division of the empire; that it was nothing more than a mutual ac-

knowledge of antecedent rights; that our rights to territory belonging to us before the revolution were no more a grant from Great Britain to us, by virtue of the treaty, than the treaty was a grant by us of Canada and Nova Scotia. We state no views upon this head but such as were maintained by the American negotiators of the treaty of 1783 themselves. It was the opinion of Mr. Jay, respecting the easterly boundaries of the United States in particular, that they "ought, on principles of right and justice, to be the same with those of the late colony or province of Massachusetts." If both parties, therefore, are to be left equally at liberty to recur to their former positions before the arbitration, as it is insisted by the British government, and are to be alike restored to their original claims and pretensions, as they existed before the revolution, and independent of the treaty of 1783, the title of the United States is capable of being established to the whole provincial territory of Massachusetts, upon as high grounds, whether of public law or of natural equity, as any that could be set up on behalf of Great Britain, and might be maintained with at least an equally justifiable confidence. Such a pretension on the part of the United States would be advanced, however, not to the St. John, but to the St. Lawrence. We are quite sensible that possession, as intimated by Sir Charles R. Vaughan, affords a strong practical point in any case; and that military possession, moreover, is a still more potent one in a case of disputed claim. When possession was taken of the Penobscot by the British arms, during the last war, the first doctrine broached, in order to defend it, was, that all treaties with the United States, including that of 1783, were abrogated at all points. The envoys of his Britannic majesty professed themselves unable to comprehend why their sovereign "should be precluded from availing himself of his means to retain those points, which the valour of British arms might have placed in his power, because they happened to be situated within the territories allotted, under former treaties, to the government of the United States." This lofty ground, it is true, was afterwards abandoned; the tone was changed to that of negotiation; and the great demand, grounded on the laws of war, dwindled down to the milder form of requesting a *cession* of "only that small portion of unsettled country which interrupts the communication between Halifax and Quebec,"—adding, in the subdued shape of a query, "there being much doubt whether it does not already belong to Great Britain." This brought the matter back precisely to the sort of ground mentioned to have been taken by Lord Hillsborough with the agent of Massachusetts, just after the proclamation of 1763, but which never came to any thing further than as it was reduced to agreement in the treaty of 1783. It was to this demand for a cession of a very

limited portion of this since disputed territory, that the American commissioners at Ghent responded, that they had no authority to cede any part of the territory of the United States, and to no stipulations to that effect would they subscribe.

On this subject our own government has been obliged at last to deliver its ultimatum, that they can enter into no negotiation of boundary upon any other basis than the treaty of 1783. We believe it is not the wish of the United States, nor of any part of the Union, to extend its boundary upon the British provinces on this continent beyond the limits of that treaty. Great Britain has had ample proof of the good will of General Jackson, and the world has seen sufficient evidence of the energy of his will, and of the vigour, generally available, of his purposes. But this is an instance in which we see realised the force of the mythological fiction, that when the deities were commanded to give ground to Jupiter, Terminus alone made good his resistance.

ART. IX.—*Poems by* HARTLEY COLERIDGE. Leeds.

We love to meet occasionally with a new name in the annals of literature. For though there is a sovereign company to whom we never falter in our allegiance, yet for the honour of time present, and for the satisfaction of knowing that the best portion of the world is not standing still, we rejoice now and then to hail a new author. Under this designation we desire to be distinctly understood as not including that growing class of handicraftsmen who are engaged in the manufacture of what by courtesy are called books. When we speak of authorship, we mean that occupation which gives to a name an abiding-place in the history of letters. It is one of the evils of the accumulation of modern publications, that a man, unless gifted with supernatural reading powers, is compelled to be somewhat reserved in forming new literary acquaintances. He contents himself with his old friends—he retreats to the shelf of his library that has become endeared to him—he finds his security among the familiar volumes, that he could lay his hand upon in the dark—he is shy of new-made gentry. Yet these very feelings probably enhance the pleasure of meeting with a volume

which bears the stamp of something above the mere mechanism of book-making.

It is an added pleasure to be able to greet a new poet. The world, we are apprehensive, is growing too *prosy*. We are haunted with a vague sort of alarm—more like a dream, or a night-mare, than a waking thought—that hosts of the tenants of this goodly green globe will turn into brokers and money-dealers. The hearts of men, we fear, will be in the stocks. It is one of the characteristics of the times, that whole communities are alarmingly utilitarian. Nothing is secure from the base uses of economists and calculators; no spot or edifice, however hallowed, is assured in its moral associations; no spectacle, however glorious by the work of nature, is safe from the rude touch of heartless speculation. Men have been found bold enough to lay their impious hands upon scenes the most awful in creation. The cataract and the cascade are measured for water-power—the mountain torrent is a feeder. A traveller, revisiting a district of country after a few years' absence, enquires after a waterfall as he does after an old inhabitant, and is no more surprized at finding that one has gone to his rest, than that the other has been turned to its work. Niagara has scarcely been secure. Presumptuous as modern "improvement" is, there need not, we suppose, be a rational fear that the ceaseless discharge of more than five inland seas might be perceptibly diminished; but that the matchless sublimity of that spot may be grievously impaired, we have greatly feared. Our last pilgrimage to that place of worship—that shrine of the Almighty—was hastened by this apprehension. As we approached it, we heard of railroads to the Falls—of the "City of the Falls"—of town lots, and of water-power. We saw, with a heavy heart, the actual plan of these devices. Alas! thought we, shall that voice of the Creator be silenced?—shall the deep that there crieth unto deep be hushed? But there came glad tidings that nature was avenged. The bold mortal—the Titan of the land-jobbers—who had dared to traffic with her glories, was laid prostrate in the very deed. We turned pagan for the nonce, and gave thanks to the spirit of the cataract, whom, in fancy, we beheld triumphing over the prostrate evil genius of speculation. It will, we fondly trust, prove a lesson against future presumption. We have no fear that man, with all the pomp, and power, and pride of mechanism, can draw more than a drop from that flow; yet he may most vexatiously intrude;—the shrill accents of art may be mingled with the solemn tones of nature—a harsh accompaniment to the unison of voices of the great waters. The surrounding scenery may be sadly defaced, if touched by any hand which is not restrained by a sense of the sublimities of the place. As we

wandered about the neighbourhood, a group of Indians glided across our path;—a young Tuscarora, with a very unabated look, and his squaw with her infant peering out of its cradle on the mother's back: by the by, an Indian mother's love should be exceeding deep, we surmise, for her dear little savage is borne so much more than the infants of the sophisticated matrons in civilized communities. As we looked at them, a thought came into our mind that the traces of the world as it has been were not yet quite effaced—that something was still left untouched by the restless, feverish hand of covetousness. We gazed upon the savages as the Ancient Mariner did upon the bright water-snakes:

“A spring of love gushed from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware;
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I blessed them unaware.”

We have no ambition to be sentimentally conservative; but we do lament that the spirit of change is restrained by no higher consideration than a distrust of investment, and that it has no fear of assaulting the bounds set by nature or by moral association. It is only when it transgresses its lawful limits—as in the glaring instance we have adverted to—that we deplore the progress of improvement so called. The world would be all the better, we fancy, if the practical fit, which is on it, were somewhat abated. A factitious standard has been introduced by the self-sufficient wisdom of the day, which tests all things by what is called a practical character—which means, we believe, the quality of teaching men to make money, or to increase the crops, or to multiply the fabric of “stuffs,” under which latter denomination may be included a large proportion of the products of the press. Books are valued according to the same standard. Now we most thankfully greet any literary effort which recognizes a higher aim and a nobler end. Surely there is a practical character of a better kind than that which is indicated by the ordinary acceptance of the term; surely something more is to be *done* than to administer to man's physical wants; he is to be supplied with something more than food, and clothing, and the trash called “light reading” by those who look upon books as mere allies against time. A writer, elevating himself above the lower spheres of authorship, is worthy of a more than ordinary welcome. We delight, therefore, we repeat, to meet with a new poet.

The name of Hartley Coleridge will probably be new to many of our readers. He is the son—the first-born—of the late Samuel Taylor Coleridge, the poet and philosopher: we always hesitate which to call him, and regret that the language supplies

no word comprehensive of both titles. Mr. Hartley Coleridge has therefore a patrimonial reputation. How far, however, that species of inheritance may be available to a man's own reputation is, we think, somewhat questionable; for it is quite as apt to induce an invidious comparison as a willingness to trace the ancestral power. It has the effect of interesting public curiosity, but beyond that the heir's own fame must be earned by his own efforts.

It is pleasing to find any instance in which the strength and qualities of the mind have descended from father or mother to the offspring. The likeness has much greater interest than those physical similitudes, in which there is often so carefully transmitted the shape of a nose or a mouth, or the twist of an eye-brow, or that most imperishable of all traits, which is rarely quenched by the lapse of less than three or four generations, a head of red hair. A case of intellectual inheritance is an agreeable exception to the general tendency to degeneracy. The necessity of crossing the breed seems to make such brutes of us that it is not a pleasing theory. The instances of hereditary talent in literature are, however, we are obliged to acknowledge, of rare occurrence. After a few minutes' labour of recollection, the only examples we are able to call to mind are Kings David and Solomon, and the two Drs. Sherlock. The latter of these cases is not of sufficient note, and the circumstance of inspiration obviously puts the former out of the question, for it might probably be regarded as an exception to a general rule rather than an illustration of it. Poetic genius especially is so delicate a combination, that it is likely to be destroyed by any change in its constitution. Two of Dryden's sons attempted to follow in their father's path, but the spirit of "glorious John" had fled, and what they wrote the world has willingly let die.¹ Spenser left two sons,—one with a name at least that might well befit a poet, "Sylvanus Spenser," the other with a name that would have suited one whose walks were on the highways of prose, "Peregrine Spenser." What, by the by, had become of the poet's own beautiful name, "Edmund Spenser?" Perhaps the child was so named, that perished in the flames when Spenser's dwelling was fired by the Irish rebels, and he driven

¹ Perhaps in the constitution of the sons there was too large a proportion of the mother's character; a letter from Dryden's wife, the Lady Elizabeth, as she was styled from her noble lineage of the Howards, has been preserved, in which the following passage occurs:—"Your father is much at woe as to his health, and his defnese is not wosce, but much as he was when he was heare; give me a true account how my deare sonn Charles is head durs."

from the country.¹ Unless that child, over whose untimely and disastrous fate the poet's broken heart beat its last throbs, inherited some of the parent's spirit, his boundless imagination came not down to others of the name. Milton's son—John Milton, Junior—died in his infancy; but we dare say had he lived longer, he would have been literally “a mute, inglorious Milton.” Certainly his early death is not to be deplored, if we may conjecture what his character would have been from that of Milton's daughters, who grew a-weary of their intellectual attendance upon the blind old bard, and longed for the humbler tasks of needle-work. It is an ugly page in female history that records how they turned away from their communion with the spirit of their sire. “The irksomeness of their employment could not be always concealed, but broke out more and more into expressions of uneasiness; so that at length they were all sent out to learn some curious and ingenious sorts of manufactures, that are proper for women to learn, particularly embroideries in gold or silver.” (*Life of Milton, by his nephew, Edward Philips.*) The glory of Shakspeare's name began and ended with himself—his own unhereditary self. We hope that the name is not desecrated by the wear of any modern mortal, for it has passed above the common uses of men's names. How anomalous would a “Mr. or Mrs. Shakspeare” sound, and what perfect contradictions in terms would “the little Shakspeares” be! When the Rev. Mr. Dyce, one of Shakspeare's biographers, visited Stratford-on-Avon, in 1820, for the purpose of gathering traditions, he found a woman upwards of eighty years of age, named Mary Hornby, who gained a livelihood by showing the house in which the bard was born. She claimed a descent from Shakspeare, her maiden name being Hart, and had evidently inherited a full share of his love of the drama. Her high ancestral feeling manifested itself by her saying, “I *writes* plays, sir,” and producing a tragedy entitled, “The Battle of Waterloo.” The old woman, who had better been at her prayers, was, we presume, well read in the three parts of Henry VI.; she had assuredly selected a famous theme for “Alarums—Enter English and French, fighting—Exeunt, fighting—Alarums.” So far as syntax is concerned, she seems to have been what the French critics in their ignorance are so fond of calling her great progenitor,—“a wild, irregular genius.” Such fallings off may well serve to rebuke man's pride. It was one of the trials of the calamitous life of the sainted Jeremy Taylor

¹ This calamity is mentioned by Southey, in his notices of the early British poets, in a manner rather peculiar:—“When Tyrone's rebellion broke out, Spenser's house was burnt by the rebels, and in it *his papers and one of his children.*”—Southey's “British Poets.”

to witness the debased career of his own children,—who could have thought that the offspring of one whose spirit dwelt so habitually in the regions of an aspiring devotion would have declined to such degenerate ways,—one fell in a duel, staining his dying hand with the blood of his antagonist—the other, with a slower but as deep a perfidy, became a favourite companion of Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. One more of these melancholy instances of degeneracy,—Izaak Walton, the great piscator, left an only son, bearing too his honoured name. He, an Izaak Walton, turned away from the banks of the sedgy Lea—became a traveled gentleman—studied the fine arts in Italy—returned to one of the English universities, and devoted himself to assisting in the compilation of an ecclesiastical history. There is no record of his having ever angled for a single fish. Another of old Izaak's, "honest Mr. Walton's," descendants, but fortunately not bearing the name, which in this instance was spared the degradation, strayed still further from the harmless paths of his forefather, and acquired some notoriety among that craft who after a fashion are fishers of men, by the authorship of the work, doomed to most criminal associations, entitled, "Hawkins' Pleas of the Crown."

But we are loth to dwell longer on this sad topic. The frequent occurrences of such instances of degeneracy as we have adverted to, would almost justify a congratulation on those cases where the race of an illustrious individual has become extinct with him. There would seem to be a tendency in nature to transmit the weaknesses and infirmities rather than the nobler parts of our being. Of this there is so much hazard, that whenever great powers are blended with any defects, we are tempted to rejoice in our hearts on finding that the line of succession is broken. It would be difficult, for instance, to fancy any being more superlatively disagreeable than a young Dr. Johnson would in all probability have been; and surely, if nature had furnished such an individual, she would have been bound to supply a young Boswell to match him. It was wisely ordained, no doubt, that the late Miss Hannah More lived and died an "unwedded maiden old." We must pause a moment to make our acknowledgment to Mr. Wordsworth for that phrase; for, having a profound affection for several of the class in question, we have long felt the need of some term as a substitute for that other one which has become somewhat tinctured with reproach. The lovely piety which adorned the life of Hannah More might, in the second generation, have subsided into a residuum of mere starch; or if the aberration had been to the opposite extreme, and as wide as in the family of the good Jeremy Taylor, her descendant might have been an opera singer or a figurante.

We have been led into these trains of reflection by taking up the volume of Mr. Hartley Coleridge's poems. A literary effort by a son of Coleridge was calculated to attract attention. The influence exerted by the father's writings was deeper than that of most authors; the readers that were moved by him were strongly moved, and we could hardly believe that their influence would be inoperative on his own household. We had anticipations, therefore, of Hartley Coleridge before we knew of his literary pursuits. What he has so far accomplished may be considered chiefly as experiment for him, and promise to the world. But enough, we think, has been done to show that the Coleridge name has not yet reaped the whole harvest of its fame. Hartley Coleridge has appeared as the author of the volume of poetry which we purpose examining in this article, and of a volume of biography, "*The Lives of Distinguished Northerns*," a work of very considerable attractions, with a vein of pleasant writing on the surface, and of fine philosophy beneath. The compliment has also been paid of throwing upon him suspicions of the authorship of that extraordinary and delightful production "*The Doctor*," and although the proofs seem to have accumulated more upon Southey than upon any one else, we are very reluctant to give up a belief of ours that Hartley Coleridge has a hand in it, participating, probably, with the Laureate, and thus reviving that fine old custom of joint authorship which was of no uncommon occurrence in the early days of English literature.

Hartley Coleridge is, by a sort of necessity, a poet, and the lovers of his father's melodious imaginings had a right to indulge great hopes of him. His father's prayers and teachings marked him for the high converse of poesy; and the beautiful allusions to him, when yet an infant, have kept a place in the hearts of the admirers of the sire open for the son. We feel towards Hartley Coleridge as if we could say that we knew him when a child. What happier introduction could he have had than by the little incident narrated with such true parental as well as poetic feeling in Coleridge's exquisite poem "*The Nightingale*?"

"Farewell, O warbler! till to-morrow eve.
And you, my friends! farewell, a short farewell!
We have been loitering long and pleasantly,
And now for our dear homes. That strain again!
Full fain it would delay me! My dear babe,
Who, capable of no articulate sound,
Mars all things with his imitative lisp,
How he would place his hand beside his ear,
His little hand, the small forefinger up,
And bid us listen! And I deem it wise
To make him nature's playmate. He knows well

The evening star ; and once, when he awoke
 In most distressful mood (some inward pain
 Had made up that strange thing, an infant's dream)
 I hurried with him to our orchard-plot,
 And he beheld the moon, and, hushed at once,
 Suspends his sobs, and laughs most silently,
 While his fair eyes, that swam with undropped tears,
 Did glitter in the yellow moonbeam ! Well !—
 It is a father's tale. But if that Heaven
 Should give me life, his childhood shall grow up
 Familiar with these songs, that with the night
 He may associate joy !—Once more, farewell,
 Sweet nightingale ! Once more, my friends, farewell !”

And again, in the lines entitled “Frost at Midnight”—

“ Dear babe, that sleepest cradled by my side,
 Whose gentle breathings, heard in this deep calm,
 Fill up the interspersed vacancies
 And momentary pauses of the thought !
 My babe so beautiful ! it thrills my heart
 With tender gladness thus to look at thee,
 And think that thou shalt learn far other lore,
 And in far other scenes ! For I was reared
 In the great city, pent 'mid cloisters dim,
 And saw nought lovely but the sky and stars.
 But thou, my babe ! shalt wander like a breeze
 By lakes and sandy shores, beneath the crags
 Of ancient mountain, and beneath the clouds,
 Which image, in their bulk, both lakes and shores
 And mountain crags : so shalt thou see and hear
 The lovely shades and sounds intelligible
 Of that eternal language, which thy God
 Utters, who from eternity doth teach
 Himself in all, and all things in himself.
 Great universal Teacher ! he shall mould
 Thy spirit, and by giving make it ask.

“ Therefore, all seasons shall be sweet to thee ;
 Whether the summer clothe the general earth
 With greenness, or the redbreast sit and sing
 Betwixt the tufts of snow on the bare branch
 Of mossy apple-tree, while the nigh thatch
 Smokes in the sun-thaw ; whether the eave-drops fall
 Heard only in the trances of the blast,
 Or if the secret ministry of frost
 Shall hang them up in silent icicles,
 Quietly shining to the quiet moon.”

Such aspirations must have shed a prosperous influence upon the expanding spirit of him whose childhood was thus watched over. The interest of this home story is completed by the sweet response of the son to the aged parent, upon whose ear—soon after sealed by death—it may have sounded as an earnest of his early prayer. It is impossible not to be most favourably prepossessed by the dedication of these poems, not merely for the

admirable simplicity of the expression, but for the pure and right-hearted feeling which pervades it.

"DEDICATORY SONNET,

"TO S. T. COLERIDGE.

"Father, and bard, revered! to whom I owe,
What'er it be, my little art of numbers,
Thou, in thy night-watch, o'er my cradled slumbers
Didst meditate the verse that lives to show,
(And long shall live, when we alike are low,)
Thy prayer how ardent, and thy hope how strong,
That I should learn of nature's self the song,
The lore which none but nature's pupils know.

"The prayer was heard: I 'wander'd, like a breeze,'
By mountain brooks and solitary meres,
And gather'd there the shapes and fantasies
Which, mix'd with passions of my sadder years,
Compose this book. If good therein there be,
That good, my sire, I dedicate to thee.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE."

The feeling with which the volume is offered to the public discovers the same good sense and feeling:—

"Of the verses contained in this volume, none, with a single exception, can claim the privilege of juvenile poems. I neither deprecate nor defy the censure of the critics. No man can know, of himself, whether he is, or is not, a poet. The thoughts, the feelings, the images, which are the material of poetry, are accessible to all who seek for them; but the power to express, combine, and modify—to make a truth of thought—to earn a sympathy for feeling—to convey an image to the inward eye, with all its influences and associations—can only approve itself by experiment; and the result of the experiment may not be known for years. Such an experiment I have ventured to try, and I wait the result with patience. Should it be favourable, the present volume will shortly be followed by another, in which, if no more be accomplished, a higher strain is certainly attempted."—*Preface.*

This is language very appropriate to the modesty of a first effusion; but the time will come, we are inclined to think, when Hartley Coleridge will feel that "a man *can* know of himself whether he is, or is not, a poet." When he rises, as we trust he will, into that promised higher strain, he must rely upon his own consciousness rather than upon the appreciations of others. The poet, who talks of high strains, must not wait for results; "soaring in the high reason of his fancies, with his garland and singing robes about him," he must not look too often on the world that he leaves beneath him. But diffidence is a good fault at any time.

This volume of poems has given us assurance against a misgiving that has occasionally insinuated itself into our minds—

¹ Milton.

a fear that the great stream of English poetry may for a time be intermitted. Commencing at the close of the long interval which elapsed after Chaucer's time, the series of eminent poets may be regarded as continuous from the date of the revival of poetry with the Earl of Surrey down to the present day. Sir Philip Sidney followed soon after that early period: he was mourned by Spenser, whose career was a little earlier than Shakspeare's. The retired manhood of Shakspeare, and the youth of Milton, touched the same period of time. There is a tradition of an interview between Milton, in his old age, and the youthful Dryden,—an interview, by the by, sought by the latter for the purpose of making a request which gave but sorry promise of his subsequent power: he was seeking permission to turn "Paradise Lost" into a rhyming tragedy, called "The State of Innocence." In one of his letters Pope has recorded having once seen Dryden, with a lament that his acquaintance reached no further, "*Virgilium tantum vidi*." Gray and Cowper brought the series down towards the close of the last century, and Crabbe and Rogers may be looked on as the connecting links with the great contemporary poets. Of these, Coleridge, Walter Scott, and Byron, are in their graves; Southey seems to have taken up his abode "in the cool element of prose." The light is yet burning upon Rydal-Mount—with vigour enough, we fervently trust, to send forth its kindly influences upon human nature for years to come. But the course of nature is coming on; and in his beautiful lines on the death of the Ettrick Shepherd, "the old man eloquent" has told of the warning he has felt in the death of his contemporaries:

"Like clouds that rake the mountain summits,
Or waves that own no curbing hand,
How fast has brother followed brother
From sunshine to the sunless land!

"Yet I, whose lids from infant slumbers
Were earlier raised, remain to hear
A timid voice, that asks in whispers,
'Who next will drop and disappear?'"

When Wordsworth, too, shall have passed to his rest—well earned by a long life devoted, without reserve or intermission, to elevating the feelings and character of mankind—where, we

¹ This play contains such minute stage directions, that it would seem to have been intended for scenic representation. Sir Walter Scott, in his life of Dryden, thinks there would have been difficulty about the *costume*. Dramatists, who have gone back to the age of the antediluvians, have generally been more or less embarrassed by this subject: the period of the *antefigleasians* has been attended with additional difficulties to those who have ventured on it. In the days of Charles II., however, we should think, Adam and Eve might have had "*a run*."

have sometimes asked ourselves, shall he be found who may prove equal to the inheritance? If there be no one worthy to transmit the trust which for three centuries has not been forfeited, it will tell that a sad change has come over the spirit of that race who speak the English tongue. Let not this be thought an exaggeration; it is only the vulgar in intellect, and the indiscriminating, who look upon poetry as a mere superfluity—an ornament, perhaps, but still only an excrescence of the mind. Who, half as much as the poets, have given permanency to the thoughts and feelings of the world as it was long ago? What unaided human spirit in the wide universe of letters ever wrought half the influence of Shakspeare?—what name suggests a tithe of his genius and power? “No man,” said the elder Coleridge, “was ever yet a great poet, without being at the same time a profound philosopher; for poetry is the blossom and the fragrant of all human knowledge, human thoughts, human passions, emotions, language.” No poet, it may be added, entertaining an inadequate conception of his calling, can approach to eminence in it. We have no desire to wage a war for the poetasters—the inspired of the annuals, whether of souvenirs or of the addresses of watchmen and newspaper-carriers; we are speaking of other gentry. The sublime notion of poetry, which should always guide a critical taste, has been upheld in a fine panegyric by Wordsworth, in one of his prose treatises, which are not known as they should be, and from which we are therefore the more induced to quote the passage:

“The man of science seeks truth as a remote and unknown benefactor—he cherishes and loves it in his solitude: the poet, singing a song in which all human beings join with him, rejoices in the presence of truth as our visible friend and hourly companion. Poetry is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge—it is the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all science. Emphatically may it be said of the poet, as Shakspeare hath said of man, ‘that he looks before and after.’ He is the rock of defence of human nature—an upholder and preserver, carrying every where with him relationship and love. In spite of difference of soil and climate, of language and manners, of laws and customs, in spite of things silently gone out of mind, and things violently destroyed, the poet binds together by passion and knowledge the vast empire of human society, as it is spread over the whole earth and over all time. The objects of the poet’s thoughts are every where; though the eyes and senses of man are, it is true, his favourite guides, yet he will follow wheresoever he can find an atmosphere of sensation in which to move his wings. Poetry is the first and last of all knowledge—it is immortal as the heart of man. If the labours of men of science should ever create any material revolution, direct or indirect, in our condition, and in the impressions which we habitually receive, the poet will sleep then no more than at present, but he will be ready to follow the steps of the man of science—not only in those general indirect effects, but he will be at his side, carrying sensation into the midst of the objects of the science itself. The remotest discoveries of the

The windows of the eyes of cats,
 And for the roof, instead of slats,
 Is cover'd with the skins of bats,
 With moonshine that are gilded."

The self-complacent tribe—no longer the "genus irritabile"—are chided by Hartley Coleridge with great gentleness in a sonnet of exquisite beauty:—

"Whither is gone the wisdom and the power
 That ancient sages scatter'd with the notes
 Of thought-suggesting lyres? The music floats
 In the void air; e'en at this breathing hour,
 In every cell and every blooming bower
 The sweetness of old lays is hovering still:
 But the strong soul, the self-constraining will,
 The rugged root that bare the winsome flower
 Is weak and wither'd. Were we like the fays
 That sweetly nestle in the fox-glove bells,
 Or lurk and murmur in the rose-lipp'd shells
 Which Neptune to the earth for quit-rent pays,
 Then might our pretty modern Philomels
 Sustain our spirits with their roundelays."

One of the best indications in this volume of poems is the power of reflection which pervades most of its pages. The sonnets, of which there are a considerable number, are of the first order of that difficult form of composition. It would not be easy to suggest three higher themes for the sonnet than are presented in those we are about to quote, and it would be extreme fastidiousness to desire an execution more faithful to their lofty conceptions.

"HOMER.

"Far from all measured space, yet clear and plain
 As sun at noon, 'a mighty orb of song'
 Illumes extremest heaven. Beyond the throng
 Of lesser stars, that rise, and wax, and wane,
 The transient rulers of the fickle main,
 One steadfast light gleams through the dark, and long,
 And narrowing aisle of memory. How strong,
 How fortified with all the numerous train
 Of human truths, great poet of thy kind,
 Wert thou, whose verse, capacious as the sea,
 And various as the voices of the wind,
 Swell'd with the gladness of the battle's glee—
 And yet could glorify infirmity,
 When Priam wept, or shame-struck Helen pined."

"SHAKESPEARE.

"The soul of man is larger than the sky,
 Deeper than ocean—or the abysmal dark
 Of the unfathom'd centre. Like the ark,
 Which in its sacred hold uplifted high,

"POIETES APOIETES," in, which after lamenting his own feebleness, he tells, with a very pleasing allusion to his nativity and infancy, and a dark intimation of some unhappiness, of his poetic longings :

- "Divinest Poesy ! 'tis thine to make
 Age young—youth old—to baffle tyrant Time,
 From antique strains the hoary dust to shake,
 And with familiar grace to crown new rhyme.
- "Long have I loved thee—long have loved in vain,
 Yet large the debt my spirit owes to thee,
 Thou wreath'dst my first hours in a rosy chain,
 Rocking the cradle of my infancy.
- "The lovely images of earth and sky
 From thee I learn'd within my soul to treasure;
 And the strong magic of thy minstrelsy
 Charms the world's tempest to a sweet, sad measure.
- "Nor Fortune's spite—nor hopes that once have been—
 Hopes which no power of Fate can give again,—
 Not the sad sentence—that my life must wean
 From dear domestic joys—nor all the train
- "Of pregnant ills—and penitential harms
 That dog the rear of youth unwisely wasted,
 Can dim the lustre of thy stainless charms,
 Or sour the sweetness that in thee I tasted."

We are glad to find Hartley Coleridge expressing his sense also of the characteristic weakness of a great deal of contemporary verse. The danger, to which the cause of poetry appears chiefly to be exposed, is the process of evaporation or sublimation, by which modern versifiers so frequently separate its more superficial properties of sound and diction from its deeper and more abiding qualities of thought and feeling; for dealing out their light wares, they give a pretext to the prose-witted ground walkers to sneer even at real poetry and turn away from it as if it too were milk for babes. These evils seem to lie beyond the reach of remedy, and until the wit of criticism shall devise some artillery light enough for the warfare, the butterflies and the humming-birds must flutter with impunity. The manufacturers of the fantastic commodities of modern versification have become of late years so numerous, that they are setting up all the world over their little tabernacles of rhyme, which in solidity of structure mightily remind us of the faery palace described by old Michael Drayton :—

- "The walls of spiders' legs are made,
 Well morticed and finely laid,
 He was the master of his trade,
 It curiouslie that builded :

The windows of the eyes of cats,
 And for the roof, instead of slats,
 Is cover'd with the skins of bats,
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 Which in its sacred hold uplifted high,

O'er the drown'd hills, the human family,
 And stock reserved of every living kind,
 So, in the compass of the single mind,
 The seeds and pregnant forms in essence lie,
 That make all worlds. Great poet! 'twas thy art
 To know thyself, and in thyself to be
 Whate'er love, hate, ambition, destiny,
 Or the firm, fatal purpose of the heart,
 Can make of man. Yet thou wert still the same,
 Serene of thought, unhurt by thy own flame."

"TO WORDSWORTH.

"There have been poets that in verse display
 The elemental forms of human passions:
 Poets have been, to whom the fickle fashions
 And all the wilful humours of the day
 Have furnish'd matter for a polished lay:
 And many are the smooth elaborate tribe,
 Who, emulous of thee, the shape describe,
 And fain would every shifting hue portray
 Of restless nature. But, thou, mighty seer!
 'Tis thine to celebrate the thoughts that make
 The life of souls, the truths for whose sweet sake
 We to ourselves and to our God are dear.
 Of nature's inner shrine thou art the priest,
 Where most she works when we perceive her least."

The poet who succeeds in the sonnet enjoys at least this one great privilege, that his name is associated with some of the most illustrious names in the history of English poetry, and for the obvious reason that comparatively very few have been successful in that form of metrical writing. The reader familiar with Shakspeare's sonnets—and who that loves his own language is not?—will not unfrequently find them recalled to his mind by the sonnets scattered through this volume, for, without the slightest appearance of imitation, there is a similarity in the vein of feeling—in the expression of a desponding love—of self-reproach and regrets—and in the play of fancy—which redounds greatly to the honour of our contemporary. The following would not suffer by a direct comparison with Shakspeare's well known and beautiful sonnet on the unchangeableness of love:

"Is love a fancy or a feeling? No,
 It is immortal as immaculate Truth.
 'Tis not a blossom, shed as soon as youth
 Drops from the stem of life—for it will grow
 In barren regions, where no waters flow,
 Nor ray of promise cheats the pensive gloom.
 A darkling fire, faint hovering o'er the tomb,
 That but itself and darkness nought doth show,
 Is my love's being,—yet it cannot die,
 Nor will it change, though all be chang'd beside ;

Though fairest beauty be no longer fair,
 Though vows be false, and faith itself deny,
 Though sharp enjoyment be a suicide,
 And hope a spectre in a ruin bare."

Hartley Coleridge well knows that the sonnet may be used for other purposes than being charged with pensive regrets, and the tender feelings. It was once the exclusive property of love and melancholy, who piped upon it by turns. Milton seized it and blew a blast that in a moment revealed its unknown tones, and it has since been sounded to animate the high and tumultuous passions—to cheer a people in the moments of virtuous exultation, and to shame them in the days of degeneracy and corruption. A thought in one of Milton's sonnets is finely amplified in the following :

"LIBERTY.

" Say, what is Freedom ? What the right of souls,
 Which all who know are bound to keep, or die,
 And who knows not, is dead ? In vain ye pry
 In musty archives, or retentive scrolls,
 Charters and statutes, constitutions, rolls,
 And remnants of the old world's history :—
 These show what has been, not what ought to be,
 Or teach at best how wiser Time controls
 Man's futile purposes. As vain the search
 Of restless factions, who, in lawless will,
 Fix the foundations of a creedless church—
 A lawless rule—an anarchy of ill.
 But what is Freedom ? Rightly understood,
 A universal license to be good."

That is better doctrine than is brought to light by every class of politicians. We are not enthusiasts enough to fancy that a nation can be redeemed from political worthlessness by song, but it would be no difficult matter to show that the power of a popular poet may be a match against that of a demagogue. His influence may well be directed to control the feelings of a people—to guide and to elevate them. The times are in need of writers to sustain a lofty tone of public sentiment—to depict, if it be only in fancy, a love of the common good, unqualified by private interest—to perpetuate, at least, the memory of the hardihood and simplicity of ancient patriotism. It may savour a little of satire, although we do not mean it as such, to say that this is a duty for the poets. Tyrtaeus was blind of one eye, lame of a leg, something of a dwarf, and quite deformed—he could not have been what is called "a pretty poet," but he was, for all that, a good general. The vigour of a thousand swords was in his strains. Although we imagine it is more difficult to draw out votes, the modern weapons, than it was to draw out

swords, yet, may not somewhat of the terror of Tyrtæus's lyre be revived? There is a power in poetry for him who knows how to wield it, that can awaken the sensibilities of a people not quite sunk into the last stages of forgetfulness and torpidity.

In order to enable the reader to form his opinion of the sonnets contained in this volume, we are induced to add two more to our quotations; one on the vision of poets, conceived in a fine classical mood:—

“The vale of Tempe had in vain been fair,
Green Ida never deem'd the nurse of Jove;
Each fabled stream, beneath its covert grove,
Had idly murmur'd to the idle air;
The shaggy wolf had kept his horrid lair
In Delphi's cell, and old Trophonius' cave,
And the wild wailing of the Ionian wave
Had never blended with the sweet despair
Of Sappho's death song: if the sight inspir'd,
Saw only what the visual organs show,
If heaven-born phantasy no more requir'd,
Than what within the sphere of sense may grow;
The beauty to perceive of earthly things,
The mounting soul must heavenward plume her wings.”

The other is a charming instance of the strange thoughts that come into a poet's mind:—

“What was 't awakened first the untried ear
Of that sole man who was all human kind?
Was it the gladsome welcome of the wind,
Stirring the leaves that never yet were sere?
The four mellifluous streams which flow'd so near,
Their lulling murmurs all in one combined?
The note of bird unnamed? The startled hind
Bursting the brake—in wonder, not in fear,
Of her new lord? Or did the holy ground
Send forth mysterious melody to greet
The gracious pressure of immaculate feet?
Did viewless seraphs rustle all around,
Making sweet music out of air as sweet?
Or his own voice awake him with its sound?”

It is the meditative power of these poems that we have principally adverted to, not only because it is the property most favourably distinguishing them from the productions of many of the fraternity, but because it is that upon which the expectation of future success may be raised most securely. But this quality does not of itself constitute *poetry*, nor is it likely to form the most successful poetry, if it occur apart from the higher of the more properly poetical powers—the imagination. It is the combined action of thought and imagination—of the reflective and creative powers—that indicates poetic genius, and from observing traces of that action on many of his pages, we

are led to believe that there is no poetic effort from which Hartley Coleridge need shrink, if the powers with which he is gifted are duly cultivated and actively exerted. We should be glad to see him adventuring an ode.

In every poetic mind—whether of the writer or the reader of poetry—there are certain subsidiary powers not to be overlooked. The poems in this volume, which, after the series of sonnets, are grouped under the title of “*Thoughts and Fancies*,” contain, amid some of a high mood, several varieties of the lighter forms of poetry. In the songs there is something that reminds us of the gracefulness of Moore’s *Melodies*—his easy flow of versification, and the admirable art with which he gives wings to a sentiment. The piece entitled “*A Medley*,” is an agreeable specimen of fancy disporting in its own nature—reveling in its lawlessness—darting away not quite out of sight, but far and wildly enough to occasion an amusing perplexity to readers who are sober-minded to an extreme—straitened by a sort of intellectual over-righteousness. The following lines are of a more convenient length for quotation, and though more regular in their conception, may illustrate the author’s manner in what may be designated poems of fancy:—

“WHAT I HAVE HEARD.

“I’ve heard the merry voice of spring,
When thousand birds their wild notes fling,
Here and there and every where,—
Stirring the young and gladsome air;—
I’ve heard the many-sounding seas,
And all their various harmonies:—
The tumbling tempest’s dismal roar,
On the waste and wreck-strew’d shore—
The howl and the wail of the prison’d waves,
Clamouring in the ancient caves,
Like a stifled pain that asks for pity:—
And I have heard the sea at peace,
When all its fearful noises cease,
Lost in one soft and multitudinous ditty,
Most like the murmur of a far-off city:—
Not less the blither notes I know,
To which the inland waters flow,—
The rush of rocky-bedded rivers,
That madly dash themselves to shivers;
But anon, more prudent growing,
O’er countless pebbles smoothly flowing,
With a dull, continuous roar,
Hie they onward, evermore:
To their everlasting tune
When the sun is high at noon,
The little billows, quick and quicker,
Weave their mazes, thick and thicker,
And beneath in dazzling glances,
Labyrinthine lightning dances,

Snaky network intertwining,
 With thousand molten colours shining:
 Mosaic rich with living light,
 With rainbow jewels gaily dight—
 Such pavement never, well I ween,
 Was made, by monarch or magician,
 For Arab, or Egyptian queen;
 'Tis gorgeous as a prophet's vision;
 And I ken the brook, how sweet it tinkles,
 As cross the moonlight green it twinkles,
 Or heard, not seen, 'mid tangled wood,
 When the soft stock-dove lulls her brood,
 With her one note of all most dear—
 More soothing to the heart than ear,
 And well I know the smother'd moan,
 Of that low breeze, so small and brief,
 It seems a very sigh, whose tone,
 Has much of love, but more of grief.
 I know the sound of distant bells,
 Their dying falls and lusty swells;
 That music which the wild gale seizes,
 And fashions howsoe'er it pleases.
 And I love the shrill November blast,
 That through the brown wood hurries fast,
 And strips its old limbs bare at last,
 Then whirls the leaves in circling error,
 As if instinct with life and terror—
 Now bursting out enough to deafen,
 The very thunder in the heaven;
 Now sinking dolefully and dreary,
 Weak as a child with sport aweary.
 And after a long night of rain,
 When the warm sun comes out again,
 I've heard the myriad-voiced rills,
 The many tongues of many hills—
 All gushing forth in new-born glory,
 Striving each to tell its story—
 Yet every little brook is known,
 By a voice that is its own,
 Each exulting in the glee,
 Of its new prosperity."

The longest poem in the volume is the tale of "*Leonard and Susan*," a narrative in which there is rather too much dallying with grief; it is one of those pieces of unmitigated tragedy in which the heart craves relief. The picture of their young loves, with which the poem opens, abounds with very delicate touches of nature and feeling:—

"They were a gentle pair, whose love began
 They knew not when—they knew not of a time
 When they loved not. In the mere sentient life
 Of unremember'd infancy, whose speech,
 Like secret love's, is only smiles and tears,
 The baby Leonard clapp'd his little hands,
 Leaped in his nurse's arms, and crow'd aloud,

When Susan was in sight, and utter'd sounds
 Most strange and strangely sweet, that nothing meant
 But merely joy, as in the green-wood tree
 The merry merle awakes his thrilling song,
 Soon as the cool breath of the vernal dawn
 Stirs the light leaflets on the motionless boughs.
 Mute as the shadow of a passing bird
 On glassy lake, the gentle Susan lay,
 Hush'd in her meek delight. A dimpled smile
 Curl'd round her tiny, rosy mouth, and seem'd
 To sink, as light, into her soft full eyes—
 A quiet smile, that told of happiness
 Her infant soul investing, as the bud
 Enfolds the petals of the nascent rose.

“Born in one week, and in one font baptized,
 On the same festal day—they grew together;
 And their first tottering steps were hand in hand,
 While the two fathers, in half earnest sport,
 Betroth'd them to each other. Then 'twas sweet
 For mother's ears, to hear them lisp and try
 At the same words, each imitating each;
 But Leonard was the babe of nimbler tongue,
 And 'Sister Susan' was the first plain phrase
 His utterance master'd—by that dear kind name
 He call'd the maid, supplying so a place
 Which nature had left void. An only child
 Of a proud mother and a high-born sire,
 Full soon he learn'd to mount a palfrey small,
 Of that dwarf race that prance unclaim'd and free
 O'er the bleak pastures of the Shetland Isles.
 And who may tell his glory or his pride
 When Susan, by her mother's arms upheld,
 Sat, glad though fearful, on the courser's rear,
 While he, exulting in his dauntless skill,
 Rein'd its short testy neck, and froward mouth,
 Taming its wilful movement to the pace
 That palfrey suits of wandering lady fair.
 Bold were his looks, his speech was bold and shrill,
 His smooth round cheeks glow'd with a ruddy brown,
 And dark the curls that cluster'd o'er his head,
 Knotty and close. In every pliant limb
 A noble boy's ambitious manliness
 Elastic sprung. Yet child more loving, fond,
 Ne'er sought the refuge of a parent's side.
 But Susan was not one of many words
 Nor loud of laughter; and she moved as soft
 As modest nymphs, in work of artist rare,
 Seem moving ever. In her delicate eye
 And damask cheek there dwelt a grace retired,
 A prophecy of pensive womanhood.
 And yet, in sooth, she was a happy child;
 And, though the single treasure of her house,
 She neither missed a brother's love, nor lack'd
 The blest emotions of a sister's soul.
 She thought no sister loved a brother more

Than she her brother Leonard—him who show'd
 The strawberry lurking in the mossy shade,
 The nest, in leafy thicket dark embower'd,
 The squirrel's airy bound. No bliss he knew,
 No toy had he—no pretty property—
 No dog—no bird—no fit of childish wrath,
 That was not hers. The wild and terrible tales
 His garrulous old nurse o'er night had told,
 He duly in the morning told to her,
 With comments manifold; and when seven years
 Made him a student of learn'd Lilly's page,
 With simple, earnest, kindly vanity,
 He fill'd her wondering ear with all his lore
 Of tense, and conjugation, noun and verb;
 Searching the word-book for all pretty names,
 All dainty, doating, dear diminutives,
 Which the old Romans used to woo withal."

Imagination and fancy do not of themselves make up the poet's nature; they are elements which are to be animated by quick and natural feeling. Has Hartley Coleridge the heart as well as the intellect of a poet? The motto, from Chaucer, upon his title page, conveys a sort of profession that the volume is a collection of love poems, and on many of its pages there are indications of a deep susceptibility to the attractions of female character, under the impulse of which he has given some very finished delineations of true womanly nature. From a number of more passionate pieces, the following may be selected as an exquisite portrait of female dignity and sorrow:—

"STANZAS.

"She was a queen of noble nature's crowning,
 A smile of hers was like an act of grace;
 She had no winsome looks, no pretty frowning,
 Like daily beauties of the vulgar race:
 But if she smiled, a light was on her face,
 A clear, cool kindliness, a lunar beam
 Of peaceful radiance, silvering o'er the stream
 Of human thought with unabiding glory;
 Not quite a waking truth, not quite a dream,
 A visitation, bright and transitory.

"But she is changed,—hath felt the touch of sorrow,
 No love hath she, no understanding friend;
 Oh, grief! when Heaven is forced of earth to borrow,
 What the poor niggard earth has not to lend;
 But when the stalk is snapt, the rose must bend.
 The tallest flower that skyward rears its head,
 Grows from the common ground, and there must shed
 Its delicate petals. Cruel fate, too surely,
 That they should find so base a bridal bed,
 Who lived in virgin pride, so sweet and purely.

"She had a brother, and a tender father,
 And she was lov'd, but not as others are
 From whom we ask return of love,—but rather
 As one might love a dream; a phantom fair
 Of something exquisitely strange and rare,
 Which all were glad to look on, men and maids,
 Yet no one claim'd—as oft, in dewy glades
 The peering primrose, like a sudden gladness,
 Gleams on the soul—yet unregarded fades—
 The joy is ours, but all its own the sadness.

"'Tis vain to say—her worst of grief is only
 The common lot, which all the world have known,
 To her 'tis more, because her heart is lonely,
 And yet she hath no strength to stand alone,—
 Once she had playmates, fancies of her own,
 And she did love them. They are past away,
 As fairies vanish at the break of day—
 And like a spectre of an age departed,
 Or unsphered angel wofully astray—
 She glides along—the solitary hearted."

We have rarely met with any thing more felicitous than that closing line; the being, described with such self-restraining power—never too much revealed from the cloud of mystery that envelopes it—passes away an object of admiration more than of love—too sacred for common human sympathy. The same pure feeling towards the sex pervades the volume, and finds expression in some elegiac pieces of a very touching character. There is evidence in the volume of a susceptibility to other emotions than the passion of love, and we are glad of it, for we have no great partiality for the poet amatory exclusively, whom we are tempted to fancy a sort of Master Slender,—“a softly sprighted man, with a little yellow beard,” who has but one thought, “Sweet Anne Page!” and no other recollections than “stewed prunes” and the bear garden. Love poets find their profit in the easy access they gain to the soft hearts that abound all the world over. But the true poet must deal with other feelings beside the one master passion—kindly affections, and calm and placid impulses. As far as a writer's character may be conjectured from his writings, Hartley Coleridge must be a gentle and right-hearted being. Omitting those instances in which he speaks dramatically, there is an air of sincerity in his expressions of feeling which mightily wins his readers' good will. We must except his expressions of mirth, which have not a real or healthy tone; and although there are in the volume words, which, as Jeremy Taylor says, are “as light as the skirt of a summer garment,” yet they seem to be rather the relief of a heavy heart than the ventings of a light one. Passing them by, the beauty of sincerity is not the least of the beauties of the following lines:—

"SENSE, IF YOU CAN FIND IT.

"Like one pale, flitting, lonely gleam
Of sunshine on a winter's day,
There came a thought upon my dream,
I know not whence, but fondly deem
It came from far away.

"Those sweet, sweet snatches of delight
That visit our bedarken'd clay
Like passage birds, with hasty flight,
It cannot be they perish quite,
Although they pass away.

"They come and go, and come again ;
They're ours, whatever time they stay ;
Think not, my heart, they come in vain,
If one brief while they soothe thy pain
Before they pass away.

"But whither go they ? No one knows
Their home,—but yet they seem to say,
That far beyond this gulf of woes
There is a region of repose
For them that pass away."

We feel as if we should be missing a rare opportunity for appropriate quotation, considering the approaching season, if we passed by the stanzas on New-Year's day ; we are pretty confident that the year will come to its close without producing any thing conceived in better feeling, and that many a New-Year sermon will be preached to duller ears ; at all events the stanzas will be less likely than the sermons to be applied by those to whom they are addressed, away from themselves, to their neighbours. We have ventured to call attention by means of italics to some of the lines which show the exuberance of the poet's fancy :

"NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

"While the bald trees stretch forth their long lank arms,
And starving birds peck nigh the recky farms :
While houseless cattle paw the yellow field,
Or coughing shiver in the pervious bield,
And nought more gladsome in the hedge is seen,
Than the dark holly's grimly glistening green—
At such a time, the ancient year goes by
To join its parents in eternity—
At such a time the merry year is born,
Like the bright berry from the naked thorn.

"The bells ring out ; the hoary steeple rocks—
Hark ! the long story of a score of clocks ;
For, once a year, the village clocks agree,
E'en clocks unite to sound the hour of glee—

And every cottage has a light awake,
 Unusual stars long flicker o'er the lake,
 The moon on high, if any moon be there,
 May peep, or wink, no mortal now will care ;
 For 'tis the season, when the nights are long.
 There 's time, ere morn, for each to sing his song.

" The year departs, a blessing on its head,
 We mourn not for it, for it is not dead ;
 Dead ? What is that ? A word to joy unknown,
 Which love abhors, and faith will never own.
 A word, whose meaning sense could never find,
 That has no truth in matter, nor in mind.
The passing breezes gone as soon as felt,
The flakes of snow that in the soft air melt,
The wave that whitening curls its frothy crest,
And falls to sleep upon its mother's breast,
The smile that sinks into a maiden's eye—
 They come, they go, they change, they do not die.
 So the old year—that fond and formal name,
 Is with us yet, another and the same.

" And are the thoughts, that ever more are fleeing,
 The moments that make up our being's being,
 The silent workings of unconscious love,
 Or the dull hate which clings and will not move,
 In the dark caverns of the gloomy heart,
 The fancies wild and horrible, which start
 Like loathsome reptiles from their cranking holes,
 From foul, neglected corners of our souls,
 Are these less vital than the wave or wind,
 Or snow that melts and leaves no trace behind ?
 Oh ! let them perish all, or pass away,
 And let our spirits feel a New-Year's day.

" A New-Year's day—'tis but a term of art,
 An arbitrary line upon the chart
 Of time's unbounded sea—fond fancy's creature,
 To reason alien, and unknown to nature.
 Nay—'tis a joyful day, a day of hope !
 Bound, merry dancer, like an antelope ;
 And as that lovely creature, far from man,
 Gleams through the spicy groves of Hindostan,
 Flash through the labyrinth of the mazy dance,
 With foot as nimble, and as keen a glance—

" And we, whom many New-Year's days have told
 The sober truth, that we are growing old—
 For this one night—aye—and for many more,
 Will be as jocund as we were of yore.
 Kind hearts can make December blithe as May,
 And in each morrow find a New-Year's day."

Hartley Coleridge is an egotist, and gracefully does his egotism sit upon him ; it is one of the poet's privileges. There are expressions throughout the volume calculated to excite commiseration and somewhat of curiosity in some breasts—murmur-

ings of self-reproach—repinings after misspent time and neglected talent, together with intimations of domestic griefs. We know not what it may all mean, but certain are we that there is an air of sad reality about it—it is no fantastic wo—none of the old *fashion* of melancholy that may be traced from the days of Ben Jonson's "Master Stephen" down to the times of Lord Byron. It is not possible to suspect Hartley Coleridge of playing any such small game—of following the wornout device of enacting "*Il Penseroso*" for effect. His allusions to his poverty do him honour, and we cannot believe that one who has learned to depict nature with the delicacy and fidelity which mark this volume, has been idle, or unprofitably employed. At all events he has before him the time and the power of self-recovery. Throwing aside all distrust of the poetic power of the English tongue, let him not waver or be drawn down by any despondency. Let him call to mind "the labour and intense study," which Milton looked upon as his portion in life, when he conceived the thought of "a work not to be raised from the heat of youth, nor to be obtained by the invocation of dame memory and her syren daughters, but by devout prayer to that eternal Spirit, who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out his seraphim, with the hallowed fire of his altar, to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases." Let him look to his favourite Wordsworth, and see what that career is which befits him who meditates the great achievements in verse—and we have no fear but that at some future day we shall behold him on higher ground than the beautiful effusions in the present volume. It has been our object to make our readers acquainted with a name that is well worth the knowing, and we have thus, we flatter ourselves, been helping Mr. Hartley Coleridge to gain some of his distant fame, a commodity that loses none of its value because it comes from far away. We take our leave of him for the present, by quoting a poem of exquisite finish and beauty, which we have reserved for a final impression :

" THE SABBATH-DAY'S CHILD.

To Elizabeth, infant daughter of the Rev. Sir Richard Fleming, Bart.

" Pure, precious drop of dear mortality,
 Untainted fount of life's meandering stream,
 Whose innocence is like the dewy beam
 Of morn, a visible reality,
 Holy and quiet as a hermit's dream :
 Unconscious witness to the promised birth
 Of perfect good, that may not grow on earth,
 Nor be computed by the worldly worth
 And stated limits of morality,
 Fair type and pledge of full redemption given,
 Through Him that saith, ' Of such is the kingdom of Heaven.'

" Sweet infant, whom thy brooding parents love
For what thou art, and what they hope to see thee,
Unhallowed spirits and earth-born phantoms flee thee;
Thy soft simplicity, a hovering dove,
That still keeps watch, from blight and bane to free thee;
With its weak wings, in peaceful care outspread,
Fanning invisibly thy pillow'd head,
Strikes evil powers with reverential dread
Beyond the sulphurous bolts of fabled Jove,
Or whatsoever of amulet or charm
Fond Ignorance devised to save poor souls from harm.

" To see thee sleeping on thy mother's breast,
It were indeed a lovely sight to see—
Who would believe that restless sin can be
In the same world that holds such sinless rest?
Happy art thou, sweet babe, and happy she
Whose voice alone can still thy baby cries,
Now still itself; yet pensive smiles, and sighs,
And the mute meanings of a mother's eyes,
Declare her thinking, deep felicity:
A bliss, my babe, how much unlike to thine,
Mingled with earthly fears, yet cheer'd with hope divine.

" Thou breathing image of the life of Nature!
Say, rather, image of a happy death—
For the vicissitudes of vital breath,
Of all infirmity the slave and creature,
That by the act of being perisheth,
Are far unlike that slumber's perfect peace
Which seems too absolute and pure to cease,
Or suffer diminution, or increase,
Or change of hue, proportion, shape, or feature;
A calm, it seems, that is not, shall not be,
Save in the silent depths of calm eternity.

" A star reflected in a dimpling rill
That moves so slow it hardly moves at all,
The shadow of a white-robed waterfall,
Seen in the lake beneath when all is still,
A wandering cloud, that with its fleecy pall
Whitens the lustre of an autumn moon,
A sudden breeze that cools the cheek of noon,
Not mark'd till miss'd—so soft it fades, and soon—
Whatever else the fond inventive skill
Of Fancy may suggest, cannot supply
Fit semblance of the sleeping life of infancy.

" Calm art thou as the blessed Sabbath eve,
The blessed Sabbath eve when thou wast born;
Yet sprightly as a summer Sabbath morn,
When surely 'twere a thing unmeet to grieve;
When ribbons gay the village maids adorn,
And Sabbath music, on the swelling gales,
Floats to the farthest nooks of winding vales,
And summons all the beauty of the dales.

Fit music this a stranger to receive ;
 And, lovely child, it rung to welcome thee,
 Announcing thy approach with gladsome minstrelsy.

"So be thy life—a gentle Sabbath, pure
 From worthless strivings of the work-day earth :
 May time make good the omen of thy birth,
 Nor worldly care thy growing thoughts immature,
 Nor hard-eyed thrift usurp the throne of mirth
 On thy smooth brow. And though fast-coming years
 Must bring their fated dower of maiden fears,
 Of timid blushes, sighs, and fertile tears,
 Soft sorrow's sweetest offspring, and her cure ;
 May every day of thine be good and holy.
 And thy worst wo a pensive Sabbath melancholy."

ART. X.—*Poems by WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.* New York : 1836.

Mr. Bryant's poetical fame is established. He never published an epic, it is true, or even a "six canto quarto tale," but he has long ago inscribed his name as a feeling and tasteful poet upon the American Parnassus, and has even obtained some bays from the father-land on the other side of the ocean. But it is the misfortune of almost all our native bards, that their efforts are desultory and fugitive. Many write poetry—none write poems. Some of their scraps are very beautiful, opulent in imagery, and characterized by rich and even majestic thoughts ; but they are still scraps—occasional, transitory, ephemeral verses.

—"born and dying
 With the blest tone that made them."

They are sketches, not pictures—little gems that should, on the old poetic rule, be carefully bestowed, until the great effort shall place them where they shall crown the author's life with glory. We are very unwilling, not that such effusions shall be published, but that nothing else shall be published : that American poets of merit should seem afraid and ashamed to concentrate their energies upon some great theme—to study its capabilities, to shape its incidents, to group its characters, and to throw over

it that silken veil of poesy which the true son of the muses fabricates through the mysteries of his imagination. It is comparatively an easy and a humble task to weave a silvery thread or two through twisted flowers, and the effort may fill a page with sweet and tender imagery; a throb or a tear may repay the small pains, the *tenuis labor*, of such an effort, but it will not preserve the bard in the memories of men, nor carry up his name to the seats of the gods. It hopes not for a high reward, as it emanates not from high deservings; it contemplates no duration of fame, nor does it gain it; it seeks a humble end, like the bee among the gardens, not a daring and lofty flight, like the bird above the clouds; it aims to soften the aspect of time, not to exist among the monuments of eternity.

We fear that Mr. Bryant's ambition is of this order—that he affects the myrtle more than the laurel. 'The longest effort in the book before us, (which, by the way, is merely, or for the most part, a second edition,) is the poem called "The Ages," consisting of thirty-five Spenserean stanzas. Where would the name of Spenser have been, had he limited the Faery Queen to five-and-thirty stanzas? Yet this very little poem, though boasting no great originality of conception, has passages in it that show Mr. Bryant's power of sustaining a stronger flight with an unwearied wing. We are happy to quote such verses as the following:

V.

"Has nature, in her calm majestic march,
Faltered with age at last? Does the bright sun
Grow dim in heaven! or, in their far blue arch,
Sparkle the crowd of stars, when day is done,
Less brightly? When the *dew-lipped Spring* comes on,
Breathes she with airs less soft, or scents the sky
With flowers less fair than when her reign begun?
Does prodigal Autumn, to our age, deny
The plenty that once swelled beneath his sober eye?

VI.

"Look on this beautiful world, and read the truth
In her fair page; see, every season brings
New change, to her, of everlasting youth;
Still the green soil, with joyous living things,
Swarms; the *wide air is full of joyous wings*,
And myriads, still, are happy in the sleep
Of ocean's azure gulfs, and where he flings
The restless surge. *Eternal Love doth keep*
In his complacent arms the earth, the air, the deep."

This, though a general and obvious, is a true and happy picture, in sound moral keeping and in healthy tone, worth all the misanthropy in Percival's Prometheus, of which the similarity of measure reminds us. What was to prevent Mr. Bryant from

devoting his faculties to the sentiment he evidently had in his mind in this little poem,

——“to vindicate Eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to man,”

and to inculcate hope in the sustaining benevolence of the Divinity?—what was to prevent him, we say, from developing this grand theme at large, and stamping his name upon a noble poem dedicated to the best interests and hopes of humanity? The attempt, we are sure, would not be below his ambition; that it is not above his powers, the melody and cadence of the following stanzas, as well as the high order of thought which pervades the poem as it is, can witness:

XXI.

“Oh, sweetly the returning muses' strain
Swell'd over that famed stream, whose gentle tide
In their bright lap the Etrurian vales detain—
Sweet, as when winter storms have ceased to chide,
And all the new-leaved woods, resounding wide,
Lend out wild hymns upon the scented air:
So to the smiling Arno's classic side
The emulous nations of the west repair,
And kindle their quench'd urns, and drink fresh spirit there.

XXVII.

“Late from this western shore, that morning chased
The deep and ancient night, that threw its shroud
O'er the green land of groves, the beautiful waste,
Nurse of full streams and lifter-up of proud
Sky-mingling mountains that o'erlook the cloud.
Erewhile, where yon gay spires their brightness rear,
Trees waved, and the brown hunter's shouts were loud
Amid the forest, and the bounding deer
Fled at the glancing plume, and the gaunt wolf yelled near.

XXVIII.

“And where his willing waves yon bright blue bay
Sends up, to kiss his decorated brim,
And cradles, in his soft embrace, the gay
Young group of grassy islands born of him;
And crowding nigh, or in the distance dim,
Lifts the white throng of sails, that bear or bring
The commerce of the world;—with tawny limb,
And belt and beads in sunlight glistening,
The savage urged his skiff like wild bird on the wing.

XXIX.

“Then, all this youthful paradise around,
And all the broad and boundless mainland, lay
Cooled by the interminable wood, that frowned
O'er mount and vale, where never summer ray
Glanced, till the strong tornado broke his way
Through the gray giants of the sylvan wild;
Yet many a sheltered glade, with blossoms gay,

Beneath the showery sky and sunshine mild,
Within the shaggy arms of that dark forest smiled.

XXX.

"There stood the Indian hamlet, there the lake
Spread its blue sheet that flashed with many an oar,
Where the brown otter plunged him from the brake,
And the deer drank : as the light gale flew o'er,
The twinkling maize-field rustled on the shore ;
And while that spot, so wild, and lone, and fair,
A look of glad and innocent beauty wore,
And peace was on the earth and in the air,
The warrior lit the pile, and bound his captive there."

These are very well-constructed and poetical verses, and indicate a latent power which wants only to be nursed and cherished to effect a great purpose,—not in a month or a year, perhaps, but in the matured life of the poet, when his fancies are ripened into high imaginings, and he has trained his spirit to dwell on the noble ends of his art and the high destinies which he may make for himself.

We confess that we dwell with much more complacency upon a series of stanzas like "The Ages," than upon Mr. Bryant's specimens of blank verse. We were born at a period when no person aspired to the title of a poet, unless he could "build the lofty rhyme." It was not enough that some scores of balanced lines could be produced, with arbitrary pauses, preserving no characteristic of poetry save the proper number of feet and the regular cæsura and cadence. Particularly was the attenuated, *untuned* blank verse, so affected by our poetasters, wholly unknown. Let the reader compare even so good a specimen of it as Mr. Bryant's "Inscription for the Entrance to a Wood," with Shakspeare's, Milton's, or even Thomson's unrhymed versification, and he will understand us. One is confused, and bewildered, and entangled, in the profusion of luxuriant imagery and soft sounds by which he is, in our day, surrounded : he cannot find his way out of the labyrinth. Even the simplicity and excellent taste of Rogers cannot always enable him to escape this difficulty ; and with Mrs. Hemans (a true poetess, perhaps second to none of her sex save Sappho) it is often very irksome. In the hands of inferior geniuses, such as Miss Landon and Mr. Willis, it is occasionally intolerable. The truth is, that vigorous, manly, English blank verse has never been adequately written, save by those poets who could use rhyme most successfully. In secondary hands it has never made a reputation. The three poets, whose names we used for the purpose of contrast just now, are instances of this. The sonnets of Shakspeare are wonderful poems, of more difficult imitation, perhaps, so far as mere construction is concerned, than any other in the language. Ireland could counterfeit the dramatic

idiom, but he never attempted the sonnets. Some of Milton's minor poems show an accuracy of construction, and a knowledge of metrical harmony, never surpassed; and Thomson abundantly exhibited his control over the difficulties of rhyme in "The Castle of Indolence," a most exquisite poem, worth, in our opinion, in the exhibition of the inventive power, half a dozen "Seasons."

We are sorry to see the poetic faculty attempting to escape so far and so often from the laws of rhyme. It is the easiest thing in nature to choose a romantic and affecting theme, and "go about it and about it," until comparisons and metaphors are exhausted in a circle of epithets. But this is not poetry, any more than separate sketches tied together with pack-thread are a painting. Rhymes, says a capital authority, "are the rudders of verses;" they are, moreover, the great condensers of thought, which young poets should very cautiously attempt to do without. Mr. Bryant is not, however, a great offender in this regard, either in kind or quantity. The greater number of his pieces are rhymed, and the few which are not so have fewer, by far, of the faults which pervade the modern school than those of most of his contemporaries. They have more vigour and tone, and fewer expletives, conjunctives, and other particles—the usual auxiliaries and allies of effeminacy of thought and poverty of language. "The Knight's Epitaph," at page 61, is a fair example. It reminds one strongly of Rogers, save that it wants that inimitable simplicity of his, over which you are sure to shed tears.

"He whose forgotten dust for centuries
Has lain beneath this stone was one in whom
Adventure, and endurance, and emprise
Exalted the mind's faculties and strung
The body's sinews. Brave he was in fight,
Courteous in banquet, scornful of repose,
And bountiful, and cruel, and devout,
And quick to draw the sword in private feud.
He pushed his quarrels to the death, yet prayed
The saints as fervently on bended knees
As ever shaven cenobite. He loved
As fiercely as he fought. He would have borne
The maid that pleased him from her bower by night,
To his hill-castle, as the eagle bears
His victim from the fold, and rolled the rocks
On his pursuers. He aspired to see
His native Pisa queen and arbitress
Of cities; earnestly for her he raised
His voice in council, and affronted death
In battle-field, and climb'd the galley's deck,
And brought the captured flag of Genoa back,
Or piled upon the Arno's crowded quay
The glittering spoils of the tamed Saracen.

He was not born to brook the stranger's yoke,
But would have joined the exiles, that withdrew
For ever, when the Florentine broke in
The gates of Pisa, and bore off the bolts
For trophies—but he died before that day.

"He lived, the impersonation of an age
That never shall return. His soul of fire
Was kindled by the breath of the rude time
He lived in. Now a gentler race succeeds,
Shuddering at blood; the effeminate cavalier,
Turning from the reproaches of the past,
And from the hopeless future, gives to ease,
And love, and music, his inglorious life."

We happen to have before us a copy of verses, (not wanting in poetical delicacy, though pointedly wanting in originality and directness,) which will illustrate a little what we have been saying relative to recent blank verse. They purport to be the production of a young lady, (by the by, young ladies very much affect this slipshod style of wooing the muses,) and are entitled "The Forest Vine." They might as well be called by the name of any one of the forty other objects of which they treat, but their authoress had, no doubt, heard of "The Forest Sanctuary," and liked the title. Eight lines are all that have any relation to the vine, and three of these are devoted to Italy, France, and Spain, although the vine is an American vine, growing in the wilderness of our own West. The remaining *sixty* lines are appropriated to wild flowers, old oaks, deer, and wolves, the perils of Indian war, and the sepulchres of Indian chiefs, and at length to the immortality of the soul, and almost to the metempsychosis. The writer permitted her associations to hurry her along under the impression that she was writing poetry upon a grape-vine, instead of merely dreaming aloud upon all the romance of the prairies. She could not easily have strayed so far from her allegiance in rhyme, or, if she had, she would have committed her efforts to the flames instead of printing them. But she shall speak for herself:—

"THE FOREST VINE.

"It grew in the old wilderness—The vine
Is linked with thoughts of sunny Italy,
Or the fair hills of France, or the sweet vales
Where flows the Guadalquivir. But this grew
Where, as the sunlight look'd through lacing boughs,
The shadows of the stern, tall, primal wood
Fell round us, and across the silent flood,
That wash'd the deep ravine. The pauseless lapse
Of ages had beheld no change in all
The world; but such change,
The slow decay
Of man, and as they fell

And moulder'd on the earth, the silent growth
 Of the young sturdy stem, that rear'd itself
 To stretch its branches in their former place.
 The wild flower stretch'd its tender petals out,
 Lending strange brightness to the forest gloom ;
 The fleet deer toss'd his antlers to the breeze,
 Graceful and shy : and when the sun went down,
 The tangled thicket rustled to the tread
 Of the gaunt wolf—just as in former years.
 But the red hunter was no longer there :
 And the bright flowers were no more twined to deck
 The brow of Indian maid.

“ We stood beside
 A fallen oak ; its aged limbs were spread
 Prone to the earth, upturn'd by the rude wind,
 And perishing on the soil that once had fed
 Their giant strength : clinging around its roots
 And its decaying trunk, a grape-vine wreathed
 Its fresh green foliage, draping the still grave
 With its luxuriance—meet garniture
 For such a sepulchre ! a sepulchre most meet
 To wrap the bones of the old forest race !
 For we had checked our idle wanderings,
 To gaze upon the relics of the dead—
 The dead of other ages ! they who trod—
 When that fallen tree was fresh in its green prime—
 The earth that it now cumber'd ; they who once
 In savage freedom bounded through the wild,
 And quaffed the limpid spring, or shot along
 The swift canoe upon yon rushing wave,
 Or yell'd the fierce and horrid war-whoop round,
 Or gathered to the council fire, or sprang
 With proud firm step to mingle in the dance,
 And vaunt of their own triumphs ;—there they lie,
 Brittle and time-blanch'd fragments ! bones—dry bones !
 Prison'd for lingering years beneath the sod,
 And now that the strong wind hath torn away
 The bars of their dark cell, restored again
 To the clear sunshine. It seems strange to think
 That those wan relics once were clothed with life—
 Breathing and living flesh—and sprang away
 O'er the green hills at morning, and at eve,
 Return'd again to the low cabin home,
 And found its shadows happiness.

“ That dust—
 Gather some to thee—the keen eye can mark
 No difference from that spread widely round—
 The common earth we tread upon ; yet this
 Once help'd to form the garment of a mind,
 Once wrapp'd a human heart, and thrill'd with all
 The emotions of man's nature ; love and hate,
 Sweet hope and stern revenge—ay, even faith
 In an undying world.

“ So let them rest !
 That faith, erring and dark as it might be,

Was yet not wholly vain. We may not know
Of what the dark grave hideth; but the soul,
Immortal as eternity itself,
Is in the hands of One most merciful."

This young lady has fallen into the sin of a very bad school, in believing that pretty epithets, and romantic allusions, strung together in flowing language, constitute poetry. She is not alone, by any means, in that belief. Half the writers in England for magazines and annuals are of the same opinion. Here they have all imbibed it, and practise accordingly. We are constantly smothered in insipid sweets. Poetry with these new Della Cruscans has come to be deemed a bunch of violets tied to a broken lute, or like Moore's oriental paradise,—

" 'Tis but black eyes and lemonade."

We have already said that Mr. Bryant is not a great offender in this regard, but he sometimes does fall into the errors of a class of writers far below him. An acute critic said of Bayle's great work, that "its plan was most successfully conceived to enable him to empty the numerous repositories, in which he had laid up his extensive reading, inasmuch as it permitted him every thing and committed him to nothing." The little poems in Mr. Bryant's collection, entitled "*Thanatopsis*," "*The Forest Hymn*," "*The Prairies*," and one or two others, are subject to a similar remark. There is not sufficient directness of aim or accuracy of painting in them to enable the reader to decide upon their main point and purpose. They are redundant because the facility of the versification tempted the poet out of his way. They are not deficient in thought, but it is thought suffused and unconcentrated. They are not Doric but Corinthian, where the simplicity and appropriateness of the proportions are weakened and frittered away by minuteness and superfluity of ornament. They lack, in some measure, a beginning, a middle, and an end—a commencement, an advance, and a conclusion. They are descriptive monologues, where the writer is busy with his subject and himself, and scarcely meets his reader upon any common ground. They have "the golden exhalations of the dawn," but they want the "palpable and the familiar." We could quote passages in justification of these remarks, but there is so much beauty and delicacy, and even strength pervading them all, that we prefer to indicate rather than demonstrate faults, and to justify our good opinions rather than go farther for qualifications of them.

That we have said so much in no spirit of unfriendliness, we shall show by such quotations, of an opposite quality, as our limits still allow. We only wish that the volume was larger, and our space more ample. In almost all Mr. Bryant's rhymed

poems there is abundant accuracy, and justness of thought, without superfluity of imagery, or aberrations into those vague reveries which have latterly been deemed the legitimate result and evidence of the poetic temperament. There is a charming tenderness and simplicity in the little piece called "*The Rivulet*," that every reader, at all conversant with rural sights and associations, sympathizes with instantly. Every native of the hills of New England will feel his heart leap at a picture which had its origin no where else,—half in the joy of early recollections, half in the sadness of a heart, which, whatever may have been its destiny, must have lost, if advanced only to the *mezzo cammin'* of life, its early buoyancy and hope:—

"Years change thee not. Upon yon hill
The tall old maples, verdant still,
Yet tell, in grandeur of decay,
How swift the years have passed away,
Since first, a child, and half afraid,
I wandered in the forest shade.
Thou, ever-joyous rivulet,
Dost dimple, leap, and prattle yet;
And sporting with the sands that pave
The windings of thy silver wave,
And dancing to thy own wild chime,
Thou laughest at the lapse of time.
The same sweet sounds are in my ear
My early childhood loved to hear;
As pure thy limpid waters run,
As bright they sparkle to the sun;
As fresh and thick the bending ranks
Of herbs that line thy oozy banks;
The violet there, in soft May dew,
Comes up, as modest and as blue;
As green amid thy current's stress,
Floats the scarce-rooted watercress;
And the brown ground-bird, in thy glen,
Still chirps as merrily as then."

This is very beautiful and true, and we conceive that Mr. Bryant is most at home, and most successful in the delineation of tender sentiments, where the melancholy predominates without any touch or tincture of the morbid. Household associations; the familiar and soft imagery of domestic life as it is, without any false, dramatic gloss; and the real features of American (not Arcadian) nature, furnish his mind with the most grateful sources and subjects of thought. In proof of this we may name, in addition to the verses last quoted, those on "*Green River*," "*The Evening Wind*," the "*Lines on revisiting the Country*," and various others, containing detached passages, which show that the heart of the poet naturally seeks and reproduces the homeborn and natural, consecrating gratefully the powers of his mind to the objects which first aroused and

enriched them. Who that remembers the scenes of early affections and enjoyments, after absence has, as it were, married memory to inanimate nature, and substituted for the home and the kindred from which time and death have parted him for ever, the natural objects on which he once looked almost with indifference, can avoid sympathizing with such lines as the following, in one of the poems to which we have alluded :—

“ Oh, loveliest there the spring days come,
With blossoms, and birds, and wild bees' hum;
The flowers of summer are fairest there,
And freshest the breath of the summer air;
And sweetest the golden autumn day
In silence and sunshine glides away.

“ Yet fair as thou art, thou shunn'st to glide,
Beautiful stream! by the village side;
But windest away from the haunts of men,
To quiet valley and shaded glen;
And forest, and meadow, and slope of hill,
Around thee, are lonely, lovely, and still.
Lonely—save when, by thy rippling tides,
From thicket to thicket the angler glides;
Or the simpler comes with basket and book,
For herbs of power on thy banks to look;
Or haply, some idle dreamer, like me,
To wander, and muse, and gaze on thee:
Still—save the chirp of birds that feed
On the river cherry and seedy reed,
And thy own wild music gushing out
With mellow murmur and fairy shout,
From dawn, to the blush of another day
Like traveller singing along his way.

“ That fairy music I never hear,
Nor gaze on those waters so green and clear,
And mark them winding away from sight,
Darkened with shade or flashing with light,
While o'er them the vine to its thicket clings,
And the zephyr stoops to freshen his wings,
But I wish that fate had left me free
To wander these quiet haunts with thee,
Till the eating cares of earth should depart,
And the peace of the scene pass into my heart;
And I envy thy stream, as it glides along,
Through its beautiful banks in a trance of song.”

If the concluding lines remind one of the “Vale of Avoca,” it is in sentiment, not in expression; and the sentiment belonged to nature long before it became Moore's, who has half elaborated it into something so meretriciously harmonious and artificial that nature would scarce know her own again. The simplicity of Mr. Bryant's verses is in contrast with Moore's language, rather than in imitation of it. He has restored the child to its mother.

But we would not be understood as denying, even by inference, Mr. Bryant's claims to other and more varied powers than those in whose application he seems to us peculiarly to excel. There are spirited evidences in this volume of a power to manage a more Pindaric strain. He may be more at home cropping thyme on Hymettus, but he is an Attic bee, and the Athenian hive was in the helmet of Minerva. There is martial music in the very measure of the following verses, as there is a gallant indication in their title of "Seventy-Six."

"What heroes from the woodland sprung,
When, through the fresh-awakened land,
The thrilling cry of freedom rung,
And to the work of warfare strung
The yeoman's iron hand!

"Hills flung the cry to hills around,
And ocean-mart replied to mart,
And streams whose springs were yet unfound,
Pealed far away the startling sound
Into the forest's heart.

"Then marched the brave from rocky steep,
From mountain river swift and cold;
The borders of the stormy deep,
The vales where gathered waters sleep,
Sent up the strong and bold.

"As if the very earth again
Grew quick with God's creating breath
And, from the sods of grove and glen,
Rose ranks of lion-hearted men
To battle to the death."

The "Song of Marion's Men," is perhaps still better—it breathes the free air of the glade and the forest, the spirit of Robin Hood for a lofty end, and stirs you with a measure like the gallop of some of Scott's border horsemen, with all the glee of raid and foray, yet with the added grace of a right noble cause. You can actually hear, in the second stanza quoted below, the *tilting* tramp of an excited cavalry march, after some bold exploit, (and you are vastly better pleased at it, too, than with the sad, measured trot of Virgil's famous line,) and hear the smothered triumph of the men as their almost reasoning, certainly sympathizing, steeds dash down the wind.

"Our band is few, but true and tried
Our leader frank and bold;
The British soldier trembles
When Marion's name is told.
Our fortress is the good green wood,
Our tent the cypress-tree;
We know the forest round us,
As seamen know the sea.

We know its walls of thorny vines,
 Its glades of reedy grass,
 Its safe and silent islands
 Within the dark morass."

" Well knows the fair and friendly moon
 The band that Marion leads—
 The glitter of their rifles,
 The scampering of their steeds.
 'Tis life our fiery bars to guide
 Across the moonlight plains ;
 'Tis life to feel the night-wind
 That lifts their tossing manes.
 A moment in the British camp—
 A moment—and away
 Back to the pathless forest,
 Before the peep of day."

Nothing can be more spirited or better sustained than this ; because the measure and the language harmonize so admirably with the objects described—it is the very romance of war, caught and concentrated by judgment and imagination, whose union always produces poetic truth. Mr. Bryant is, we think, singularly happy in the successful solution of that problem of ancient poetry, the adaptation of sound to sense. In addition to the verses just quoted, as so well illustrating the galloping of horse, we may cite in further proof of it some lines of a different description. A reader might almost deem himself amid the sights and sounds of an American summer noon, and take his *siesta* by the soft lull of its soothing murmur :

" All dim in haze the mountains lay,
 With dimmer vales between ;
 And rivers glimmered on their way,
 With forests faintly seen ;
 While ever rose a murmuring sound,
 From brooks below and bees around."

If we do not stop here to bestow praise upon the stanzas, "To the Evening Wind," and "To a Waterfowl," it is because the former has found the applause it deserves elsewhere, and the latter was quoted at length as a beautiful evidence of genius and art in our number for March, 1836. It is a fine evidence in itself (and we must stop to say so much) of the advantages of rhyme and of regularly recurring pauses in completing and defining the subjects of poetry. Every one of the eight separate stanzas of the little poem contains its distinct image or thought ; some beautiful, some even so nearly sublime that, in allusion to the subject, we may almost apply to Mr. Bryant the well-known verses of Horace :—

" *Multa Dirceum levat aura cycnum
 Tendit, Antoni, quoties in alto
 Nubium tractus.*"

Yet we will venture to say that the same subject treated in blank verse, would have been loaded, if not overlaid, with imagery, and fused into an indistinct tissue of "linked sweetness long drawn out." Now it has, throughout, the grace and something of the form of the lower lyric of the ancients, such as the Apulian poet meant when he limited the term of his art in contrast to that of his great master—

—" Circa nemus, uvidique
Tiburis ripas, operosa parvus
Carmina fingo."

We should take much pleasure in making an extract from every poem in this volume, but that cannot be—indeed ought not to be, for the book is neither scarce nor dear. We hope it never may be, and that Mr. Bryant will make many more. Meantime he will permit us to express our hope that he will deal with the simple objects and affections of nature—the true, the pathetic, the cheerful—those emotions and sources of emotion which never take shape in such verses as his without making men better and the world brighter. If he will not stake his reputation on some great poetical cast, let him look out upon the clear sunshine and into the human heart,—the blue skies and the uncorrupted manners of his country have aspects and relations enough, untried and undescribed. In his own language ;

" There 's a dance of leaves in that aspen bower,
There 's a titter of winds in that beechen tree,
There 's a smile on the fruit, and a smile on the flower,
And a laugh from the brook that runs to the sea."

" From the ground
Come up the laugh of children, the soft voice
Of maidens, and the sweet and solemn hymn
Of Sabbath worshippers." &c.

To such themes (and they are true themes of poetry), he is never wanting. They lie along the great highway of life, where the muses must go if they hope to minister to the republican mind. But from the humorous, which he sometimes essays, from foreign and distant subjects, for which he seems to have no heart and to deal with them as if he was speaking from underneath a mask, he ought to abstain. No man can touch every instrument skilfully, and Mr. Bryant's "Versions" are the worst things in his book.¹ In one instance of a different sort, moreover, and only one, he has gone wholly out of his depth ;

¹ Who, for instance, that is familiar with the original, does not perceive how much the beautiful epigram—we might almost call it an elegy

that is in the "Song of the Stars." Not that there is not great felicity of language, and great power of imagination in the verses, but the movement is an absolute reel, and the challenge and response are almost in the vein of a fairy frolic. It is beautiful, but it is not true. "The morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy," is a splendid Hebraism, at which inspiration itself stopped, as at a bourne beyond which it had no confidence to make with humanity. It would scarce justify, we fear, such amplification as the following :—

" Their silver voices in chorus rung,
And this was the song the bright ones sung :"

" Away, away, through the wide, wide sky—
The fair blue fields that before us lie,—
Each sun, with the worlds that round him roll,
Each planet, poised on her turning pole ;
With her isles of green, and her clouds of white,
And her waters that lie like fluid light.

—of Simonides, at p. 95, loses in contrast even with the following anonymous version :—

" But when around that Dædalean ark
The wind blew roaring, and the upheaved deep
O'erwhelmed the mother's soul with new alarms,
Her cheeks bedew'd with mournful brine,
She clasp'd young Perseus in her arms
And said, ' What woes, beloved child, are mine !
But thou dost sleep a balmy sleep,
Like thine own peaceful breast profound,
Within this joyless home, joyless and dark,
With brazen bolts encompass'd round—
All undisturb'd ; though moonbeams play
Upon the wave, no glimmering ray
Finds entrance here ; nor billows wild
That harmless burst above thy long deep hair,
Nor the loud tempest's voice, my child,
Awake in thee one thought of care !
Thou sleep'st as on a couch—thy beauteous head
Still on its purple cloaklet spread ;
Yet could these terrors terror wake in thee,
Or could thine infant ear
Catch but the note of fear
These lips pronounce, my words should rather be,
Sleep, sleep, my child ! and sleep, thou sea,
And sleep, oh sleep, my misery !
But hear, great Father Jove, my prayer !
Frustrate this babe's untimely doom—
Spare him, great Jove ! I bid thee spare—
(Oh what a mother's soul may dare !)
Avenger of my wrongs in years to come.' "

Mr. Bryant, like most Americans, lacks the accuracy of classical education, which alone can sustain even a man of taste amidst the delicacies and difficulties of the Greek Anthology.

"And see, where the brighter day-beams pour,
How the rainbows hang in the sunny shower;
And the morn and eve, with their pomp of hues,
Shift o'er the bright planets and shed their dews;
And 'twixt them both, o'er the teeming ground,
With her shadowy cone the night goes round!

"Away, away! in our blossoming bowers,
In the soft air wrapping these spheres of ours,
In the seas and fountains that shine with morn,
See, Love is brooding, and Life is born,
And breathing myriads are breaking from night,
To rejoice like us, in motion and light."

Yet is the conclusion (except a single word in the second line) very worthy and noble, and almost redeems the levity of the preceding stanzas:—

"Glide on in your beauty, ye youthful spheres,
To weave the dance that measures the years;
Glide on, in the glory and gladness sent,
To the farthest wall of the firmament,—
The boundless visible smile of Him,
To the veil of whose brow your lamps are dim."

Had Mr. Bryant, however, lately read the dream of Scipio, or that noble Chorus of the Archangels which preludes the *Faust*, he would either have refrained from attempting his "Song of the Stars," or have borrowed Goethe's soberer measure and the grandeur of his general ideas. Our readers will pardon, or rather praise us, for introducing this sublime effort of genius in the conclusion of our article. The version is Shelley's fine one, but no translation can do justice to the appropriate grandeur of the original. We may presume no German scholar to be unfamiliar with *that*, but it will well endure a reperusal, and even an untaught ear may almost appreciate the magnificent roll of the melody. It comes nearer to our ideas of the sound of the *rush of the star-sprinkled Heaven*—the *summus stelliferi cali cursus*, so beautifully and mysteriously painted by the shade of the first conqueror of Carthage,¹ than any mortal music to which we have ever listened.

"PROLOG IM HIMMEL.

"RAPHAEL.

"Die Sonne tont, nach alter Weise,
In Brudersphären Wettgesang,
Und ihre vorgeschriebne Reise
Vollendet sie mit Donnergang.
Ihr Anblick giebt den Engeln Stärke,
Wenn keiner sie ergründen mag.
Die unbegreiflich hohen Werke
Sind herrlich wie am ersten Tag.

¹ See the *Somnium Scipionis* in the 6th book of *Cicero's Republic*.

" GABRIEL.

" Und schnell und unbegreiflich schnelle
Dreht sich umher der Erde Pracht;
Es wechselt Paradieses-Helle
Mit tiefer schauervoller Nacht;
Es schäumt das Meer in breiten Flüssen
Am tiefen Grund der Felsen auf,
Und Fels und Meer wird fortgerissen
In ewig schnellem Sphärenlauf.

" MICHAEL.

" Und Stürme brausen um die Wette,
Vom Meer auf's Land, vom Land auf's Meer,
Und bilden wüthend eine Kette
Der tiefsten Wirkung rings umher.
Da flammt ein blitzendes Verheeren
Dem Pfad vor des Donnerschlags.
Doch deine Boten, Herr, verehren
Das sanfte Wandeln deines Tags.

" ZU DREI.

" Der Anblick giebt den Engeln Stärke
Da keiner dich engründen mag,
Und alle deine hohen Werke
Sind herrlich wie am ersten Tag."

" PROLOGUE IN HEAVEN.

" RAPHAEL.

" The sun makes music as of old
Amid the rival spheres of Heaven,
On its predestined circle roll'd
With thunder speed : the angels even
Draw strength from gazing on its glance,
Though none its meaning fathom may ;
The world's unwither'd countenance
Is bright as at creation's day.

" GABRIEL.

" And swift, and swift, with rapid lightness,
The adorned Earth spins silently,
Alternating Elysian brightness
With deep and dreadful night ; the sea
Foams in broad billows from the deep
Up to the rocks, and rocks and ocean,
Onward, with spheres which never sleep,
Are hurried in eternal motion.

" MICHAEL.

" And tempests in contention roar
From land to sea, from sea to land ;
And, raging, weave a chain of power,
Which girds the earth as with a band.
A flashing desolation there,
Flames before the thunder's way ;
But thy servants, Lord ! revere
The gentle changes of thy day.

"CHORUS OF THE THREE.

"The angels draw strength from thy glance,
Though no one comprehend thee may ;
The world's unwither'd countenance
Is bright as on creation's day."

Should any reader feel curious to obtain a more exact apprehension of this noble chorus, we refer him to a literal translation appended to that which we have quoted, or to the still more accurate one of Mr. Hayward. Shelley adds to his the following note:—"It is impossible to represent in another language the melody of the versification ; even the volatile strength and delicacy of the ideas escape in the crucible of translation, and the reader is surprised to find a *caput mortuum*."







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